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MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART.

Organ of the League of the Sacred Heart,

Apostleship of Prayer.



SECOND YEAR.

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR.

“Child is born to us, a Son is given to us!”
 exclaims Isaías, Emmanuel’s prophet.
*“Glory be to God on high, and on earth
 peace to men of good will,”* sing the angels
 in the midnight skies *“The grace of God our Saviour
 hath appeared to all men,”* proclaims the Apostle of the
 Gentiles. What assurances, aye, and infallible pledges,
 of peace and happiness are wafted down through the ages
 and repeated to us each succeeding New Year! For us,
 no less than for patriarch and prophet, for shepherds and
 kings, “the desire of the everlasting hills” has been ac-
 complished, the heavens have dropped down their dew,
 and the skies are filled with honey. Only, with the shep-
 herds and kings “let us go over to Bethlehem and see the
 word which is come to pass,” and we too shall find Mary
 and Joseph and the Infant lying in the manger, and we
 shall wonder and ponder in our heart, and return glori-
 fying and praising God.

But, alas, the world, even the Christian world, has for-
 gotten the road to Bethlehem. Its sky has no angel’s
 song; its Christmas no Child, nor Mother, nor Crib, nor
 Manger; the “brightness of God” has vanished and given

place to doubt, error and unbelief. How empty its Happy New Years ! how hollow the joy and deceitful the glare of its amusements, its pomps, and festivities ! how meaningless its gifts and presents !

Far other is the Happy New Year of the League of the Sacred Heart, which the *Messenger* for 1892 heralds to every Associate and every reader throughout the land. He bears to them glad tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people. "For this day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord in the city of David." He rests his hopes and promises on "the sure foundation of God."

Whilst presenting his wishes of a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, he points with the Great Apostle to a well brimful of purest joy springing into life everlasting. It is no other than the Saviour's Heart opening to us the unfailing love, goodness and grace of God. "*The grace of God our Saviour hath appeared to all men.*" He like wise points out the sure way to the realization of his wishes, "*instructing us that denying ungodliness and worldly desires, we should live soberly, and justly, and godly in this world, looking for the blessed hope and coming of the glory of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.*" During the short span of earthly years, ours shall be the blessedness of hope, and we shall walk in the light of the glory to come till we meet the Saviour no longer then the little Babe of Bethlehem, but the "great God" coming in power and splendor and majesty. Let us begin a Happy New Year by welcoming the little God of Bethlehem in a worthy Communion of Reparation on the first Friday of January, 1892.



REVERENCE FOR THE DIVINE MAJESTY.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JANUARY, 1892.

*Named by the Cardinal Protector and blessed by the Pope
for all the Associates.*

REVERENCE for God, strictly called adoration, goes so deep down in the human heart that, with his love, it must be considered the end of our existence. God could not have created man so gifted and noble but to be adored, loved and served by him. Alone in the visible universe he is capable of giving the Creator of all things the worship which is His due. So deeply is this conviction rooted in our human nature and so imperative the want of rendering worship to God, that the prince of ancient philosophers, truly interpreting the common sense of mankind, defined man as not only a *rational* but also a *religious* animal. The faculty and duty of paying worship to the Divinity is so essential, that to fail in it is to baulk our common manhood and to lapse into a condition of atheistic brutishness

More than that it is the greatest of crimes. Suppose an ungrateful son who, amongst his school-fellows, is brave, generous and clever, a born leader, but at home shows no mark of respect to the father of his days, meets

him with sullen look, treats him with scorn, and goes so far as to buffet him ; would he not be rightly considered a monster in human shape ? Change the comparison to a man who is kind, upright, liberal and patriotic, who wins the esteem and confidence of his fellow-men, is the man of their choice, and yet passes by his Creator without any mark of homage, scouts every religious obligation, scoffs at religious belief and religious profession. Is he not with all his commanding personal qualities the most misshapen of moral monsters, and before the bar of infinite rectitude the veriest of criminals ? God is not only Lord of Lords but Father of Fathers, "from whom all fatherhood is named." He must exact the homage of His intelligent creatures, the love and obedience of His children. "The son honoreth the father, and the servant his master ; if, then, I be a father, where is my honor ? and if I be a master, where is my fear ? saith the Lord of hosts." Malachias, the prophet, in these words gave utterance to the cry of human nature as well as to the commandment of God.

This obligation of adoring God and recognizing His supreme rights extends beyond the sphere of private life and the precincts of home and the walls of the church. It follows man into all his relations of social and public life. God is the Creator of society no less than of the individual person. Societies and nations as such owe honor and obedience to him who is "King of Kings," must bow in adoration to Him "before whom all nations are as though they were not." Even according to the maxims of pagan wisdom, to found and govern a nation, without inculcating respect for the Deity, is to build in the air and lay the foundations in ether. The reason is simple enough, all those forms of reverence and respect, which like cement hold in their place the various elements of the social edifice, are derived from the supreme reverence of the Divine

Majesty—the beginning and term of human greatness. Respect for parents, respect for neighbors, respect for magistrates, respect for the various forms by which the majesty of law reveals itself are all founded on the supreme reverence for the Majesty of God.

The Masonic sects, whose sworn aim it is to overthrow religion and society as at present constituted, and to lay the foundations of human happiness over again on another basis, could not take a shorter cut in their work of destruction than by uprooting from the people all reverence for God, His name, His priesthood and civil representatives. They would not only hush the mention of His name but efface the idea of Him. They substitute blasphemy for praise, and hate for love. The trend of modern thought and institutions under the inspiration of the Lodges has been to thrust God aside, ignore His claims, and deny Him every outward mark of respect. If it does not openly glorify, it accepts as respectable and worthy of consideration theories, such as agnosticism, pantheism and evolutionism, which are but thin veils for blasphemy and unbelief. It idolizes indifferentism, which sets God in contradiction with Himself, as founding, approving or accepting creeds and forms of worship that give the lie to one another; or it banishes Him to the clouds by representing all certain knowledge of His truth or any one sure way to Him as impossible and beyond our reach.

Likewise the institutions which go distinctively by the name of modern pass God by and condemn His claims. He is banished from conscience, from the Church and from the Bible itself, by the free and independent play of private judgment; from the family, by the lowering of marriage to a mere civil contract, and the breaking by divorce of the indissoluble seal which He set upon it; from the school, by a merely secular training, without the mention of His name during all these precious years when

the young life in its spring-time ought to be plenteously sown with such seeds of truth and virtue as will unfold and ripen into its only immortal and supernatural destiny.

Of all the modern forms of irreverence for God the most dangerous is that of purely secular education. It has been truly said that to bring up a child in contempt of all that he ought to respect, it is not necessary to tell him to despise and mock, he has only not to be told to reverence and adore.

What cure is there for these gaping wounds of modern society? Who can educate man from childhood up in the full and practical acknowledgment of all those claims on His respect which adhere together and rest on the adoration of God? The Church of Rome always has been, according to the famous saying of the Protestant Guizot, "the great school of reverence." The reason is because she is the infallible teacher of the religion of Emmanuel, God with us, of the Most High, who, without doffing His greatness and majesty, abased Himself and dwelt among us in human form. In the Church His Adorable Majesty is ever present to the world, in her temples, in her sacraments, in her priesthood, from the Vicar of Christ down to the humblest cleric, by supernatural power and life; in parents, in the magistracy, in the instructors of youth, by lawful authority. Thus through Jesus Christ she elevates all to God present in His images and representatives.

If men and nations will learn to fix their eyes on true greatness as presented to them by the Church, they will reflect and copy it in their lives. The edifice of the christian family and of christian society, which the enemies of God and of man are endeavoring to pull down, will thus be restored and renewed by reverence for the Divine Majesty.

FRIENDSHIP WITH OUR LORD.

FIRST ADVANTAGE OF THE HOLY LEAGUE.

I.

FATHER, I have read in the small Manual of various advantages to be gained by joining the League. I should like a word of explanation. For instance, the first general advantage is that it gives a new right to the friendship of Our Lord. We are, as you know, a matter-of-fact kind of people, and care not to fix our habitation in the clouds. What am I to understand by Friendship with Our Lord whom I have never seen nor spoken to, who is as exalted above me as heaven is above the earth ? ”

Dear Associate, I am in perfect accord with you that a member of the Holy League ought to avoid being unreal. A devotion which rests on such solid grounds ought to be the last to draw in thought or expression from sentimentality. Nothing can be more real than the friendship which the Son of God came down from heaven to offer to every child of Adam. Behold Him at Christmas lying in the manger, presenting himself in the attractive loveliness of the Babe of Bethlehem, and listen to the great Doctor of the Gentiles unfolding *the mystery of godliness. The grace of God our Saviour hath appeared to all men.* Why, if not *that he might cleanse to Himself a people acceptable, pursuing good works,* and that we, attracted by the charms of His miracles, truth and example, might give ourselves up to His friendship, *that denying ungodliness and worldly desires we should live soberly and justly and godly in this world.* Here we see the Son of God lowering Himself to man's estate, in order to lift all men to a godly life, and thus bring about that equality of condition necessary for true friendship.

All through the thirty-three years, he ceased not by word, example and miracle to lavish upon men his win-

ning invitations ; but it was especially *at the end* that He exhausted His love in proofs of friendship such as man never before or afterward gave to man ; by dying on an ignominious cross ; such as reached the full length of the wisdom, power and munificence of God, by giving Himself to man as food in the eucharistic banquet, to be united to him in body, soul and life. How unspeakably low did He not descend, and cheap did He not make Himself to become man's friend !

These are mysteries if you will, mysteries of love and condescension, but also *facts* which have had eye-witnesses, and narrators and historians, some of them inspired from on High, and writing under the immediate enlightenment and motion of the Spirit of God, as certified by a host of miracles. They are facts which lie at the source of the great Christian tradition, having, even from a human standpoint and apart from any special claim of infallibility, the strongest testimony of any in history. On them have been founded the enlightened and deepest convictions of the wisest, best and most learned of mankind, the Church of the civilized world, which has never failed to hold the assent and compel the obedience of the good, the powerful and the great. Facts established on such proofs, and brought down to us through such channels, proclaimed by the voice of mankind as well as by that of an infallible Church, even though they be mysteries, are none the less real and truthful, and the practices of religion and devotion founded on them must be solid and true.

But Friendship with Our Lord has an inner and deeper foundation still in the very substance of our spiritual nature, in the soul elevated to a godlike level, lifted to a divine sphere and a supernatural order, rendered capable of divine acts, by the indwelling Spirit of God through sanctifying grace. It is the Holy Ghost dwelling in the soul who is the bond of friendship between it and the

Saviour. For "*the charity of God is poured forth into our hearts by the Holy Ghost who is given to us.*" It is the sanctifying grace infused by the Holy Ghost into the heart which cements the union with its God. Human friendship has nothing similar. It is founded only on external acquaintance and the emotions and feelings arising from it. Divine friendship knits the soul to the Saviour closer than was David's to Jonathan, by an inward link, the indwelling spirit of God, infusing the light of a divine knowledge, the glow of a heavenly love, and participation of the divine nature. As the junk of iron, however black, heavy and cold, when thrown into the ardent fire becomes so penetrated with its substance and endowed with its properties, as to appear one thing with it, even so the soul in which the Holy Ghost has taken up his dwelling, into which he infuses his light and love by sanctifying grace, is lifted above itself and the whole order of nature, is divinized, supernaturalized, made capable of divine acts such as faith, hope and charity, by which it directly reaches God and is united to Him. The Christian is first baptized in "*fire and the Holy Ghost,*" and afterwards each additional degree of grace, every fresh meritorious act, each new sacrament, is accompanied by a special infusion and a more intense indwelling, according to the word of Our Saviour: "*If any one love me he will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and we will come to him and will make our abode with him.*"

You understand, I hope, dear Associate, that no human friendship can be compared with the friendship of Our Lord, that the realities of earth sink from view when confronted with the realities of heaven, that the facts of time pale before the facts of eternity.

LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

"Please tell me," a little one whispered to me,
"Who in the world had the first Christmas tree?
When our Lord was on earth as His birthday came round,
Did a tree full of presents spring out of the ground?"
So I answered the prattler, and as you will see,
I told her the tale of the first Christmas tree.

Twas the depth of the winter—the storm winds blew
loud—

The snow was encircling the earth like a cloud,
And Mary and Joseph seek a lodging to find—
In a mean little stable or cave of some kind.

Accepting the shelter its rafters afford,
With angels they're waiting the birth of the Lord.
All creation is stirred at the coming event,
And the voices find utterance within them long pent.

Set deep in the ground, just outside of the cave,
Two stately old trees in magnificence wave,
And near them a third, a small dark Evergreen
Beside its companions looks stunted and mean.

The stately old Palm-tree looked down in disdain
At the small Evergreen, unpretending and plain;
And the Cedar exuded its balm tear by tear,
To see the poor Evergreen growing so near.

Said the Palm-tree, "When cometh the Christ on this
earth

My crown of green leaves shall o'er-shadow His birth."
And the Cedar, with flutter of vanity said:
"Its sweetness my balsam around Him shall shed."

And, looking askance at the Evergreen plain,
"She has nothing to offer!" they cried in disdain.

"Her dark, ugly branches will fill Him with fear,
And His first infant hours quite sad will appear."

The poor little Evergreen, patient and meek,
"He made me," she said, "and no change will I seek.
I would wish to do something to welcome my Lord,
But I am contented in fulfilling His word."

Now, the Angel who guarded the door of the cave,
Where the Palm and the Cedar their green branches
wave,

Heard the haughty remarks and the humble reply :
He raised his pure eyes to the glittering sky.

And the stars, fluttering down, covered Evergreen o'er,
And seemed to shine brighter than ever before.
To outshine the proud Cedar and Palm she was loth,
And tried by her brightness to purify both.

The hour had come for the heavenly birth.
And the Christ-Child was seen on this sin-covered earth,
The Palm-tree its branches waved over His head,
And the Cedar its balsam in fragrant drops shed.

He inhaled not the odor, He saw not the Palm's
Stately branches uplift ; but He stretched forth His arms,
To the poor little Evergreen, blazing with light,
And He smiled, the sweet Christ-Child, in joy and
delight.

And each year, when the bright Christmas-tide is at hand,
There goes to the forest a bright laughing band,
And they bring to their homes the dark Evergreen tree,
And from oldest to youngest, in joy and in glee,
They deck it with tapers and with gifts gay and bright,
In memory of that first glad Christmas night.

S. M. A.



TWO NEW YEARS.

ANNA T. SADLIER

IT was New Year's time, the season of good cheer, of good hope, of good resolution. Christmas had passed, with its memories, its associations, the green of its holly and the glow of its fires. Christmas with its holy thoughts and suggestions, bringing the beauty and grandeur of the Incarnation mystery once more to mind. Christmas with its story of promises fulfilled and of a Saviour revealed to men.

It was New Year's eve. Marion Phillips sat alone in her apartment. The room was fairly littered with costly trinkets. The air was heavy with perfumes. Luxury prevailed, and extended even to the figure of the young girl reclining in an easy chair in her rich dressing gown. She had just finished reading a letter from a friend absent in Europe, and was still pondering its contents. She was thinking, too, how this friend, young, rich, accomplished, whose talents and whose beauty had delighted society since she had left the convent, should be, as Marion Phillips put it to herself, so eccentric. She had married a wealthy man, and was what people called a social leader. Nevertheless, her delight was to labor among the poor and ignorant and afflicted. She rarely missed the daily Mass, she belonged to various charitable associations, she was a frequent communicant.

"Carrie Bolton might as well have been a nun at

once," said Marion Phillips to herself, with irritation. "That's what comes of shutting girls up in convents. Now, I am as good a Catholic as any one, but I say, if you live in the world you must be like other people."

She referred to the letter, and read in her friend's fine clear hand: "Be assured, my dear, that worldliness is heathenism, and that we must be in the world without being of it." She tossed the letter impatiently aside, and arising wearily, looked out upon the streets, covered with snow lying white in the clear starlight. There was a tap at the door. It was Miss Phillips' maid, Mary Farley. Now, Mary had received some education, and by an unhappy coincidence had been, like her mistress, at a secular school, for the sole reason that one met "a better class of pupils there." Mary was sharp, intelligent, tidy,—in fact, as her mistress said, "considerably above her station." To her as to Miss Phillips it was a matter of much surprise that Mrs. Bolton should be at once rich, fashionable and a devout Catholic. Mary was full of the subject just now.

"You would never believe, miss," she began, "that Mrs. Bolton has written Bridget a letter, Bridget down in the kitchen."

"Written Bridget a letter?" echoed Miss Phillips.

"Yes, miss. You see, Mrs. Bolton belongs to some society. She is what Bridget calls a 'Promoter whatever that means, miss. So she just wrote Bridget a letter and sent her a little pamphlet

"Indeed!" said Miss Phillips, thinking with more repugnance than ever of the "preachy letter" she had herself received. "By the way, that Bridget is a tiresome person. She brought my breakfast this morning, and began to speak of some Mission. Really, Mary, you must not let her come near me again. I am as religious as any one, and people should go to church on Sunday and that, if they feel able, but—why, you are pulling my hair, how clumsy of you."

When Mary had gone, Miss Phillips remained seated in her arm-chair, staring into the fire which burned upon the hearth. She was handsome, young, an heiress. The world lay stretched before her, a fairy prospect. Her parents had sent her to a fashionable school in England. She was heard to boast that her parents had left her free to choose her own religion, hoping that she would elect to remain a Catholic, which she did.

At school she had been taught to keep religion as much out of sight as possible. Discussion was out of the question. Since leaving school she had followed the same rule, and left religion practically out of her life.

As she lingered in her easy-chair, the sound of the New Year's bells, the solemn bells of that midnight which divides the old from the new, fell upon her ear. The sound made her uneasy, and like words set to their music, she heard the counsel of her friend, "worldiness is heathenism; we must be in the world but not if it."

"I hope God will give the master and mistress and Miss Marion, too, a happy and prosperous New Year," said Bridget down in the kitchen, the next morning. She had just come in fresh and rosy from church. "They're too happy and prosperous," snapped Mary Farley, viciously. She had lain awake the night before, revolving the old problem, why she had not been born rich and a lady. "Things is badly managed in this world, I can tell you."

"They're managed as God pleases," said Bridget, cheerily; "and all's well if we save our souls. Did you go out to Mass, this morning?"

"Indeed, I didn't," said Mary. "I leave that to you."

"It's a bad way to begin the year."

"As good a way as preaching."

"Did you hear the bells, last night?" asked Bridget, changing the subject. "Those New Year's bells do give

me a queer turn, for I keep thinking, there's another year gone, and may be it's not many more of them God will give me to work for His glory."

"Where did you learn all that fine talk?" sneered Mary.

"Well, it was little schoolin' I got at all, by reason that I couldn't stay at school, but that little was with the Presentation nuns in Ireland."

"Thank heaven they didn't preach so much where I went to school. We learned more grammar and arithmetic and less prayers. But there's the bell, she's gettin' up, at last. About time."

And so another year had dawned for Marion Phillips, and she awoke to consciousness that it was New Year's Day.

II

Another New Year's eve, drizzling and dreary, with a cold sleet falling, and a wind which pierced even the thick walls of the Phillips' dwelling on the most fashionable street of the Upper Canadian city.

"Madam, if you know my errand you will offer no further opposition to my entering the sick room."

It was a priest who spoke, and he was addressing that elegant and refined woman of the world, Mrs. Phillips.

"But really, sir, I am afraid of the effect your appearance might have upon the child. I know your errand, for I am a Catholic; but the case is not pressing. The doctor tells me there is no danger."

"How can any one give such assurance in so deadly a disease?" said the priest.

"I assure you—"

"Assure me of nothing unless you can safely assure me of your daughter's salvation."

"Why, she has led a most exemplary life, though not what one would call devout. She was the best pupil at the Institute in England, and—"

"Has she been to the Sacraments lately?" interrupted the priest.

"Well, no, I can hardly say—"

"The case is more urgent even than I thought," said Father Moore. "Kindly permit me to pass."

He entered the room. It was bare and stripped of its ornaments. The air was heavy with disinfectants. Upon the bed lay Marion Phillips, her features distorted by disease, her eyes closed. A kneeling figure arose and advanced to meet the priest.

"Sure, Father, I'm glad you're come. I counted every minute an hour since I left the message for you. It's my belief she's going fast."

"Why was I not sent for before?"

The priest scarcely listened to the explanation. He was bending over the dying girl; she was unconscious. He turned to Bridget.

"Surely she has not been left alone?—Where is the mother?"

"She's in weak health, and though her grief's heart-rending, she can't stand the air of the room."

"We will say the prayers for the dying, Bridget," said the priest, kneeling down.

While they prayed there was a slight stir in the bed, and Marion Phillips opened her eyes.

"Who is there?" she asked, faintly.

"A priest, my child."

A slight shiver passed through her.

"Is there any one else?" she asked, again.

"Sure, it's me, Miss Marion; it's Bridget; don't you know me?"

"Bridget, I thought you had gone; where's Mary?" After a pause: "I remember, she went away when I took ill."

Father Moore now tried gently to tell the young girl of her critical condition.

"I am not dying," she shrieked. "I will not die. I am so young, God would not be so cruel."

She raised herself in the bed, but only to fall back helplessly. Vainly did the priest strive to calm her or to induce her to think of preparation for death. He could only wring from her a reluctant consent to his returning.

"In a day or two I shall feel better," she said, "and then I may think of confession. It is four years since I was there last, and I cannot collect my thoughts all at once."

"How came you, dear child, to be so long away from the Sacraments?"

"I was at a school where I could not easily see a priest, and since I came home I have been so occupied, and sometimes my health has been poor."

"Will you not try for our Lord's sake to make your preparation now," urged Father Moore; "I shall come back in an hour."

"Impossible," said the dying girl, "there is no hurry, I feel too weak;" then, with a faint smile, "do not be distressed, I won't die without the Sacraments. But death is far off, I shall be out in a fortnight."

"So you shall, my dear Miss Phillips," said a cheerful voice, "that is, if you do not overexert yourself."

It was the doctor who spoke, a most liberal-minded man who, though not a Catholic himself, had the greatest respect for the priesthood. Nevertheless, he was peremptory with Father Moore just then.

It was absolutely necessary that the patient should be kept quiet. The heart was weak. Excitement might be fatal. The young lady did not desire any religious ministrations, and her mother was fearful of the result. And there was no danger.

"After all," concluded the doctor, pleasantly facetious,

"she is one of your own flock, you know, Mr. Moore, and an excellent Catholic."

"One of my own flock," said the priest to himself, sadly, as he walked homewards, "how much greater may be the chance of salvation for those other sheep who are not of the Fold."

III

It was midnight on that New Year's eve. The bells were tolling from every steeple the old, old message that another year was dead. Bridget knelt, beads in hand, beside Miss Phillips' bed. The night nurse had fallen sound asleep. Marion Phillips herself, to all appearances, slept, too.

"God bless her," said Bridget, rising and stealing near, "she is having a beautiful sleep, if the bells don't wake her."

No; Bridget, neither those New Year's bells nor any sound of earth shall ever wake Marion Phillips more.!!! Something in the deathly pallor of the face startled the faithful watcher. She touched the still face, and by her scream awoke the nurse

"Heart failure," said the doctor, half an hour afterwards; "the disease often takes such a course. But, my dear Mrs. Phillips, it was a most merciful death. Absolutely painless and peaceful."

"It is the punishment of my sin," cried the mother, in an agony of grief. "I gave her a high education. She had every accomplishment, but she had forgotten her catechism. They taught her everything but her religion. I neglected sending for the priest, and when he was brought I did not want him to see her."

Her husband entering the room, she took his arm and led him to the bedside.

"We have killed her soul," she said hoarsely, and her husband made no reply.

In a dancing hall, Mary Farley was meantime dancing away the first hours of the new-born year. In answer to a remark made concerning her former mistress, she cried flippantly :—

"I'm never sorry for them sort of people. It's time they had their share of suffering. But there's no justice, she'll get well, and be the same as ever. It's made me pretty much give up my religion, seeing the poor down-trodden as they are. I hate that Marion Phillips, any way."

"It's New Year's morning again," said Bridget to herself; "thank God for another year of life. But my heart is heavy for the master and mistress, and poor Miss Marion. God rest her soul. Oh, if she had lived more for God, what a happy New Year this 'ud be for her.'"

Mrs. Phillips found that morning in her daughter's writing-desk the letter in which Mrs. Bolton had said, that "worldliness was heathenism, and that we must be in the world but not of it."

"Oh, if I had sent Marion to the convent with Carrie Bolton," moaned Mrs. Phillips; how she would bless me for it now!"

The jingle of sleigh-bells sounded merrily. The snow was upon the house-tops, the branches sparkled merrily with hoar-frost. It was an ideal Canadian New Year's day. But no echo of the joy and merriment reached the dead. Marion Phillips had gone into that world which her education had taught her to ignore, where her accomplishments, her talents and the advantageous acquaintances she had formed at school availed her nothing.

THE ANGELS' CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Among the mysteries of the midnight skies

A full white moon was sailing,

Beneath its sheen of mellow silver light

The timid stars seemed paling.

The Church bells rang upon the frosty air,

Their Christmas tidings bringing,

As long ago when snow white angels came

O'er Bethl'hem's Mountain singing.

"Peace ! peace !" they wafted it upon the wind,

Their brazen tongues repeating

The song which will be sweet to human ears

While human hearts are beating.

"Oh mortals, raise your trembling voice," they cried,

"And join the choir that's swelling

O'er land and sea, o'er mountain, hill and vale,

Of praise and homage telling !"

And lo ! the rapturous sounds of joy that rose

Wooded angels down from heaven ;

With priceless gifts they came from Paradise,

Treasures to man God-given.

Swift through the silver, silent tranced air

On glittering pinions flying,

They came with mercy, love, and hope and joy

And smiles to banish sighing.

And one sweet guardian spirit clothed in white,

A halo of glory beaming

Around his rainbow presence, sought the place

Where a fair child lay dreaming.

In deep repose she lay, yet her white brow

With a radiant soul was shining,

And fringed lids could not quite veil

The light they were enshrining.

Enraptured, on th' ethereal face he gazed—

Where heaven and earth seemed blended,

Till on the moonlit air like incense sweet

His fervent prayer ascended :

“ Oh God ! ” like Æolian strains the seraph's voice

Had a tone of pleading sadness—

“ What gift can I bring here ? What lustre add

To innocence and gladness ?

“ Fair child, I fain would guard thy future years

And all thy path illumine.

I would surround thee with ideal joys

The heavenly more than human.

For o'er the sky—blue light of such a soul

Ever the love Divine

In sunlike splendor, holy, pure and bright,

Should rest serene and shine ! ”

Then from his glowing breast he took a gem

That flashed a flame to heaven

Which pierced the skies on such swift wings

To the White Throne was driven.

And as he laid it on her tranquil heart,

He whispered softly, lowly,

“ From mine to thine, this seraph gift

Will keep thee always holy.

“ 'Twill guide thee bravely o'er a path of thorns

And smile through tears fast falling.

’Twill raise thy joys to holy heights beyond

The fear of fate befalling.

’Twill bind thee closely to His Sacred Heart,

Oh grace ! beyond all graces !

And woo thee favors from His tender love


At all time, in all places ! ”

The child awoke—the rustle perhaps of wings
 Had reached her spirit's hearing,
 But all she saw was the first rosy flush
 Of Christmas dawn appearing.
 No faint perception of a heavenly grace,
 No dreaming or divining,
 Though in the depths of her blue eyes that smiled
 The gift of *Prayer* was shining !

BELLELLE GUERIN.

SISTER MARGUERITE BOURGEOYS.

CALLED "THE LITTLE ST. GENEVIEVE OF CANADA."

 HE ancient city of Troyes, in France, saw, on the Good Friday of the year 1620, the 17th day of April, the birth of Marguerite Bourgeoy. Her parents were in comfortable circumstances, and were noted for their piety and strict devotion to their religious duties. The after life of the illustrious Foundress of the Congregation de Notre Dame so abounds in interest, that it will be impossible to do more than glance at the episodes and incidents which made up the first years of her heroic life.

Between the time when, as a child, it was her delight to assemble her little companions, discoursing to them of the mysteries of faith and the beauties of a life of perfection, to that period which she called the date of her conversion, there was an interval of several years. On the Feast of the Rosary she had joined in the procession at the Dominican Convent, and had seen the face of our Lady shining down on her from the porch of the venerable Abbey aux Nonnains. Thenceforth her life attained a rare degree of perfection. Hitherto she had been fond of gay attire and of worldly society, as she tells us. Now she renounced the world and all its vanities.

She entered the Sodality of the Children of Mary in the Congregation Convent at Troyes, and was soon made president thereof, an office which she filled for twelve years. Under direction of her confessor, she sought admittance to the Carmelites and afterwards to the Poor Clares, but was in both places refused admission. Having then taken vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, she lived in community with three or four pious women, but their charitable undertakings completely failed.

By a series of providential circumstances she became known to the Governor of Ville Marie, M. de Maisonneuve. Through the efforts of M. Olier, Founder of St. Sulpice, M. de la Dauversière, and the members of the Society of Montreal, a settlement had been made on the shores of the St. Lawrence, and M. de Maisonneuve had led thither a devoted little band. On his return to France he visited his sister, a religious of the Congregation at Troyes, who, with others of her Order, expressed a strong desire to labor in the New World for the evangelization of the savages. He, however, was forced to decline their services ; but having heard much of the wisdom, zeal and fervor of Margaret Bourgeoys, he asked for an interview with her. She had been meanwhile apprised in a dream of the coming of this stranger, who was to have a powerful effect upon her own life.

At M. de Maisonneuve's urgent request she consented to go to America, having first consulted her director and other ecclesiastics remarkable for wisdom and prudence. She was, however, subjected to an interior trial by the persuasions of certain friends, who believed her called to the Carmelite Order, and the action of the provincial of that community, writing to offer her admittance. In this extremity, she chanced to have recourse to a Jesuit who had been a missionary in Canada, and who unhesitatingly advised her to persevere in her holy intention and hasten to the white harvest fields of those distant lands

A vision which she had of Our Lady confirmed her in her resolve.

She embarked on the "St. Nicholas," on the 20th June, 1653. On board there were one hundred soldiers, one hundred and twenty intending settlers and a certain number of women. The voyage was at first so stormy that the little vessel returned to Nantes. On resuming the voyage, a pestilence broke out, of which eight men on board perished. Margaret Bourgeoys tended the sick with an admirable devotedness, sleeping upon a pile of cordage to be near them. She tasted none of the delicacies which were sent her from the Governor's table, but divided them all amongst her patients. Her influence upon the men, many of whom had been indifferent Catholics or who had led evil lives, was so great as to cause the conversion and happy perseverance of almost all on board.

The vessel reached Quebec September 22nd, and the party were there detained some time, for reasons too tedious to enter upon in detail. The most noteworthy circumstance of our heroine's stay in Quebec was her meeting with Jeanne Mance, Foundress of the Hotel Dieu of Montreal, and the beginning between them of a life-long friendship.

On All Saints' Day of the same year, when the Canadian landscape was still rich with autumnal hues, and a golden sunshine warmed and glorified all things, Margaret Bourgeoys first set foot in Montreal. The little settlement had suffered much in the Governor's absence, chiefly from the incursions of savages, and it required an undaunted heart there to take up one's abode. Margaret began there a life of toil, of privation, of self-sacrifice, of apostolic zeal and of public utility, which can be but briefly hinted at in these pages. Her influence with the Governor was unbounded, and, no doubt, his high and noble character, which made him the model of a

Christian and a gentleman, gained much from this humble woman, whose counsels he heard with reverence.

For the four succeeding years Margaret labored unremittingly. She nursed the poor and the sick; she instructed the ignorant; she made daily rounds amongst the scattered cabins and wigwams which then represented the present flourishing city of Montreal. In scenes the most repugnant to human nature, where poverty, dirt and misery were combined, she exercised her ministry fearless of danger, indifferent to disease. Often, at twilight, she was seen under the great trees which grew upon the slopes of Mount Royal, surrounded by a band of Indians, to whom, holding up the crucifix, she explained the truths of faith. During these years, says a biographer, "Margaret Bourgeoys was the worthy coadjutor of M. de Maisonneuve; and whilst he was forming a material city, she was establishing the spiritual reign of Our Blessed Lady in the hearts of youth." It would be impossible to give any adequate account of the growth and progress of her work as foundress of an institute for the instruction of young girls. From their rude beginnings in the stone stable on the banks of the St. Lawrence, to work accomplished in that spacious building, destroyed by conflagration, and afterwards rebuilt, Margaret Bourgeoys and her companions were the constant benefactors of the little colony in its struggle for civilization. More than once did this undaunted woman cross the ocean to bring out with her new helpers and assistants, till at last native postulants began to offer. "The results of Sister Marguerite's mode of education," writes Charlevoix, "are marvellous. We see at Ville Marie women dwelling in the midst of poverty and misery, perfectly instructed in their religion, ignorant of nothing that they should know; bring up their children in the love and fear of God, sanctifying their lives by the meek acceptance of daily crosses."

(To be continued.)

IMPORTANT TO LOCAL DIRECTORS AND PROMOTERS.

The Rev. Director General of the Holy League in a late number of the *Messenger* makes an authentic declaration which will immensely facilitate the organization of the League in colleges, convents, and academies. Circles may be made up not only of *fifteen*, but also of *ten*, *seven*, *five* members, to meet the wants of places and circumstances. The heads of the smaller groups, for instance of *five*, are entitled to diploma and cross and all the privileges of Promoters.

First, this declaration will prove a great boon to *colleges, convents, and lay communities*, in which grouping into fiftens would not be effective. The efficiency of a League organization depends first on the number of Promoters, and secondly on the influence exercised by Promoters over their associates. Now, it is clear that in schools both conditions must fail by a grouping in fiftens. There could be but a very limited number of heads of circles, and especially little or no exercise of influence. No child or youth apart from the general edification of good example could succeed in inducing *fifteen* companions to be more faithful to the practices of the League. On the other hand, by grouping the class, the sodality, the division, into *fives*, each including a Promoter, there will be a radiation of all kinds of good influences reaching every member of the school. A youth of character, who is good and virtuous, will easily pick out four amongst his friends who will submit to his unobtrusive supervision, his word of advice and, if need be, correction, who will in a word acknowledge his authority. The Council of Promoters held once a month, composed of all the ablest and the best, under the officers of their choice, will have a standing and interest that will lend it great prestige. The

few words of exhortation and advice given by the Director, concerning the League and its practices and the obstacles to be removed or the means to be adopted to advance the interests of the Sacred Heart, which are those of the school or community itself, will have a magnetic effect and reach every member. At the meeting, each booklet of Rosary-mysteries can be divided in fives among three Promoters. Arrangements ought also be made for passing the *Messenger*, that all the Associates may be interested in the intention for the month and the work of the League.

Secondly, this declaration is of great importance in the organization of the *Men's League*, for the reasons just alleged, which are all the more cogent when applied to men. It is a fact of experience that organization of men by fifteens has failed where fives have prospered. Even if the distribution of tickets and Rosary leaflets should be reserved to lady Promoters, the heads of men's groups will find it a noble and congenial task to induce their four friends or dependents to be faithful to their promises, to their communions especially, and the meetings preceding. This work they might do quietly and efficaciously at the beginning of the year, by securing the subscriptions of their associates for the little *Messenger*, if it is not already received in their homes. All who read the *Messenger* are sure to be faithful members of the League, and all at home are sure to read the *Messenger* when it is addressed to the head of the house, and is read by him.

Thirdly, the declaration has its application also in some measure for ladies' *parochial centres*. Not that there could be a better or more effective organization of a *parish* than by circles of fifteen, which meets the requirements both of Promoters and of families, and should by no means be interfered with, but it will allow each Promoter at the head of a circle of fifteen to have a com-

missioned officer for her aid, an assistant Promoter entitled to cross and diploma and indulgences, who will bring in fresh recruits, accompany her to meeting and take her place if ill or absent. Thus every family shall be more easily reached and have in its circle a promoter of the interests of the Sacred Heart.

ST. AGNES, JANUARY 21st.



OUR young readers are doubtless familiar with the name and fame of the gentle Agnes, who, after the Immaculate Virgin, is looked upon as the special patroness of pure souls.

The daughter of a noble house, heiress to vast possessions, possessed of exquisite beauty and high mental endowments, and withal of a gentle, modest demeanor and most winning manners, Agnes was sought as a companion by the youth of the highest Roman society.

When she was yet at tender age the young noblemen vied with each other in endeavoring to win her hand, but to each and all the sole answer was that she had given herself to the God of Heaven and would accept no earthly lover.

The disappointed suitors, hoping to overcome her resolution by threats, and thus gain their prize, denounced her to the Roman governor as a Christian.

The judge, finding threats useless, displayed fearful instruments of torture before the eyes of the fragile maiden, but with no more result than before.

He dragged her before the idols, and commanded her to offer sacrifice, but her hand refused to move excepting to make the sign of the cross.

Finding her immovable, the cruel judge delivered her to the idolatrous spectators, with permission to insult her as they list. Picture to yourself that tender maiden, alone in the midst of a depraved rabble that think only

of lowering her ethereal nature to their own brute level. One young pagan assaults her with rude hands, and lo ! 'tis proven that she is neither alone nor unprotected. The Divine Lover comes to the rescue of His tender spouse, and the ruffian whose very touch would have been contamination, is stricken with instant blindness, and falls trembling to the earth. The rest were filled with terror. They raised their stricken companion, carried him to Agnes, and begged her intercession with her God on his behalf. The gentle, forgiving maiden immediately begged her heavenly spouse to restore him to sight and health, which was done.

Her Christian forgiveness, however, did not soften the hard hearts of her persecutors, who clamored for her death. The judge condemned her to be beheaded, which sentence was at once executed. Many of the spectators wept as they beheld the beautiful maiden thus cruelly martyred. She alone was full of joy at the thought of meeting so soon her heavenly Bridegroom.

Two churches are dedicated to St. Agnes in Rome : one without the city, built on the place of her burial, the other on the spot where she was exposed to the fury of the pagans.

Her relics are kept in the former, in a rich silver shrine. In this church, too, at the High Mass on her feast day two lambs are blessed by the abbot of St. Peter's ad Vincula. They are then carried to the Pope, who himself blesses them.

From their wool is made the Pallium, or distinctive vestment of the Archbishop, which is blessed and sent to the wearer by His Holiness.

Thus the heavenly purity and heroic constancy of the maiden has caused her to become an object of universal homage, while those of her house who were renowned for merely temporal possessions and honors of earth have passed out of the minds of men.



THE LEAGUE ABROAD.

Italy.

It was not suspected that the fears expressed by the Holy Father when addressing the International Pilgrimage of Youth were to be so soon verified. A thrill of delight seemed to run through the Eternal City on the arrival of so many orderly groups of pilgrims and at the imposing ceremonies attending their reception, as though Rome's departed glory were once more returning with handfuls of money over and above. Press and people applauded the demonstrations. But it was not to be expected that the secret societies would share in the general enthusiasm, nor that the suspicious government of a usurping king would behold with indifference these spontaneous outbursts of sympathy for the dethroned and imprisoned Pontiff. The secret order had been passed from lodge to lodge, and at the signal given by an official of the government, a tumult arose in which Rome seemed to be handed over to an infuriated rabble. The Pope and pilgrims were openly insulted, and many acts of violence were perpetrated. The disorders spread like a fired mine train from the capital to the cities and towns of Italy, the government standing aside inert till its purpose was reached.

The disorders, however, gave place to an agitation on the part of the lodges for a repeal of the laws which guaranteed to the Pope safety and free intercourse with

the Catholic world. Then the Triple Alliance was threatened, and the government had to step in to defend and renew its pledges to the foreign powers by re-affirming through its Prime minister the law of guarantees—sham guarantees! which, as circumstances had just proved, left the Vicar of Christ and Father of Christendom a prey to the fury of his enemies as often as their combined hate and jealousy clamored for vengeance.

France.

In Rome the insults and acts of violence were levelled no less against Frenchmen than against the Pope, and the world was expecting there would be a demand for reparation, but it was soon discovered that the rulers of France and the rulers of Italy, the French lodges and Italian lodges, were united in a common hate of the Church, its Head and true children. Instead of reparation there was tacit approval; and when a patriotic Bishop lifted his voice in protestation, he was cited before a court of correction, and heavily fined. Then there was an outburst of sympathy from the French Episcopate, joined by the highest and best of the land. The indignation of press and people against the government reached a crisis in which it barely escaped an overthrow.

Ireland.

It is consoling to return from the Nations of the South to a land retaining all the vigor and freshness of its early faith. Whatever breezes may ripple and agitate the surface of the national life of Ireland, there can be no doubt as to the genuineness and depth of the tide which flows beneath. We shall give an extract of a letter from the Central Director of the League in Ireland to the Director General.

"We number at present 505 affiliated centres. It is impossible to tell all the fruits of the League in Ireland. There is a marvellous spread of the devotion of the *nine First Fridays*; an enormous number of Associates who go to communion every Sunday, and in many places every day; pictures of the Sacred Heart, with lights burning around them all day, are everywhere seen in the churches. Thousands and thousands of the faithful wear the badge of the Sacred Heart. The Treasury of good works offered to the Sacred Heart in the schools gives wonderful returns. The Juvenile League is in vigorous operation in our colleges and boarding schools. The Apostleship of Temperance, peculiar to Ireland, has enrolled over ten thousand names of men and women, who have made the heroic offering to the Sacred Heart of abstinence from all intoxicating drinks for their whole life, in order to set a good example to the unfortunate victims of intemperance, without needing such a pledge for themselves. Thanks to the Sacred Heart, the vice of intemperance is on a rapid decrease in Ireland.

"We have a monthly circulation of *thirty-seven thousand Messengers* of the Sacred Heart. To sum up, never in our poor Ireland were faith and piety more ardent nor our hopes for the future brighter."

United States.

The Central Director in a letter to the General Director writes: "We number in our great Republic 1,200,000 Associates of the First Degree, 705,000 of the Second, and 100,000 of the Third. They are marshalled by 15,000 Promoters. Our little *Messenger* has a monthly circulation of 23,000. The Holy League is established in all our large cities and in all our dioceses with the exception of one.

"Its fruits have been precious, namely, increase of faith, habits of prayer, numerous conversions, return to the sacraments, frequent communion, renewal of Christian life in parishes where it was dead."

NEW MESSENGERS.

Two new *Messengers* are announced for 1892, one Albanian in European Turkey; the other which will interest us more deeply, being nearer home, is French Canadian. The latter will be edited by the Rev. J. B. Nolin, S.J., known to many of our Associates for his Apostolic zeal, which he confines at present to the French-speaking population of Canada. With the large number of centres already formed, and a population of two millions waiting for his consolations, the Canadian French *Messenger* has a vast field for his zeal and enterprise.

Now there shall be twenty-seven *Messengers* in fifteen different languages, bearing the glad tidings of the League to all parts of the globe.

THE LEAGUE AT HOME.

Quebec.

RECEPTION OF PROMOTERS.

"The most edifying sight," says the *Quebec Daily Telegraph* of Dec. 9th, "ever witnessed in St. Patrick's Church since its foundation was observed by those who happened to be in attendance at the early masses yesterday, feast of the Immaculate Conception. The members of the League of the Sacred Heart, Holy Family, St. Vincent de Paul and St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Societies received Holy Communion in a body, and 2,300 approached the communion rail." There had been a solemn Triduum

in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, preached by the eloquent Redemptorist Father Currier, which was "as good as a mission," so abundant were the fruits. The powerful influences of the Holy League in bringing in the careless and the hardened were manifest to all.

The great League demonstration, such as has been rarely if ever equalled in our Northern Land, took place in the evening. One hundred and sixty Promoters—ninety-six ladies, all heads of circles of fifteen, and sixty gentlemen, centres of groups of five—were to receive the diploma and indulgenced cross of their order. Associates without number proudly wearing the badge of the Sacred Heart flocked at an early hour to St. Patrick's from all directions. At seven o'clock the seats, galleries and aisles of the spacious church were thronged, the Promoters holding reserved seats in the aisles. Mgr. Hamel, Apostolic Pronotary, presided at the ceremony as representative of the Cardinal Archbishop who was suffering from illness.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Central Director of the League in Canada, whom Rev. Father Oates, C.S.S.R., had invited from Montreal for the occasion. He spoke of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart as a revival in those latter times of the memory of the Saviour's love and benefits, shown especially in the Incarnation and Redemption, and latterly presented to the world under a sensible form in the manifestation of the Sacred Heart of the Redeemer. Its fruits are a more thorough and loving oblation of our life to God, and the spirit of reparation and zeal. They are gathered especially in the Holy League by its triple practice of Morning Offering of the heart, daily decade of beads, and multiplied Communions of Reparation. A main feature of the Holy League is the body of lay promoters, who are charged to spread the devotion and induce others to adopt the practices. The church has recognized their services, and re-

warded their zealous efforts by bestowing the diploma and cross, accompanied with her most precious indulgences.

After the sermon, followed by an appropriate hymn from the choir, Mgr. Hamel proceeded to the altar-rail to bless the crosses and decorate the Promoters, who advanced two by two to receive them. It was a most edifying spectacle to see the Rev. Rector and Fathers of St. Patrick's go first to receive their crosses. How nobly they had won them was best evidenced by the long double line of Promoters who followed their example, who had been selected and trained by them, and by the two thousand five hundred Associates who looked on, and who since May last had been instructed by them in the solid practices of the League.

The ceremony, which went on like clock-work, was followed by the congregation with intense interest, being the first of the kind ever witnessed in Quebec. At the close, Mgr. Hamel made a brief but happy address. He had been sent by his Eminence the Cardinal, who regretted exceedingly that he could not be present to manifest his affection for St. Patrick's parishioners and the interest he took in the work of their League. Mgr. Hamel felt grateful it was his lot to be sent to preside at such a magnificent ceremony and to address such a large and devout congregation. He congratulated the Directors and Fathers on the success of their work and the consoling recompense they were reaping from it.

At the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament which followed from an altar literally ablaze with lights, Father Maloney, C.S.S.R., solemnly pronounced the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart, after having first prepared the devout assemblage by a short though feeling exhortation to join him in heart and intention.

The ceremony, and particularly the Benediction, was accompanied by music such as is rarely heard even at St. Patrick's, Quebec.

The Holy League was inaugurated in June last by the Rev. Father Oates, C.S.S.R. He has proved how easily and efficiently a large and scattered parish like St Patrick's, comprising the whole city and suburbs, can be organized through the simple application of the statutes of the League. Each of the twelve departments into which the city is divided for League purposes has responsible Councillors, and under them a band of Promoters who reach once a month every member of every family in the department, and keep all to their promises which are the solid practices of a Christian life. At the Monthly Meeting of Promoters, each Councillor confers with her Promoters on the work, and wants of the department, and all together on the general interests of the Centre. The Rev. Director takes a deep interest in the welfare of each member, and is always at hand when required.

Glennevis.

On a grove-crowned hill gently rising from the C. P. Railway stands the beautiful and solidly built church of Glennevis. It is the pride of the parish and the centre where the quiet industrious farmers, descendants of Highlanders, sprinkled with a goodly number of French Canadians, meet on Sunday to say their prayers and offer the acceptable sacrifice.

It was not many weeks since a successful Mission had been given, and Father McRae wished to perpetuate its fruits. He had seen the League in action at Cornwall, and desired its benefits to be extended to Glennevis. Therefore he called the Central Director from Montreal on Nov. 22nd. The farmers, notwithstanding the wretched condition of the roads, came long distances, accompanied by their families, to assist at the Sunday mass and to inaugurate the "new League." Father McRae had taken

pains to prepare them, circulating the small League Manual by the hundred over the parish.

Before mass the Juveniles organized, accepting the three degrees with an enthusiasm that quite awakened the older folk,—the boys, who doubled in number the girls, lifting the hand to pledge abstinence from drink and the use of tobacco till twenty-one.

At mass the sermon was on Devotion to the Sacred Heart and the Three Degrees, and closed by an exhortation to join the League. Three hundred of all sexes and conditions eagerly advanced to the altar rail to receive the badge and manifest their desire to be enrolled. A branch of the Men's League was then formed, seventy lifting their hand and giving down their name to pledge temperance and communion five times a year. The ladies organized apart, thirty of the brightest and most active of the younger sort offering their services as Promoters, and proceeding to elect their officers. The work of enrolment began at once, and numbers of tickets, rosary sets and *Messengers* were distributed at the church door.

The Glennevis League promises soon to rival the Cornwall and St. Raphael branches. Father McRae writes that "volunteers to the grand army of the League are increasing rapidly."

Brantford.

The success that has thus far attended the League of the Sacred Heart in St. Basil's has been a source of joy to our Rev. Pastor, our Director and Promoters, and a subject of edification to the whole parish. The membership has been steadily growing.

The Men's branch, with which I am more especially concerned, now numbers close on two hundred. We have our meetings regularly every month. Rev. Father Feeney, our zealous Local Director, always succeeds in interesting

as well as instructing the members more particularly concerning the practices of the League. We have had since June last three general Communions of Reparation, the fourth will take place on Sunday after Christmas. The number of men who went together to Holy Communion with their badge on the first Sunday of November was one hundred and seventy. The day before, the confessionals were crowded till a late hour by men only. It is a source of great edification to the parish to witness so many who heretofore were seldom seen at the altar rail now become regular communicants.

SECRETARY OF MEN'S LEAGUE.

Toronto.

"The little Juvenile League book must be a grand success if it is as popular elsewhere as here. No doubt they must move around by the thousand. You had better send me another hundred, as the last lot is nearly gone. No excuse now for being at Mass without a Prayer Book."

BROTHER ORBANUS.

Montreal.

"I thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus in His goodness to me for getting a good place, which I had promised to acknowledge by the *Messenger*. I am a young Catholic girl who joined the League in Ontario last January, and received regularly my books and tickets till I came here in August. Since then I have not received them, though I say the prayers just the same. Oh, how lonesome I feel without those dear books! I am very anxious to renew my subscription. I have great faith in the League, it has done me so much good already."

ASSOCIATE.

Ont.*A Good Promoter.*

"One of my Associates in the League is leading a very bad life, and I cannot do anything with him. A petition has been sent in every month for him, and I am getting discouraged. Shall I take his name off my list and put on another? Father, I will try him a while longer, perhaps he will change and become good again."

PROMOTER.

IN THANKSGIVING.

INGERSOLL.—For a great favor obtained in August.

ST. CATHARINES.—For the cure of a certain person whose case seemed hopeless. He was recommended to the League, and is now working steadily.

WYOMING.—For a temporal favor, namely, the sale of a team which realized \$200. After two months it was given back, and the poor man has now another offer of \$200, so he shall have \$400 for his team, for the sale of which a novena and a mass to the Sacred Heart had been offered.

MONTREAL.—For the cure of a severe sprain in the side received in a machine shop. Not being able to move during the night for pain, I made up my mind to go the Hospital if I lived till morning. I applied my League badge, and immediately felt some relief. I awoke in the morning without pain, and instead of going to the hospital went to my work.

MONTREAL, PROMOTER.

GALT.—For a temporal favor received by a friend.

GUELPH.—For a very great temporal favor received by a Promoter.

MONTREAL.—For three favors received.

For a great many favors received during the year 1891, by Promoters and Associates.

PROMOTERS' PAGE.

Friday, January 1st, is not only a good day to begin the year well, but it offers a beautiful opportunity to begin the devotion of the Nine First Fridays. This devotion is founded on the following promise made by Our Lord to the Blessed Margaret Mary: *I promise thee, in the excessive mercy of My Heart, that Its all-powerful love will grant to all those who receive communion on the FIRST FRIDAY OF EVERY MONTH, FOR NINE CONSECUTIVE MONTHS, the GRACE OF FINAL PERSEVERANCE, and that they SHALL NOT DIE UNDER MY DISPLEASURE, nor without receiving their sacraments, and My Heart will be their secure refuge at that last hour.*

Eternity hangs on the last moment of life. It will be too late then to prepare, so we must *keep prepared*. The grace of final perseverance, the most precious of all, cannot be merited, but it can be secured by prayer which, if persevered in, will obtain for us a chain of graces reaching to the moment of death. Holy Communion is the most powerful of prayers, and has for its special fruit and end to put us in possession of *everlasting life*, according to the promise of Our Lord in the Gospel (St. John, vi), on condition that we correspond to the grace given. Not that holy communion, even on nine successive Fridays, grants an impunity to sin, but, as St. Bernard teaches, "This Sacrament produces two effects in us: It diminishes the inclination to slight faults, and it takes away our consent to grievous sins." If this is the effect of one communion, what shall we say of nine in succession to comply with a *special desire* of Our Lord confirmed by a *special promise*.

It is a fact of experience, that those who have made the Nine First Fridays are not less careful to avoid sin than they were before or than others who never made them. Many derive such fruit and consolation from the practice that they repeat it many times in their life, and not a few become regular and *frequent* communicants.



THE COLUMBIAN CENTENARY.

EUROPE and America have joined hands to prepare a centenary celebration worthy of the man whose genius and daring have discovered a new world and opened it to civilized habitation and enterprise. Industry and skill, science and literature, the press and the fine arts, are vieing with one another to do him honor and extol his praise. Throughout America especially, the absorbing interest is the Columbian Centenary. Lives and biographies of the hero are announced. A World's Fair has been inaugurated on a gigantic scale, to lay before the eyes of nations the outcome of the mighty resources which his bold enterprise has placed at the disposal of the fertile genius of man.

And yet Christopher Columbus was a hero saint. His real life, that which gave inspiration to his lofty genius, which lent it a motive, and undaunted courage and perseverance in the execution, was his religious and devotional life. "Inflamed with zeal," says Pius IX (Brief 1863) "for the Catholic religion, Christopher Columbus conceived the project of a most daring voyage in discovery of a new world, not to add new realms to the Spanish dominion, but to bring new peoples under the empire of

Christ and of His Church." What an incomplete, if not unworthy, celebration it should be which left his religious life in the background? How unworthy of the hero and unworthy of Catholic America!

Catholic America, North and South, is awakened to its duty. Its press is issuing histories, biographical articles and notices. Committees are being formed to promote the religious celebration. The League of the Sacred Heart, Apostleship of Prayer, in America has a duty peculiarly its own, in honoring one who was a man of prayer, an apostle, and an ardent friend of his Saviour, zeal for whose interests was the ruling passion of his life and the soul of his enterprise. Ours is the task and the privilege to study and bring before the world the saintly and apostolic side of the hero's character. Last year we strove to honor the centenary of St. Aloysius by directing the attention, in a more special manner of youth, to the pattern of his virtues. Let the men take to themselves the honor of the centenary of Columbus. He was a husband and father as well as a Christian hero and genius. By the study of his life the Catholic man will learn that there is no duty or occupation but can go hand in hand with the highest sanctity. Nine hundred bishops have petitioned the Holy See to place his name on the roll for canonization. Let us join our fervent prayers to their petition. What a glory for Catholic America to see her discoverer crowned with the double aureola of genius and sanctity!



RESPECT FOR ALL WHO ARE IN AUTHORITY.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR FEBRUARY.

*Named by the Cordinal Protector and blessed by the Pope
for all the Associates.*

REVERENCE for the majesty of God is our first and most essential duty. Even in the creation as before a shrine we ought to adore the sovereign greatness which preserves, governs and fills all things. Among creatures themselves some stand out for our peculiar regard and veneration as radiant in a more resplendent manner with the supreme majesty. Such are all who in any way represent the divine authority.

In strict truth, as we are taught by faith and reason, there can be no lawful authority but what is divine. The Apostle takes care to inculcate that there is no authority except from God. It is the attraction of gravitation, centered chiefly in the suns, which keeps the heavenly bodies in the orbits marked out for them, and produces the beautiful harmony which reigns in the spheres. Likewise in the moral world of men's actions and relations it is the influence of authority, communicated by God to those who represent His greatness and majesty, which keeps each in his place, establishes order and peace, and governs all things gently but powerfully to the fulfillment of their destiny.

In the several societies founded by God amongst men, there is a centre of authority whence power and movement radiate to every member. In the Church, which is the embodiment of his supernatural truth, grace and power, the Roman Pontiff is the fountain of light and unity by which all are led onward to holiness of life and eternal happiness. In the commonwealth it is the civil authority, whether vested in king, assembly, people or all together, exercised according to legitimate forms, which preserves peace and secures prosperity. The parent holds the place of God, and wields his power in the family to train up the children to be worthy members of church and country, useful citizens of earth and of heaven. In the labor world, owner and employer hire, direct and recompense the wage earner for their mutual benefit.

Now, the modern spirit of naturalism has carried a revolutionary war into these different societies or spheres of moral action. It has sought to overthrow them and introduce chaos by attacking in each the centre of authority—as it were the heart. The higher the sphere, the more beautiful the order, the more august the authority, the fiercer and more unrelenting has been the onset, thereby showing that it is hate of the Divine Majesty which animates it. It is but a modern type of the old spirit caught from him who began the work of destruction by envying the Most High, and saying “I will not serve.”

Naturalism has faith only in Nature, and pretends to obey only Nature's Law. It scouts the conception of a personal Majesty exalted infinitely above nature, whose sovereign will has called it from nothingness and framed for it laws which He can set aside at pleasure. Much less will it accept the belief that this Sovereign Majesty can stoop down from His throne, speak to His rational creatures, and exact their assent and obedience. But what lashes this spirit into a frenzy of rage is the doctrine that

the infinite Splendor of Glory became personally incarnate in our nature, to infuse into it a supernatural life, and that He founded a Church, a world-wide society in which He enshrined His glory, appointed channels of His grace and ordained instruments of His power to reach the farthest limits of time and space. The admission of such dogmas it would consider a profession of its own insufficiency and a sort of self-annihilation.

Hence the fury of its hate and that of the dark sects which breathe its spirit, against the Church—especially the Roman Pontiff, her rock and pillar.—and the episcopate and priesthood, who render her teaching and life visible to the eyes of the world. Not only so, but those representatives of civil authority, who profess to hold their power from God and enforce their laws by a divine sanction, are everywhere the objects of attack. Naturalism will hear of no other government than that emanating from the will of the people, which invests its laws with a binding power and sanction that rest ultimately with the people. The State in consequence is the great and only educator as the highest expression of nature's law. The ideal home and most perfect domestic regime is that wherein parents follow the will of the children whilst striving to direct and moderate it. Precepts and punishments do violence to nature, check its development and stint growth of character. Likewise it is the multitude of laborers which ought to fix the conditions of contract, the wages, and act as sovereign arbiter in all disputes between employer and employed.

To cope successfully with such a foe, we must meet him on his own ground and turn his tactics against him. We must oppose love to hate, respect to contempt, obedience to revolt. Now-a-days all Catholics worthy of the name should rally around the Sovereign Pontiff by a love and

loyalty reaching unto the self-sacrifice of devotion. The episcopate and priesthood they ought to regard with special veneration and zeal. Civil magistrates and legislators in the sphere of their official functions ought to command their respect and support. Children especially should be reared in sentiments of profound reverence for parental authority, which is the only safe prop of the home and sure guarantee of virtue and happiness. The solid and lucid principles lately set forth by Leo XIII, in a method and style that have evoked the admiration of the world, ought not to remain a dead letter, but should be propagated and applied.

By thus restoring to their proper place, in all orders of society, the different forms of respect due to authority, we shall bring about and secure the reign of that peace which the Heart of an Incarnate God brought down from heaven to all men of goodwill.

PRAVER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart.

I offer them in particular that men may honor Thee in all who are clothed with Thy authority, that, respecting the order which Thou hast established, they may enjoy true peace and prosperity. Amen.

MY WISH.



NEW moon ! See a crescent ! hung low in the dark-
ening sky.

Look to the right, and wish now. I look, and think, and
sigh,

So many wishes struggling for words to set them free,
Oh ! silver hook, they'd bear thee down if I hung their
weight on thee.

I *wish*—from the tangled meshes of visions that arise
The fervid aspirations that tried to reach the skies,
The eager dream of doing—the dream of the undone,
From all my heart's desires, I would unravel one.

Hopes with rainbow radiance from my soul upspringing
Dazzle but confuse me, and the syren singing
Of pleasure's voice enthralls me, it fills the soft sweet air.
But through the magic music I breathe a little prayer.
My Angel Guardian, waiting to hear this wish of mine,
Is casting o'er earth's glamor a ray of the divine.
Oh throbbing heart, what will you, since heaven over-
floweth
Mid blessings choose your blessing. I *wish*—God only
knoweth !

The unknown future loometh as dim as yonder star
That flickers near the white arc, uncertain and afar.
But o'er my head uphanging one little patch of blue
Makes the fair day He gives me, and tender calm shines
through.

I *wish*—oh ! human yearnings, He knows all you mean,
And human words are needless if on His love you lean.
I wish—dear Heart of Jesus, be fortune good or ill,
I trust Thee all my wishes—I wish Thy Holy Will.

BELLELLE GUERIN.

FRIENDSHIP WITH OUR LORD.**FIRST ADVANTAGE OF THE HOLY LEAGUE.****II.**

“**S**INCE our last interview, Father, I have some faint idea of the height to which we are raised by sanctifying grace and of the nobility of the friendship by which it unites us with the Saviour of men. But what special claim does membership in the League give us to this divine friendship that it should be considered the first general advantage?”

I trust, dear Associate, I can satisfy you on such an interesting question. You will undoubtedly grant that once friendship has been formed, it must be fostered and strengthened by mutual intercourse of kindness and benevolence, even by presents and gifts. Otherwise it will fail to grow and ripen into friendship's fruits. The Holy Ghost dwelling in the just soul by sanctifying grace, besides being the bond of charity, is a bountiful giver. He is the source of spiritual life and activity, imparting to the soul His lights, His aids, His inspirations and impulses, rousing its energies and awakening its powers into good desires and applying them in supernatural acts.

To revert to our former example of the iron in the fire, when struck or heated intensely it emits numberless sparks which come and go, and falling on dry or inflammable material, enkindle flames and conflagrations. Even so the soul in which the Holy Ghost dwells is ever receiving His actual graces coming and going incessantly, some never to return, others to come back again at short or rare intervals, others again to be multiplied indefinitely. They are so many presents bestowed by the Holy Giver sent into the heart by the Divine Friend, that

accepting them and working with them we may deserve to be lifted to higher and higher degrees of His friendship and glory. Even the sinner is not left destitute of the helps necessary to rise and recover the state of grace and friendship.

“True, but you have not met my question nor touched the answer. What does membership in the League contribute towards this heavenly friendship?”

Well, we are near it now. Patience for just a moment. You see, it is not the gifts of the Holy Ghost nor His actual graces that are wanting, but our free acceptance of them and willing co-operation with them. Now, it is precisely the effect of membership in the Holy League and the scope of its practices, to secure our willing and generous co-operation with the actual grace of the Holy Ghost, given to unite our hearts with the Heart of the Saviour.

Take, for instance, the Morning Offering of intentions, actions and sufferings. Is it not a return of friendship, the response of the soul to what the Vicar of Christ calls “a new and gracious pledge of the charity of Jesus Christ?” It places our life at His feet as an instrument to advance His interests and His glory. Fidelity to it brings and keeps us in touch with the Holy Ghost and under the life-long influence of His grace. As the pilot seeks every day his course afresh and rights his barque in the waves, so the Morning Offering places the helm of our life in the hand of the Divine Pilot; and whilst we leave it firmly in His grasp by constant fidelity, the voyage must prove safe and prosperous. Our days shall be filled with merits, and we shall make rapid progress in our Saviour’s friendship.

Or consider the Second Degree. There can be no sweeter or surer way to Jesus than by Mary; no stronger claim on the love of the Son than devotion to the Mother. Did not Mary introduce the shepherds to the Child, and did not the Sages find Him “with Mary His mother?” At her request did He not work His first mir-

acle at the marriage feast ; and from the cross did He not commend the Disciple of His Sacred Heart to her special keeping ? How can we honor the Mother without becoming more and more worthy of the friendship of the Son ? What is true of the Mother must be true of the Spouse and the Sovereign Pontiff, her visible head. We have to reflect but for a moment that the Roman Pontiff is the Vicar of Christ, the official representative of His work and interests in the world, to understand that every mark of devotion, were it only a decade of the beads, which we pay the Pope is an additional recommendation to the love and friendship of the Son of God.

Finally, what is the Third Degree but the return of friendship which He himself asked, the mark of sympathy He claimed from His friends, in order to make up for the coldness and ingratitude shown and the insults offered Him. Even apart from the intention, is it not the proper effect of Holy Communion to cement the union of sanctifying grace between the soul and the Son of God, not only by diminishing the inclination to slight faults and taking away the consent to grievous sin, but especially by nourishing it with a divine bread ? Each communion of atonement therefore, besides being the pledge of everlasting life and the bread of immortality, is a fresh claim on the special love and friendship of the Saviour.

Add to this the fact of being enrolled in the League of the friends of Jesus under the banner of His Sacred Heart, of making open profession of His faith and of zeal for His interests ! No wonder there should be ever going up from the ranks of the League a chorus of thanksgivings for special and marvellous graces received by its members. All that the various *Messengers* can note each month is but a few chance echoes reaching out from and beyond the full choir of praise ascending from grateful hearts to the Divine Benefactor. Doubt it not, dear Associate, that the Holy League confers upon us special claims to the friendship of Our Lord.

ST. BRIDGET, FEBRUARY 1st.



ANY a whole-souled associate, full of the spirit of the League, and faithful to its practices, will keep with special devotion the feast which falls on Feb. 1st, viz. that of the virgin St. Bridget, patroness of Ireland.

Bridget means *shining light*, and well was its meaning exemplified in the life of the saint.

From her very infancy God deigned to show his special designs on her, even by miracles. When a very young child, her nurse brought her to see a dead infant. She laid her tiny hand caressingly on the inanimate form, and instantly the baby was restored to life.

Her pious mother told her much of the mercy of Jesus and of the love and tenderness of Mary; and it was enough to tell her that any act was displeasing to them, she ever after avoided it. She often asked what she could do to please Jesus and His holy Mother, and was never so delighted as when she found out any new way of serving them.

Many interesting anecdotes are related of the holy virgin, from which we select the following:—

The king of Leinster presented the father of St. Bridget with a costly sword. Bridget went one day to visit sick neighbors, and finding they were in great want, gave them some of the jewels out of the hilt of her father's sword. The king, hearing this, was very angry. He came to the house of Dubtach—Bridget's father—and calling the child asked her how she dared deface a gift that he had bestowed upon her father. She answered that she had taken the jewels for a greater King than he, and that she would sell him and all his goods rather than see a poor person suffer. The king was so pleased that he presented

Dubtach with a more valuable sword, and told him for the future to let Bridget do as she pleased.

She was once staying with a pious family in which there was a deaf and dumb child. One day, all being absent but Bridget and this child, a poor person came to the door and asked for food. Bridget turned to the child and said : " My child, where does your mother keep her provisions ? " " In the store room at the end of the passage," replied the child, and ran to show the place. When the family returned, what was their joy to find their afflicted child restored to speech and hearing !

Although Bridget's father wished her to embrace the married state, she determined to lead a life of consecration to God. She founded many convents in Ireland, trained many of the daughters of Erin in the religious life, and endeared herself much to them by her virtues. She was especially distinguished for her meekness, humility and sweetness of manner.

Hearing a sermon on the eight beatitudes, Bridget said to the nuns : " Let each of us select some beatitude, and make it a special virtue of her life." For herself she selected mercy, and practised it in an eminent degree.

While making her religious vows, Bridget knelt on the step of the altar, which immediately became a mass of verdure, and remained so evermore. Once the church was burnt to ashes, and the step remained untouched by the fire.

St. Bridget died on February 1, 525, at the age of 72. The Irish had such veneration for her that they said she was the woman who most resembled the Blessed Virgin. She is spoken of in their ancient documents as " another Mary," and the " Mary of the Irish."



THROUGH DARKNESS LIGHT.

MRS. J. SADLIER.

Nestling in the shadow of a lofty hill, one of the grand Laurentian chain, sheltered from the Northern breeze by a grove of tall pines, stands a plain substantial dwelling, originally a farm-house, but recently converted into a somewhat handsome villa. It was pointed out to a small party of tourists one breezy day in mid-autumn some three years ago, as the home of Jasper Williams, a successful lawyer in the neighboring city. The name was not unknown to the travellers, who belonged to one of the sister provinces away westward.

"You remember, Hubert," said an elderly lady, the mother of the two young people, a son and daughter, who, with their father, a bluff, good-natured Englishman, made up the party. "You remember, this Jasper Williams married a daughter of old Baptiste Leduc, of L——. They say he has turned out a fearful bigot."

"Begging your pardon, ma'am," put in the city carter, whose attentive ear had caught the words. "Bigot is no name for him. Sure, he persecutes his poor wife, ay! and his daughters too, on account of religion, and makes their lives miserable. And a real lady Mrs. Williams is, and very good to the poor about here, everybody says. The young ladies are just like herself; but the father—you'll excuse me for sayin' it, ma'am, but he's the Old

Fellow all out. He hates Catholics as he hates poison, and the one son he has is nearly as bad. I'm thinking it's a hard life poor Mrs. Williams has between them anyhow."

"I had heard something of this before," said Mrs. Ransom to her husband. "Poor Leonore! I was at her wedding, and a very pretty bride she was, too! I should like so much to pay her a visit as we are so near her house." Her husband made no objection, so they drove up to the door.

Mrs. Williams and her daughters were at home, and the visitors were most cordially received. The husband and son were at their office in the city, and although nothing of the kind was said, it seemed matter of relief and satisfaction that they were absent. The travellers were easily prevailed upon to stay for lunch, and the meal was thoroughly enjoyed by all, as the elders were very old acquaintances, and the young people were soon perfectly at their ease with each other, and chatted away gaily on all manner of topics. Young Ransom was a graduate of one of our principal Catholic colleges and his sister a pupil of a convent-school in one of the Western cities. They were much pleased with Adèle and Lina Williams, who were bright and intelligent, although somewhat grave and quiet for girls of twenty and eighteen. It was easy to see they had little of the lightsome gaiety of their age, and displayed in all their words and actions a seriousness that was plainly foreign to their nature—especially in the case of Lina, the younger.

As for the mother, she looked wan and care-worn, with prematurely wrinkled brow, hair sprinkled with gray before its time and

"——faded eyes that long had wept,"

although they had evidently once been fine and the face passing fair to look on. All this Mrs. Ransom sadly

remembered. Indeed, Mrs. Jasper Williams was but the shadow of her former self, and a blight seemed to have fallen on her whole being.

As soon as the two elder ladies were alone together, Mrs. Ransom asked in a voice of deep emotion :—"In the name of God, Leonore, what has come over you since I saw you last? Excuse the freedom of an old acquaintance—I might almost say friend,—but I really cannot help it. I should not have known you if I met you in the street."

"I can well believe you, Elizabeth, for at times I hardly know myself," was the faltering reply, and the oppressed heart suddenly found vent in tears. "My girls and myself are suffering a species of torture every day of our lives."

"Why, Leonore, you shock me. What does it all mean?" Mrs. Ransom partly guessed what the matter was, but she refrained from saying so.

"It means simply this, Elizabeth!" said the other in broken accents, "that my husband, although from an early period of our marriage inclined to jeer and scoff at my religion and its observances, has of late years become a furious bigot, through the influence of his own family, and especially since our boy began to grow up and has taken sides with him against me."

"And the girls? I see you have succeeded in keeping them."

"Thank God, I have; and, indeed, I don't know at all how I did it, seeing that their father wouldn't let them go to a Catholic school. I held out firmly against sending them anywhere else, and at last Williams consented to have a governess in the house,—a Protestant, of course. This, however, gave me a chance to teach them my own religion and implant it in their minds, as the dear girls are happily devoted to me, and all their sym-

pathies are with me. The governess is gone a year ago, and I have them all to myself. They make no secret of being Catholics, and their father can only take it out in railing against our religion, throwing all the obstacles he can in our way and encouraging Dick to do likewise. Oh ! dear friend, my heart is breaking, and there are times when I almost despair and all is dark before my eyes. The worst of it is, Elizabeth," she added in a tremulous voice, "that the fault is all my own. My son has drifted away far beyond my control, and my poor girls as well as myself are separated from father and brother alike. Oh ! God help me ! What am I to do ?"

"I'll tell you what you'll do, Leonore," said her sympathetic friend, as a sudden inspiration came to her. What she told her excited Mrs. Williams' earnest attention and had the effect of drying her tears.

II.

When the Ransoms drove away that afternoon they left their hostess somewhat more cheerful, and Mr. Ransom left a message for Mr. Williams, that he and his wife would look forward to the pleasure of a visit from him and his family at Elm Grove, his home in Ontario, before the close of autumn.

"Humph !" said Jasper Williams when, on his return that evening, the message was conveyed to him by his wife. "Catch me taking any of you to *his* house for a visit ! I know Ransom well by report as an out-and-out Papist, and he'll look long before he see's *my* shadow on his threshold."

* * * *

For some little time matters went on much as usual in the house beneath the mountain. Mrs. Williams and her daughters, at the cost of much suffering and in the face of stormy opposition, heard mass on Sundays and holy

days, and approached the Sacraments once a month, at least. Jasper Williams and his son went once in a while to the nearest Protestant church, more from opposition to the female members of the family, it was plain to see, than for any other motive. Indeed, neither father nor son professed any special form of religion. Like so many others, their religion consisted in hating Popery, as they called it, with a fierce hatred, but for positive religion they had little or none. Still the sorely tried mother and her daughters kept steadily on in their dolorous path of duty.

So the last autumn days passed. The woods flushed and faded, then grew bare and brown. The great river of Canada and its tributary streams and all the fair land were again covered with the ice and snow of the long dreary winter. Spring came again, the fleeting spring of the Northland, and soon it was summer, all brightness and bloom, with radiant skies and smiling earth.

June with her mantle of roses made all the region glad, and robed even the hoary mountain with richest verdure. In the city near by, the Sacred Heart devotions of the month were carried on with great fervor and with much solemnity evening after evening. Mrs. Williams and her daughters found it no easy matter to be present at these services, but somehow they did manage to do it, although there was much scolding and grumbling, at first, about taking out the horses, taking up the man's time, and so forth. Anyhow, the storm usually passed, and even the low mutterings that succeeded died away in sullen silence.

Before the month was over, Mr. Ransom was one day agreeably surprised to receive a characteristic letter from Jasper Williams, announcing that he and his family were about to pay a visit to Elm Grove before the summer was over. "That is," he jocosely added, "if you'll promise to

let me alone about religion, for I won't stand any nonsense of that kind. You know what *I* am, and I know what *you* are. So let us agree to leave religion aside while we stay with you, and I'm your man for a whole week with my good Protestant son and my Papist wife and daughters—not so bad in their way, I can tell you, if they do swear by the Pope and the Jesuits."

III.

So the visit was made, to the blank amazement of the Ransom family and, indeed, of Mrs. Williams and her daughters. Nothing was said on the subject of religion, and all went on so smoothly that blustering Jasper Williams could not refrain from telling his host one day what a fine thing it was, after all, to see a whole family living in peace together and all united.

"You're a happy man, Squire Ransom," he added; "and I vow I almost envy you. Now, in our house, we hardly ever know a quiet hour, and it's all cross purposes we're at from morning till night, pulling one against the other."

Ransom smiled. "I could perhaps tell you the reason of all that, my good sir," he said pleasantly, "but you might not like it if I did, so I'll keep my own counsel and say nothing."

"All right, Ransom, all right! I see you're bound to keep the agreement." And Williams turned on his heel and walked away, whistling "the Boyne Water."

That same afternoon he surprised his wife no little by telling her—"Lennie, why don't you and the girls go to church in G——this evening with the Ransoms? I hear they go every evening this month, and I told them they must not think of staying at home on our account."

"But, Jasper," said his wife in a hesitating way, "we could not think of leaving you and Dick here all alone in a strange house."

"Oh! never you mind that," replied her husband, "I feel as much at home here as though I had been in it for years. And, besides, I'm going to take Dick to see an old friend of mine, Jack Lucas, you remember, who lives about two miles from here, as Ransom tells me. So don't mind us—we're all right."

"God bless you, Jasper," cried the so long brow-beaten wife in a burst of joy and gratitude. "If you only knew how it lightens my heart to hear you talk like that! It almost makes me feel young again."

"Well! well! say no more about it, Lennie! It's a long lane has no turn. You've been travelling a pretty hard road, little woman; but maybe the worst is past. Who knows?"

Mrs. Williams could hardly believe her ears, but she made no further remark, well content with the point she had gained.

IV.

The days passed rapidly at Elm Grove, for, as Moore once sang—

"—Never does Time travel faster
That when his way lies among flowers,"

All too soon the visit of the Williams family came to a close. They set out on a bright sunny morning for their distant home, cheered by a promise from the Ransoms to return the visit in the early autumn. Some whispered words were exchanged between the two matrons while the men were occupied about the preparations for departure.

"Thank God and you, my dear Elizabeth," said Mrs. Williams, "a blessed change has already come for me and the girls. Jasper seems a different man of late, and my boy is more gentle and submissive. What a relief it is to us!"

"There's a good beginning made," returned her friend in the same low tone; "let us go on hoping and praying till we meet again. Good-bye till then, my poor Leonore." So they parted.

* * * * *

All was glad expectation in the home by the mountain during the last days of summer, and with the last week of September came the Ransom family, the young and the old of both families well pleased to be again together, though the visit was to be a short one. Mr. Ransom had important business to attend to at home, which necessitated his return thither by the first days of October.

The few days spent together by the two families were days of unalloyed happiness. The dark cloud had vanished from the still handsome face of Mrs. Williams, and her girls were as gay and light-hearted as their young friends could wish. Where the sullen gloom of discontent and a dreary state of unrest had so long prevailed in that beautiful home by the St. Lawrence, all was now peace, if not joy. Jasper Williams was still *brusque* and somewhat rough at times, but that was of small account to his wife and daughters, so long as he left them free in religious matters. No more sneering or sarcasm about Catholic devotions; no more obstacles thrown in the way of complying with religious duties. Mr. Ransom appeared not to notice the change, but he saw it and rejoiced exceedingly.

When the dreaded hour of departure came he shook the hand of Jasper Williams with the warmth of an old friend. "Good-bye, Williams," he said, "you must really allow me, now that we are about to part,

'It may be for years and it may be for ever,'

to congratulate you on the happy change I see in your family. Go on as you're doing and you'll find yourself a much happier man!" The other answered in the same kindly spirit, and the two men parted.

Meanwhile the wives sat together on the verandah in front of the house while the carriage was brought round, and Mrs. Williams asked her friend :

“ How did you bring it all about, Elizabeth ? ”

“ Simply by putting a *very special* petition for an *afflicted family* in the Intention-box of the League in our church in G —, these last months, and having your name and those of Adèle and Lina enrolled as Associates, as I said I would. You got the badges I sent you ? ”

“ Indeed I did, a thousand thanks for your kindness. We fulfill all the conditions regularly. ”

“ Well ! now we must have your Thanksgiving put in the box for the *special favor* graciously bestowed, and you must at once become a Promoter here in your own city and form a circle of your own. The Sacred Heart of Our dearest Lord has fulfilled one of His gracious promises in your regard. He has indeed *consoled you in all your afflictions*. May the Sacred Heart of Jesus be everywhere loved. ”

“ Amen, ” Mrs. Williams fervently answered as her friend extended her hand at parting.

IN THE TEMPLE.

FEB. 2ND.

THE mists of time aside are cast ;
A vista opens to my view ;
From out the dim and shadowy past
A picture rises clear and true.
Bathed in the light of morning sun
A temple vast, majestic stands ;
The glory of Jerusalem,—
The fairest work of human hands.

Towards its massive portals wide
In crowds the worshippers repair,
And, like the swift in-flowing tide,
Invade the holy house of prayer.
In vain might all the powers of art
Strive to depict the wondrous scene,
As 'mid the throng one group apart
Draws near with meek and reverent mien.

They come from Nazareth obscure ;
They enter softly side by side,
A maiden young, and fair, and pure,—
A grave and holy man her guide.
'Tis Mary Virgin Mother mild.
Whose arms with loving care enfold
Her Saviour God, her cherished child,
An infant, helpless in her hold.

With downcast eyes and smile serene,
Amid the poor her place she takes,
By all but God unknown, unseen,
Her offering she duly makes.
Alas, sweet Mother ! must thy heart
Be pierced by sorrow's cruel sword ?
Must lifelong pain implant its dart
With power of one prophetic word ?

O mystery of love divine,
Bought by the pain of sacrifice !
Bestowed on those who thus resign
Earth's highest joys to pay its price.
For so God marks His chosen friends
With sorrow's sacred mystic seal ;
To His elect His cross He lends
His love in suffering to reveal.

From Jesus' heart with love on fire
Another offering goes up,—
An ardent, generous desire
To drink His passion's bitter cup.
He came to do His Father's will,
For us to suffer and to die,—
A victim offered daily still
God's justice stern to satisfy.

While Simeon sings his hymn of praise,
Of hope fulfilled, and grateful love,
Let us with him our hearts upraise
To thank Our God in Heaven above.
We, too, have clasped, not in our arms,
But nearer, closer to our hearts,
The Child Divine, Whose presence charms,
Who gifts and graces rare imparts.

The picture fair has passed away,
Its hues have faded from my mind,
But in the vision seen to-day
Most precious virtues may we find.
Their fragrance fills the morning air
With scent as that of violets sweet,
Humility, submission rare,
With love and sacrifice complete.

L. D.



MARGUERITE BOURGEOYS.

CONCLUDED.

Marguerite Bourgeoys having brought from France assistants for her work in the colony, and formed them into a community, obtained from the King of France, in 1671, letters patent for the establishment of the Congregation of Notre Dame on the Island of Montreal, under the jurisdiction of the Ordinary. Acknowledgment was at the same time made of Sister Bourgeoys' services to the settlement, where "she had taught, gratuitously, every branch of education necessary to the young persons who surrounded her."

In 1681, Sister Bourgeoys opened the first boarding school in Ville Marie, and also "a House of Providence," wherein girls of the working classes were trained to useful labor. Female emigrants were also sheltered by the Congregation.

Though having early obtained the approbation of Mgr. de Laval, then Bishop of Quebec, Sister Marguerite met with many trials in the formation of her community. Her design was to make it, apart from the religious orders already in existence, a species of secular congregation, aiming at reproducing the life led upon earth after the Resurrection by our Blessed Lady. The Blessed Virgin was indeed chosen as superioress, the keys and other emblems of authority being laid before her statue.

It was not until 1698, when the Sisters had been forty years at work and Marguerite Bourgeoys was herself touching the term of her earthly pilgrimage, that the rules of the Institute were fully and formally accepted.

On the night of December 6th, 1683, the new convent of the Congregation was burned to the ground, two of the Sisters perishing in the flames. But the faith and courage of the holy foundress was equal to the occasion, and the edifice was speedily rebuilt.

When Sister Marguerite landed in the colony, it consisted of one hundred and sixty families, forty dwellings, a fort, an hospital, a mill and the chapel of the Hotel Dieu. It was Sister Bourgeoys' privilege to cause the building of the first stone church on the island, for which she brought a miraculous statue from France; it was called Notre Dame de Bonsecours, and stood upon the site of the present church.

Ville Marie during those early years of its existence was in constant peril from the red man. With his war-whooping in her ears, with the daily tidings of fresh atrocities committed in an ever-narrowing circle about the settlement, with the sight of bodies mutilated by the savages, amongst which were those of two devoted Sulpicians, Messrs. LeMaistre and Vignal, before her, Sister Marguerite gave to her companions and pupils the example of a perfect tranquillity. Ever calm and cheerful she continued her labors, with the air of one ready to die in fulfilment of her duty.

At the Mountain Mission, on the slopes of Mt. Royal, her Sisters taught the Indian children, living themselves in bark cabins, under the ægis of "Our Lady of the Snows." They afterwards occupied one of those stone towers which are still seen at the gates of the Grand Seminary. There lies buried an Indian girl, Gannensagouas, who had joined the Congregation under the name of Sister Mary Theresa, and died in the odor of sanctity.

Sister Bourgeoys took a special interest in her congregation for externs, by means of which she assembled about her on Sundays and holy days all who had been her former pupils. She gave them exhortations upon the means of sanctifying themselves in the world—the world of that little colony having its own pitfalls and snares.

Sister Bourgeoys lived to see many houses of her Order throughout the country. The "Sister missionaries" who set out to make these foundations were always taught to travel like the apostles, with neither scrip nor staff, and to be ready to submit to all privations, all mortifications, happy in obeying the will of God.

And faithfully did Marguerite carry out her own precepts. When summoned to Quebec, in 1689, to confer with the Bishop, she went thither on foot, though then in her seventieth year, and though her path lay over frozen rivers, a distance of sixty leagues. As the Bishop wished her to establish a house in that city, she consented, in defiance of her own judgment, and carried, a considerable distance, upon her shoulders, the furniture and utensils necessary for the new establishment. This was in Holy Week; and instead of resting after such toil, she spent the entire nights of Monday and Thursday prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament.

Her own love of poverty she sought to impress deeply upon her community. Her constant prayer to the Blessed Virgin was: "O my good mother, I ask for our community no goods, nor honors, nor pleasures for this life; obtain for us only that God may be faithfully served, loved and obeyed, that His holy will be accomplished by each and all." She desired that her institute should resemble the early Christians, being but one in heart and soul. Her boundless charity made her desire that her Sisters should "attain the perfection of charity by abstaining from all words or acts contrary to the love of their

fellow-creature." Her humility was so great that her very appearance inspired that virtue. Her ardent devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and the tender love she bore to the Blessed Virgin were conspicuous in every detail of her daily existence. Her life was a constant prayer. She arose upon the severest nights of winter for a two hours' meditation. Even in her lifetime miracles, such as the multiplication of supplies in times of need, were said to have been the result of her prayers. Her simplicity, her loveliness, her gentleness and sweetness are dwelt upon by her biographers. Her manners, though grave and dignified, were full of a certain charm, which won upon everybody. She was ever cheerful and serene, notwithstanding her almost incredible austerities. She used the poorest kinds of food, mixing it often with unpalatable substances. On Fridays she took but one meal. She drank nothing but water, and that but once a day, even in the heat of summer. She never approached a fire. She slept upon the floor or upon a board with a log for a pillow, and wore upon her head a cap full of sharp points. And yet her toil was unremitting, her labors prodigious. Her death, at the close of seventy-eight years, was itself the result of a heroic act of charity. Sister Catherine Charly being at the point of death, Sister Bourgeoys asked of God to take her, old and useless, and spare the vigorous life yet in its prime, which might have years of service before it. Sister Charly recovered, and Sister Bourgeoys was seized with malignant fever, accompanied by intense pain. She edified everyone by her calmness and even joy, which broke forth at times into canticles of praise. She regulated every detail of the community life, and then tranquilly passed to her reward the 12th January.

The tolling of bells announced her death to the sorrowing city. All possible honor was paid to the mortal

remains of one who in life had despised honors. Her body was laid in the parish church of Notre Dame, her heart placed in the Congregation amongst the Sisters she had so loved.

“In a spirit of humility,” wrote Father Gerard, S. J., soon after her death, “she abandoned the scenes of her Old France, and God placed her as a shining light in this new world. Burning with zeal for the glory of God’s house, she became one of its brightest ornaments. Learning that Canada was a land of martyrs, she came, and suffered the martyrdom of patience, in the midst of all the inconveniences and privations that attend voluntary poverty, that accompany toilsome journeys, through ice and snow, through trackless forests, in the midst of pain, fatigue, contradictions, humiliations and sacrifices of every kind. Finally, when the hour came, she yielded up her pure soul to God, in the midst of excruciating torments, with heavenly joy and patience. She died in the perfect imitation of her Divine Master, full of the virtues and ardent zeal of her heavenly mother.”

In our own day the Church has given the title of Venerable, as a crown upon the life and works of this great and apostolic woman, called by a biographer, “the little Ste. Genevieve of Canada.”

A. T. S.

BLESSED THOMAS MORE.

HENGLAND'S martyr-chancellor was put to death, because he refused to follow Henry VIII in his apostasy from the Catholic faith.

Many of the chief nobles went to see him for the purpose of winning him over ; but when they could not succeed in the slightest degree, they entrusted the matter at last to Alice his wife, who was to persuade her husband not to give up herself, his children, his country, his life which he might still enjoy for many years to come. As she kept harping on this theme, More said to her :—"And how long, my dear Alice, do you think I shall live?" "If God will," she answered, "you may live for twenty years." "Then you would have me barter eternity for twenty years! You are no good to make a bargain, my wife ; if you had said twenty thousand years, it might have been something to the purpose ; but even then, what is that to eternity?"

CHILDREN'S MONTHLY COMMUNION.

THE Director General, urging the monthly communion of children, quotes the pastoral instruction of the Bishop of Cape Haytian. We extract a passage or two for the encouragement of our many centres in which the Juvenile League with its Monthly Communion of Reparation has been organized.

"The work of works is the Christian training of the children, and there is no Christian training without *communion*. Wherever the children's monthly communion has been introduced the success has been complete, and in many parishes the results most consoling. It is a

means which succeeds where all others have failed ; and whilst it is full of advantages to souls for the present, it assures the future welfare of individuals, families and of the whole of society.

“ How often have you seen your beautiful first-communion harvests desolated in a few months. How few of the children whom you prepared for the heavenly banquet with such pains and admitted with such joy, especially the boys, resist the first outbreaks of passion. Where are the youths ? Where are the young men ? How very few but live estranged from the Bread of Life and at a distance from the gate of heaven. Try, try to abolish a custom of long date it is true, but contrary to the order established by the Saviour, to the practice of the primitive Church and of the saints. It is a fact of experience, that children who go to communion every month persevere. For three or four years their communion day comes back like a feast. If afterward they fall they will not *remain down*. Jesus Christ, so long the guest of their heart, will go in search of His beloved sheep till He has regained them.

“ Even if they should not rise at once, it is no small merit to have planted the reign of Jesus in their breasts for several years, to have preserved them from hundreds, perhaps, of deadly sins, and to have helped them to perform thousands of virtuous acts, the merit of which will be revived as soon as they regain the state of grace with God.

“ It is a fact, however, that relapses grow rare in proportion as good example spreads wide, as the frequentation of sacraments is held in honor, as their neglect is considered a disgrace and vice a shame. Thus, with the help of the Sacred Heart, the people shall become truly Christian, and God shall be everywhere loved and served. What a result ! Oh, Jesus, grant us at any price to witness this miracle of Thy Sacred Heart.”



THE LEAGUE ABROAD.

Europe.

Amidst the deep gloom which has weighed on the Sovereign Pontiff since the abrupt ending of the pilgrimages, there have been two streaks of light and hope. The first was a vigorous speech delivered in the Austrian assembly with the approval of the ministry by a member of the Government, who boldly maintained that "the independence of the Church could not be wiped out by canon-shots. It is not an Italian but a Catholic and international question. The protestations of the Pope claiming supreme sovereignty in his own territory are not only rightful but the basis of all right."

Count Kalnoky, the Prime Minister, in the course of his reply, affirmed: "It was the desire of the Government that the Holy Father should enjoy the full measure of independence belonging to the head of the Catholic Church, and which is *necessary for him*. It must be such a measure as will satisfy the Papacy and the Pope himself." These outspoken words are all the more noteworthy as coming from one of the powers allied to Italy. They resuscitate the question of the Temporal Power, which the Kingdom of Italy would have believed dead and buried, and give it a place in the very forefront of European politics, second only to the Triple Alliance, if, indeed, they will not hasten the rupture of the latter or alter considerably its conditions.

The other hopeful sign is a Catholic association started in Belgium and spreading rapidly in France, which there is question also of introducing into Great Britain. Its object is to bring about a change in the present condition of the Holy Father by awakening public opinion to a sense of the wrongs he is suffering, and to the intolerable state of the Papacy in Rome. The deliverance, more or less remote, of the Vicar of Christ from his present imprisonment, must depend on the Catholic world itself, not merely on its prayers, but on its realizing that "the independence of the Church is not an Italian but a Catholic international and world-wide question," and must be "such as will satisfy the Papacy and the Pope himself."

China.

The massacres of the Christians culminated in a revolution against the Empire and in an attempt to seize the Emperor. The attack on the Capital was repulsed without difficulty. Meanwhile, outbreaks have occurred in different parts of China, inflicting great sufferings and privations on the Christian settlements. Missionaries and nuns were hunted and put to death, their schools and congregations dispersed, and houses pillaged. Notwithstanding the efforts of the Government to protect the missions and repair losses, native feeling, stirred up by the secret sects, runs so high that the worst is to be feared for the Catholic settlements of China. The fervent prayers of our Associates are implored in their behalf.

THE LEAGUE AT HOME.

JUVENILE LEAGUE, APOSTLESHIP OF STUDY.

Montreal, St. Laurent College.

The Juvenile League, Apostleship of Study, was established amongst the English-speaking boys of this flourishing institution under the Fathers of the Holy Cross, by the Rev. Father McGarry, C.S.C., their devoted chaplain. The ceremony of inauguration took place on the Sunday after Epiphany. The boys to the number of one hundred embraced the practices with great ardor, though many had been already enrolled. *Messengers* and Juvenile League Manuals circulate amongst them by the twenties.

Of all the abundant harvests promised the Sacred Heart of Our Lord from our Canadian League, the richest is undoubtedly that which is ripening in our institutions of education. The devotion which sinks into the young heart and the practices which mould its expanding life, strengthen with years and produce a life-long effect. Even though they should be effaced or forgotten for a period, the deep roots they have struck will revive into life, should it be only on the death-bed. None are doing a more solid work for the Divine Heart than the Directors and Promoters of the Juvenile branches of the League.

Halifax, Mount St. Vincent.

The Academy of Mount St. Vincent, Bedford Basin, was the scene of an interesting ceremony on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, when the Apostleship of Study was formally inaugurated.

Rev. Father McIsaac, chaplain of the Academy, presided. He addressed the young lady pupils, about a hundred in number, on the end and obligations of the work proposed,

after which he interrogated them as to their willingness to accept and observe the practices. In response all held up the right hand, the pupils who had made their first communion promising to be faithful to the Three Degrees.

A Sacred Heart hymn was then sung, and at its close a pupil of the graduating class read the Act of Consecration of Studies to the Sacred Heart in the name of her companions. The Sodalties, viz.: Children of Mary for the senior pupils; Holy Angels for the middle division; and Infant Jesus for the juniors, with their respective Directresses, repaired to their meeting-rooms, and there each child wrote down the hour of *study*, of *recreation* and of *silence* which she would offer each day in a more perfect manner to the Sacred Heart for the intention of the Holy Father.

The ceremony closed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, a suitable *finale* for such a day of grace.

SECRETARY.

Montreal, St. Gabriel's.

ACADEMY OF ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

On the invitation of the Rev. Sisters of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, the Rev. Director performed the agreeable task of inaugurating the Juvenile League, Apostleship of Study, among the three hundred English-speaking pupils of this useful institution. The children showed great eagerness to embrace what they thought such easy and delightful practices, those who had made their first communion all accepting the Three Degrees. They organized under clever Promoters, who distribute Rosary tickets and *Messengers* every month. They made with great fervor their Act of Consecration of Studies to the Sacred Heart, carrying out to the letter the points recommended in the Juvenile Manual.

Smithville, Ont.

The Rev. Pastor announces that in order to raise the necessary funds to build a church at Beamsville, a poor and scattered district, he has made arrangements with the Oleograph Society of Bologna, Italy, for the importation of oleographs of the various masterpieces of Christian painters.

We cannot insist too much on the importance of having the walls of Catholic homes adorned with pictures that are together religious and artistic. Parents now-a-days owe this to their children as a reparation for, and a preservative against, the pagan pictures verging closely on the immoral and suggestive of it, which they see placarded on the walls and exhibited in the shop windows of our modern pagan cities. By addressing Rev. K. J. McRae, Smithville, Ont., Associates may procure at moderate prices, ranging between 75 cts. and \$2, artistic oleographs of Our Lord, His Sacred Heart, His Mother and Saints. They will thus not only purchase "good pictures to adorn their homes and inspire their children with virtuous thoughts, but will also merit the rich reward God has promised to those who further His honor and glory." The work has the warm approval of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto.

Various Centres.

Windsor, N.S.—The Men's League (established more than two years since) is holding out well. We had a very good Christmas communion.—Rev. Local Director.

Glennevis, Ont.—Recruits are still coming in. We have now sixty Promoters with circles, and their number is daily increasing. The hotel-keepers are complaining. They say if I do not keep quiet they must soon close down.—Rev. Local Director.

PROMOTER'S PAGE.

The crusade proposed this year to the zeal and activity of Directors and Promoters is the religious celebration of the Centenary of Columbus. Last year the interest and enthusiasm centered around the tomb of St. Aloysius in Rome. This year all eyes are turned to America, which has been the theatre of Columbus' exploits, and which has reaped the first fruits and after-fruits of his discovery. Accordingly the General Director of the Holy League has laid the burden of the Columbus Centenary celebration on the vigorous and energetic League centres of North and South America. Our own Canada cannot afford to remain a stranger to the movement as being among the first to receive the Gospel light, and one of the first and the richest of the missionary fields of the New World.

Our special aim ought to be to stamp a religious character on the centenary. Hence we must know something about the religious and interior life of Columbus. We ought to read his Life—one which will let us into the great thoughts which inspired his genius, to the motives which impelled him, and the virtues which sustained him in the execution of his project. Such a one is Father Knight's. We ought to enlighten others on his true character. We shall begin in the next number of the *Messenger* a serial life-sketch, which our Promoters will do well to spread far and wide.

This year's crusade is to be carried on particularly for the benefit of men. Columbus was a model man, husband, father and genius. We shall induce as many men as possible to enter the Holy League, to frequent the Holy Table, especially at the general communion, which will likely take place in June, in thanksgiving for the discovery of America and the blessings, unspeakable and countless, which we have derived from it.



HOLY SEASON OF LENT.

IT is indeed a Holy Season in which the children of the Church betake themselves from the vanity, dissipation and amusements of the world to prayer, penance and a worthy reception of the sacraments. Thus did Jesus teach them when He retired to the desert and spent forty days in prayer and fasting. *Not in bread alone doth man live, but in every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God.* Happy season which, withdrawing the food of the body, gives in abundance the bread of the soul; which, whilst weakening the flesh and its concupiscences, fattens and invigorates the spirit.

Lent is especially holy because it is a time of penance. No holiness, no salvation, without penance. *Unless you do penance you shall all likewise perish.* No exemption from the universal law of our fallen condition. We cannot recover the garb of holiness of which sin has despoiled us except by penance. We cannot aspire to be disciples of Jesus and His followers to glory unless we shoulder our cross and walk in His footsteps. He recognizes as His own only those who have crucified their flesh with its concupiscences. Penance breaks loose the

chains by which sin enthralls us, severs earth's ties, releases from the weight of the body, and sets the soul free to fly, as though on dove wings, to her everlasting home. More than all, it conforms us to Jesus suffering on earth, glorious in heaven, marking us with the seal of the predestinate. *A true saying, if we suffer with Him, we shall reign with Him.*

Of all practices of penance, fasting is the most salutary. It is that which the Saviour sanctified by His example, which His apostles imitated and handed down to the Church, which they consecrated in the Lent. It attacks the enemy in his stronghold, cutting off his supplies and crippling his power. Whilst it weakens the body it strengthens the mind, and disposes it for the meditation of heavenly truth. The very body partakes of the benefit in the repose of its organs, in the extinction of its redundant humors, and not unfrequently in general healthiness and prolongation of life. Death is wont to knock earlier and oftener at the door of the mansion than at the gate of the monastery. The physician is summoned more frequently to the couch of the intemperate and luxurious than to the pallet of the monk or contemplative.

What we lack is not physical strength but moral courage. Let us fix our gaze during Lent on the brazen serpent, Him who suffered and died for us, and our languor, our cowardice shall be healed. "How shameful to see a pampered member under a thorn-crowned Head!"



DAILY FAMILY PRAYERS.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH.

*Named by the Cardinal Protector and blessed by the
Pope for all the Associates.*

IF we would restore the reign of order in the world and prop up the tottering edifice of human society, we ought to commence at the foundation by making the family more thoroughly Christian. What the family is, the church and the nation must be. It is not only the foundation on which both edifices, social and religious, rest, but it is the root whence they draw life and nourishment. Hence the important part allotted to the family in the work of the Redemption. The Saviour of mankind, dwelling amongst us in mortal flesh, with His foster-father Joseph and His mother Mary, gave the world the perfect pattern of a Christian family. Afterwards He raised the marriage contract to a sacramental dignity, pouring into it one of the seven-fold streams of His Precious Blood to make of it the fecund and holy root of the Christian family. He invested parents before the eyes of the children with the mantle of a divine authority to command and correct them in His name, in so far forth as their age and inexperience required; and on the

children He laid the obligation of obedience, with the extreme penalty, lessening, however, as they grew in years and matureness. He thus consecrated the family, as St. Augustin says, "a private church in which the parents are priests, and the children the faithful." It is the rudimental society in which there is perfect union of the Church and State, and in which the children are brought up worthy members of both. "Do not abdicate, O ye kings and priests of the family ! You holy race and royal priesthood, do not apostatize !" exclaimed lately a holy prelate addressing Christian fathers of families.

Alas ! in our times, how many apostate families and fallen-away homes in which there is no one to fulfill the duties of priest, no sanctuary nor altar, no faithful, no *family prayers* ! What kind of men and women can be expected to come from those apostate churches ? The godless school is bad enough, but what can be expected from the godless home ?

Where are those old-fashioned families in which age and youth, parents and children, masters and servants, met together every morning before breakfast in petition to the Author of all blessings, and assembled again after nightfall in the sanctuary of home, to blend their voices and their hearts in prayer to Him who would from sin their slumbers keep ? We shall have to seek them, perhaps, to our confusion, amongst sects in which old Catholic traditions have been treasured and handed down with more affection and care than amongst the children of the Kingdom in Catholic homes. It is considered a

great thing now-a-days if the family Rosary is said in Lent or on a Sunday evening. "And yet it is practices such as these," says a late Council, "which bring down heaven's blessings on homes, which ennoble and sanctify the children, which reflect respectability on family ties and relations, and which, maintaining all the members in unity of faith, innocence of life and purity of morals, assure the reign of peace and virtue."

If we could succeed in reviving such old-fashioned ways, what a happy change would soon come over the face of parishes, towns and cities ! By the aid of the daily family prayer, the different members will find it easy to fulfill the all-important duty of praying, to frequent the sacraments and observe the commandments. Their life will thus be environed with an atmosphere of faith and piety.

Let us strive together to bring about such a happy state of things. If even a few families set the example, it would soon grow contagious, and spread ; such magnificent results would crown the experiment ! The difficulties are only apparent. If some of the family circle feel unwilling, let the more fervent members begin ; the others will soon fall in line. It is not necessary that all be present. The members who are absent, especially without any fault of their own, will have part in the prayers of those present. Only let there be a priest, better still a *priestess*, in the family sanctuary. Let the Christian mother call around her her grown up girls and younger children, her servants and guests, and say herself, or have recited, the

night prayers. Let it be on rising from supper, before the members disperse for the evening occupations or amusements.

A good opportunity will be the holy season of Lent, when it is customary in pious Catholic families to say the Rosary in common. After Lent let at least a decade with the formula of Night Prayers be continued every evening, and thus by one decisive and effective blow the holy practice shall be established.

We count on the pious families, the best of the land, who glory in belonging to the Holy League, to open the way ; and especially on *mothers* whom God has ordained priestesses of the home sanctuary. Let them be true to their high vocation, and see that the homes entrusted to them be not godless homes. How many tears and requests for miracles of grace in behalf of the fallen away husband and brother and father would have been spared by the timely use of the ordinary and simple means appointed by God for securing the happiness of homes—family prayer.

PRAYER.


O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary I offer Thee the prayers, works and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart.

I offer them in particular that all Christian families as such, by offering to God the family homage of daily prayer, may obtain His richest blessings. Amen.

INCREASE OF MERIT.

I.

2ND ADVANTAGE OF THE HOLY LEAGUE.

“ RUE, Father, that divine friendship to which the Holy League introduces its associates is most real and elevating. I fear, however, that in our distracted lives we do not give it thought, or set sufficient price on the benefit. We desiderate a motive that will appeal strongly to self-interest, to which no one can be excusably blind or lend a deaf ear.”

Alas, it is only too true, dear Associate. Our selfish nature is such as to render us indifferent even to the friendship of the Son of God, and insensible to the happiness flowing from His love! The children of men are now what they were of old, when King David reproached them for being *dull of heart, for loving vanity and seeking after lying*. But our Holy League has in store an advantage that can waken interest even in the dullest, and rouse to energetic, persevering effort. I mean merit.

There can be to a young man no stronger incentive to persevere in a life of sober and constant labor than the earnings he has put by in the bank, to which he adds something each week, and which of themselves are fructifying in profitable interest. They inspirit him in the hour of his weary toil as he looks forward to the happy and independent home they will soon put him in possession of. Even so, the profits to the soul of a life of grace, the unspeakable gains derived from it, are sufficient of

themselves to determine one to enter and persevere in it.

Merit strictly is the reward we are entitled to for every good act performed in the state of grace and under its influence. So noble is the friendship which the soul contracts with God by sanctifying grace, so beautiful and resplendent is the garment with which it robes her in His sight, that her every movement, every reasonable thought, desire, act directed to His glory, receives from Him a reward wellnigh infinite. *I shall be your reward exceedingly great*, said He to the just patriarch ; and He expressly demands, after faith in Himself, that we believe *He is the rewarder of them that seek Him*, and that He giveth to every one *according to his works*.

This reward consists of a fresh infusion into the soul of sanctifying grace, of charity with all her attendant virtues, of a new and more intense indwelling of the Holy Ghost with His gifts and fruits, and of a whole shower of actual graces, lights and aids, which like so many sparks awaken in the soul holy thoughts, desires and impulses, and lend power to carry them into act. So excellent is this grace that the lowest degree of it will lift the soul from God's hate to His love, from hell to heaven, from the condition of a slave of Satan to that of a child of God and an heir of heaven. It puts us even here below in possession of God and plants His kingdom in the heart.

To realize the excellence of merit we must consider its effects in the next life. Each particle or degree of it is capable of purchasing an everlasting mansion. Above,

each one has a mansion, lofty, spacious and magnificent, according to his merits on earth. Jesus tells us that in His *Father's house there are many mansions*, differing in size and splendor as *star differeth from star in glory*. He tells us one of the reasons of His going back to heaven is *to prepare a place for us*. He Himself is the architect and builder of our eternal dwelling. But we have to send up to Him the materials—gold, silver, precious stones—such as will withstand the fire that shall *try every man's work of what sort it is*, and that shall burn the *wood and hay and stubble*. Not every good work, nor seemingly virtuous deed, can stand the test of those searching flames, deserves an eternal recompense, but only such as are performed in sanctifying grace, as spring from grace, are shaped by grace, and directed in some manner to the heavenly building by a supernatural intention. How blind should we be and truly dull of heart if we neglected the essential conditions of supernatural merit, if we spent a life-time that never can be recalled on houses of wood and straw and stubble ! By such the Apostle means, not the lives of sinners deprived of grace, whose works at the best are dead, who, by adding sin to sin, heap up fuel for the *everlasting fire and treasure up wrath against the day of wrath*,—He means the just and good who live in the grace of God, but act from interest, natural impulse, levity and self-satisfaction. These carry in their souls the principle of supernatural life and merit ; but they stifle its impulses, neglect its calls, reject its inspirations, and thus prevent its bringing forth the fruits

of eternal life. They are really dull of heart, pursuing vanity and seeking after lying.

What further shows us the excellence of merit is its durability. Not even mortal sin can altogether uproot it from the soul. Mortal sin disfigures indeed the soul deeply, after robbing it of sanctifying grace and banishing the Holy Ghost with His gifts and fruits, like a mighty cyclone that bursts on a smiling garden, scatters flowers and fruits, uproots every tree and every plant, and spreads desolation in its path. Yet it cannot totally destroy merits hitherto acquired. There yet remain, deep down in the ruins, the fibres and last roots of past merits, though the right itself to eternal recompense is forfeited.

So true is this, that if the soul by true repentance recovered sanctifying grace once more, all past merits would at the same instant be revived. The roots, under the omnipotent action of grace, would in a moment sprout forth, blossom and bear fruit. Not only the recompense for the act of conversion would be laid up for eternity, but with the first garment of sanctifying grace, all the merits formerly acquired by its aid are restored. There have been examples of some, who, after leading for years a life of heroic virtue in austerity, prayer, and charity, in the gain of untold treasures of merit, afterward fell into grievous sin, losing in a moment the recompense of a lifetime. But they returned once more to God, did penance, and no sooner did they re-enter the state of grace than their past merits revived and losses were repaired.

On dying they went to their reward, to take possession of the heavenly mansion which stood awaiting them above the clouds, of lofty height, and vast proportion, and dazzling splendor, as though they had never sinned, yea, all the more glorious for the true repentance that followed their fall.

I trust, dear Associate, that you grasp the sovereign importance and excellence of strict supernatural merit.

ST. JOSEPH, FRIEND OF THE SACRED HEART.



HAILE, Joseph ! hail to thee,
Loved by the Trinity,
For all eternity—

Friend of the Sacred Heart !

Spouse of the Mother mild,
Shield of the Holy Child,
On thee sweet Jesus smiled,
Friend of the Sacred Heart !

Sweet thy humility,
Hidden in poverty,
Lily of purity,—
Friend of the Sacred Heart !

Throned near the Crucified,
He for mankind who died,
Ask Him our hearts to guide,
Friend of the Sacred Heart !

On thee our souls rely,
For it was thine to die
With Jesus and Mary nigh—
Friend of the Sacred Heart !

From thy bright throne on high,
Look with a father's eye
Heed us and hear our cry—
Friend of the Sacred Heart.

AN ASSOCIATE OF THE HOLY LEAGUE.



ST. PATRICK.

THE place and precise time of the birth of the Apostle of Ireland are shrouded in uncertainty. According to trustworthy accounts, it was in Valentia, on the site of the modern town of Dumbarton in Scotland, that he first saw the light about the year 396. Under the careful training of his father Calphurnius, the truths of religion sank deep into the soul of the young Patrick, and he conceived an exalted idea of the sacredness of the priestly calling.

Wonderful are the designs of God's Providence over those whom he destines to accomplish great things for His glory. In one of the incursions of the Picts and Scots upon their more civilized neighbors of Britain, then under Roman domination, Patrick, now about sixteen, was taken among a number of captives, and sold into slavery. He was carried to the territory of the Irish Picts, to that part now the county Antrim, and there fell to the possession of a chief who set him to the task of tending herds.

The pious youth bowed to the will of Heaven, and for six long years in patience and hope devoted himself to his lowly task. Hardships and trials were alleviated by his deep faith and the love of God that burnt within him. Fanned by adversity, the glowing spark grew into a flame

of zeal, that was one day destined to spread over the whole island, and in the long course of centuries borne afar by his spiritual sons and daughters, to light the torch of faith in every part of the habitable globe. The moments he could snatch from manual labor or weary sleep he gave to prayer—such prayer as penetrates to the throne of Heaven and moves to wonders. He prayed and wept for a people whom he daily loved more and more, of stalwart frame, bright intellect and intense enthusiasm in every undertaking—a people consequently capable of being moulded on the highest type of Christian life. But Ireland at that time was given up to pagan superstition and plunged in spiritual darkness. How the young captive longed to let in upon it the light which he himself possessed! How he yearned to gain to Christ so gifted a race! To plant the Gospel in Erin became the all-absorbing thought of his life. In obedience to a heavenly impulse, he stole from his master's service and made his way to the seacoast, whence he embarked, probably in a pirate ship, and ere long was landed on the shores of Christian France.

There he continued to lead a hidden life, studying in the monasteries and preparing for Holy Orders. For four years at least he seems to have followed the rule of the monastery of St. Martin of Tours. Then he betook himself to an island in the Tuscan Sea, to spend another period in retirement and solitude, for in this manner are apostles formed. There he had for director a holy hermit named Justus, who approved and blessed his plans of a missionary career for the conversion of Ireland. On parting Justus gave him the famous *Baculum Christi*, the staff of Jesus, said to have been carried by Christ himself. This staff, which Patrick carried with him ever afterward, being later used as a crosier, was for centuries held in the deepest veneration until the year 1538, when falling with

other precious relics into the hands of the Reformers, it was burned in the fire.

Ordained priest, Patrick directed his steps to Rome to place his plans before the Pope, Clement I, and receive from him apostolic mission and blessing. At this time Palladius had begun to evangelize the Irish, but unsuccessful in this new field of labor, he left their shores. Whereupon Patrick, now consecrated bishop, with a hopeful heart and a small band of missionaries, set out for the island towards which he had so long and patiently yearned, and where his apostolate was to be crowned with such glorious and lasting fruits. Landing in the county Wicklow about the year 432 he took up his abode with a herdsman named Dichu, who became his first convert. He now prepared to beard the lion in his den, and lost no time in directing his way to Royal Tara of Meath, the seat of the monarch Laghaire. He staked the success of his mission on this first meeting. Should he incur the displeasure of the great monarch his task was hopeless; if he could gain his favor, his footing would be permanent and secure.

The missionaries arrived at Slane near Tara on Holy Saturday, to the great alarm of the Druid priests, who proceeded at once to incense the monarch against them. For a while failure seemed inevitable, but God was with Patrick, who received from Laghaire an invitation to set forth publicly before his court and tribe the truths of the Christian religion. Legend has it, that picking up a little shamrock from the green, sprouting sward, he explained the sublime mystery of the Three in One. The result was that many were drawn to the new doctrine, whilst the king, though never himself converted, tolerated the preaching of the Gospel of Christ.

From that moment the mission of the saint was a con-

tinued success. Wherever he went numerous converts accepted his teaching and rule of life, notwithstanding difficulties of various kinds and the opposition of the native priests. He travelled in course of time over the length and breadth of the Island, instructing and baptizing, establishing convents and monasteries, winning for himself the undying love of an entire people, and sowing the seeds of faith that centuries of persecution have failed to uproot.

The latter days of the saint's life were passed in solitude in the exercises of prayer and penance. One of his practices was to recite at night the whole Psalter of David, whilst plunged to the neck in the water of the stream. Ripe in years and merits, he passed away to receive the reward of the good and faithful servant. He died amidst the scenes of his first apostolic labors on March 17th about the year 469.

• E. G.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

I

YOUTH AND PREPARATION.



AMONG the names that have been indelibly written on the page of history, that of Christopher Columbus must ever hold a prominent place and claim the loving veneration of the inhabitants of the New World. It was prophetic of the destiny of him who bore it, a destiny for which he was peculiarly fitted by the gifts of nature and of grace, and which he fulfilled in a heroic manner amidst the most appalling obstacles and perils.

Columbo signifies Dove, and Christopher, Christ-Bearer. Inspired with an ardent zeal for the conversion of the heathen to the religion of Christ, he carried the Cross over the trackless ocean, and planted it in a New World, thus bringing Christianity face to face with barbarous

tribes and nations. Columbus considered himself chosen by God for the gigantic task, felt that he alone had the knowledge, courage and virtues necessary to carry it through, and set his whole soul with ardent and persistent enthusiasm to its accomplishment. "He considered it," says Irving, "a divine intimation, a light from Heaven, and the fulfillment of what had been foretold by Our Saviour and the prophets. Still he regarded his discovery as a minor event preparatory to the great enterprise, the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre."

He was born in Genoa, a town in northern Italy, towards the middle of the fifteenth century. His father, though descended from a noble family, was so reduced in circumstances as to earn his living by carding wool. His mother, likewise poor in worldly goods, brought her husband the most precious of dowries in rare gifts of Christian prudence and virtue. Of the five children with which God blessed their union Christopher was the oldest. He spent some time at the University of Pavia, but owing to his father's scanty means was brought home and put to work in the shop.

At fourteen we find him earning his bread as cabin-boy of a vessel sailing in the eastern part of the Mediterranean. "When quite young," he says, "I began a seafaring life, and was soon carried away with the desire of penetrating the secrets of the world around me. Though a great sinner, I find by the goodness of God great consolation in contemplating His power and wisdom as displayed in His works."

For the space of six years he visited at intervals the coasts of Syria and Egypt; he was engaged in frequent conflict with the Mussulmans, then a serious menace to eastern Europe, and was once severely wounded. At length he was rewarded for his services by being raised to the rank of officer.

About this time Constantinople fell into the hands of the victorious Turk. Columbus, deeply alarmed at the danger which threatened Christendom, and still more at the insults likely to be heaped on the Sacred Places, bethought himself henceforth with all the ardor of his soul how to procure the means to rescue the Holy Land from the possession of the infidels. Shortly afterwards Providence directed his path to Portugal, now fast becoming the centre of scientific activity. Here he married the daughter of a Portuguese sailor of noble birth, through whose influence he gained admission to the court of Portugal. The King, Alphonsus, without venturing on perilous voyages himself, was greatly interested in them, and listened with close attention to the conversation of the Genoese sailor.

Christopher Columbus was now in the full growth of mind and body, of medium height and strong build, with aquiline nose, clear grey eyes, lively expression of countenance, and fair hair, which whitened at an early age on account of the trouble and anxiety of the thought which had taken possession of him. His temperament was ardent and enthusiastic, yet he was sure, calm and self-possessed, so complete was his self-mastery. In dress he was plain but neat. Though naturally persuasive and eloquent, his conversation was simple and without pretension. Even in poverty he was the perfect gentleman, serious, affable and polished, always carrying himself with dignity, never with haughtiness and pride.

He was carefully read in the literature of the ancient mariners, and took every natural means to insure the success of the voyage which he hoped one day to undertake; but living in an age of faith, and thoroughly imbued with its spirit, he never forgot that all his endeavors would avail little if they lacked assistance from on High. For the glory of God and the good of souls he

desired to set out on a voyage of discovery. From the Church, under God, he sought and obtained the courage and help necessary for so arduous an enterprise.

For some time after his marriage Columbus remained in Portugal, and to support his family was forced to copy books, draw nautical maps, etc. Such occupations were far from hastening the realization of his cherished hopes. How to obtain means to rescue the Holy Places was the constant preoccupation of his mind. The thought of unknown worlds came back again and again. Vague and shadowy at first, by dint of reflection, aided by the influence of grace, it became at length distinct and palpable.

When there was no longer left in his mind room for doubt or hesitation, difficulties and disappointments only began. Nineteen years of patient effort, of bitter trial and humiliation, were passed in the endeavor to persuade one or other of the incredulous courts of Europe that the project was not impracticable.

His fortieth year was now approaching when he undertook a voyage to Genoa, in order to associate his own nation with the glory of the enterprise. His proposal was treated by his countrymen with derision. Not in the least discouraged, he set out again on a voyage around the German ocean, going as far north as Ireland. Returning again to Portugal, he settled down to his old labors till John I mounted the throne. The new king, of quick and scientific turn of mind, soon recognized in Columbus a man of superior talent. Having listened to his plan, he would have easily been persuaded to provide for the expedition had not the exorbitant conditions laid down by Columbus rendered it impossible. Riches, honors, position were offered, but in vain. The new worlds to be discovered were to supply the means necessary for the deliverance of the Holy Land. Columbus resolutely set his face against any offer that would fall short of this aim.

This refusal led King John to consent to a dishonorable act. Convinced of the existence of other worlds, he fitted out a fleet which he put in command of a Portuguese, supplying the latter with all the information gained from Columbus as well as with the nautical maps prepared by him. The captain did not proceed far before, terrified at the dangers of the journey, he decided to return to Portugal. The King applied to Columbus once more, who, indignant at his duplicity, sternly refused, and returning again amongst his countrymen was received with the same incredulity as before.

Just at this epoch the most excellent of sovereigns occupied the Spanish throne—the Queen Isabella, towards whom the eyes of all Europe were turned. She shared the solicitude of Columbus for the Holy Places, and showed it in many ways, especially in assisting the Franciscans, its long and faithful guardians, by many costly presents.

Columbus at last felt himself drawn towards Spain. To use his own words:—“Without money, friend or acquaintance, I started for a foreign country, my only hope of success being in the goodness of God, on whom I leaned for support in all my difficulties, if the enterprise should be for His honor and glory.” A few days later, not far from the port of Palos, a poorly dressed stranger, holding his little son by the hand, knocked at the door of the Franciscan monastery, begging for food and shelter. The motive of his journey to Spain was soon explained, and Father John Perez, the abbot, whose heart had been previously disposed by God, received the father and son with every mark of kindness. He offered Columbus the hospitality of his convent, discussed with him his future plans, and soon the two became united in a friendship which neither time nor distance could ever after weaken.

T. G.



TRUE TO TRUST.

I

“**L**IZZIE,” said Mrs. Brown one day to John Keenan’s eldest daughter, who was busy sewing in the workroom, “when you have finished that piece of work come to my sitting-room, I have a few words to say to you.”

When the piece of work was done, Lizzie tapped timidly at the sitting-room door “Come in!” said Mrs. Brown. “Ah, Lizzie, that’s you, is it? Come sit down here a few minutes. You’ve been with me your full two years now, and I am very well pleased with you. You have been obedient and industrious, and have learned your trade thoroughly. I can give you a recommendation now as a first class dressmaker. You see, if I had let you go in January you would not have had these two months’ work at cutting and fitting, so it was for your own sake I kept you. For the past year I have been putting away five dollars a month for you as a reward for your industry. Now, don’t thank me, for you have really earned it. It wants a fortnight to the time yet, but as St. Joseph’s day is your good father’s birthday and the feast of the Annunciation your own, I know you will be glad to be home for both. As you have money of your own earning now, you need not depend on your father’s next letter for it. Get everything ready this afternoon, and to-morrow morning you start on Rob Dillon’s train for Philadelphia. Besides, St. Joseph will take care of you, that is why I want you to set out on Wednesday.”

Lizzie's blue eyes were overflowing with tears of gratitude, and she tried in vain to speak. "Now, don't try to say anything," said the good woman, tears also standing in her own eyes; "run off and pack, or you'll be late."

II

When the foregoing interview took place, it was now going on three months since John Keenan and his wife, Lizzie the elder, held the following dialogue:

"Well, Lizzie, it's all settled at last. We start next month, about the 8th, for Philadelphia. We'll sell the furniture, it will be cheaper to buy new there than to pay freight on it. Have everything ready in time, and then we'll begin anew and, please God, with better luck than we've had in Cornville."

"Must we really go next month, John? Is there no possibility of waiting a little longer?"

"What would you wait a little longer for? I never saw anything like you women, nothing ever satisfies you."

"I'm not dissatisfied, John," and poor Mrs. Keenan's blue eyes filled with tears, "but you forget all about poor Lizzie. She was in to see me to day, and she says that Mrs. Brown won't give her her trade until her full time is up, that will be some time in March. Then, you see, she'll be almost two months behind us, and how will she go alone to that great city? I know she's eighteen, but she has never been out of this village before, and she knows nothing of the world."

"That's true," said John thoughtfully, "I hadn't thought of that, but it's too late now to draw back. I'll tell you what we'll do. When we get settled we'll write and tell Lizzie the street we live on and the number of the house, then when she starts she can get Rob Dillon to look after her on the way—he's conductor on the train

right 'through' to Philadelphia now ; and if I'm at work the day she comes and you can't leave the babies, Rob will put her on the right street, and all she'll have to do is look out for the number. Don't fret, little woman, she'll be all right."

So the matter was settled, and on the 8th of January John Keenan and his wife with their little family set out for their new home in the great city, leaving Lizzie, their eldest girl, to finish learning her trade of dressmaking. She would be able to join them in April. Poor Lizzie ! she saw them set out, with a heavy heart. It was her first real separation from her father and mother, and the thought of the journey by herself filled the simple country girl with anxiety.

III

Only six weeks had elapsed since the departure of the family, and we find Lizzie eagerly packing up for her new home, after receiving orders from good Mrs. Brown. There was no question of sleep that night. Only two days and she would see once more her dear father and mother and the troop of merry little ones that made home so bright and pleasant. After all, the journey would not be so terrible. Mr. Dillon, whose daughter was her own bosom-friend, would be on the train with her, and he would put her on the right street where she could easily find the number. She had it written down in black and white in her father's letter, 324 Green street, and St. Joseph would take care of her.

Wednesday morning dawned bright and clear. Lizzie was up and dressed before the first streak of crimson appeared in the East. Mrs. Brown too was up early, and had a cup of hot tea and a substantial breakfast for the young traveller, and accompanied her to the depot, where Mr. Dillon and his daughter were awaiting her.

"Susie would give me no peace unless I let her go a part of the way with Lizzie, so she can come along until we meet the next train and the conductor on that will bring her safely home for me," said Mr. Dillon. "It's about forty miles beyond that we meet the first express this way, so that'll give them time for a long talk. Won't you come too, Mrs. Brown?"

"Thank you, but I can't leave my shop that long, indeed I must be off now. Good-bye, Lizzie, be a good girl, and write me when you get home. St. Joseph will take care of you."

At last all the good-byes were over and the train was actually on its way. Then after going about forty miles, as Mr. Dillon had said, they met the express, and Susie went home on it. When night came Mr. Dillon made Lizzie as comfortable as he could, putting his great coat under her head for a pillow.

Early in the afternoon of the 18th of March the train reached Philadelphia. After the two days and two nights Lizzie was pretty tired. "Now Lizzie," said Mr. Dillon, "what's the address?" "324 Green street." "Very well, now this man will drive you right to the door," beckoning to a man with a horse and wagon who stood near, "take this young girl and her trunk to 324 Green street. Good-bye, Lizzie, tell your father I'll drop in and see him the first day I have to spare."

Thanking Mr. Dillon for his kindness, and sending messages of love to Susie, Lizzie stepped into the wagon and was soon whirling in the direction of her new home. They arrived at No. 324, the driver took out the trunk, put it in the little entry, knocked at the door, and left Lizzie standing on the steps, waiting eagerly for the dear mother's face to appear. But she was disappointed.....

IV

A strange woman opened the door and looked enquiringly at her and then at the trunk.

"Doesn't Mr. John Keenan live here?" said Lizzie.

"No!"

"Isn't this 324 Green street?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is the address my father sent me."

"Perhaps he did live here, I only just moved here, and I heard that a family from the country had just moved out. It's a wonder he didn't send you word."

"He didn't expect me so soon; but what shall I do?" And the poor child burst into tears.

"You'd better go to some houses and ask if any one knows him, or may be in shops you'd find out better. You can leave your trunk here and send for it when you find your people."

Poor Lizzie! She went slowly down the steps, stood a moment looking up and down the street, then turned and walked on, she knew not whither. Up and down the streets she wandered, occasionally knocking at a door and asking if Mr John Keenan lived there, but she always met with the same negative response, un'til at last her courage failed her, and she sat down on the stone support to the iron railing of a great bridge, and gazed listlessly at the passing crowds. It was getting dark. A man lit some lamps on the bridge, one just over Lizzie's head. She had never seen so many people before. Workmen were going home to their supper. They passed over the bridge in twos and threes.

Some went by without noticing, others looked at her with more or less curiosity, a few with sympathy, but no one addressed her a word of comfort. She thought of her own father, and then of mother and the family group, and

her mind travelled back to the parting when Mrs. Brown wished her such a kind farewell. Then her last words, "St. Joseph will take care of you," came to her memory. She buried her face in her hands and breathed a fervent prayer to her trusted protector.

V

Lizzie was standing with downcast look, about to commence her weary search once more, when she heard a voice, "Where are you going, my child? Are you looking for any one?"

She looked up and saw before her an elderly man with such kind eyes that her heart quite went out to him. "I'm looking for my father, sir, Mr. John Keenan."

"I know just where he lives. Walk along with me and I'll take you to him," said the stranger.

They walked along a short distance, when in from the street Lizzie saw a small neat cottage with a bright light streaming from one of its windows. "That is John Keenan's house," said the stranger.

"Thank you so much, sir, for your kindness," said Lizzie, turning towards him, but she found herself alone. The stranger had disappeared. She stood looking about her for some time, and at last went into the cottage, which was indeed John Keenan's. But what a surprise!!! What outbursts of joy filled the whole household!!!!...

When they had recovered somewhat from their first transports Lizzie recited her adventures. They listened with breathless attention, and at the end all agreed in pronouncing the mysterious stranger St. Joseph himself. What confirmed them in their belief was the fact that Lizzie's guide was never seen afterwards.

S. M. A.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

Through the noisy din of ages,
Borne on Time's impetuous wings,
Comes to-day a song of gladness,
'Tis a childlike maid that sings.

See ! the angel there before her
Slowly bows as her meek word
Breaks upon the trembling stillness,
"Behold the handmaid of the Lord."

Ah ! what glory shines around her,
Purer than the sun's bright rays,
While her soul on song's glad pinions
Bursts into prophetic praise.

Come ye waiting nations, listen !
And behold the Virgin mild ;
She is blessed now and forever
Bless'd, thrice blessed through her child.

Come around her altars kneeling,
Raise your throbbing, human hearts,
Lay them at her feet in silence,
Pierced by sin and sorrow's darts.

Nay, no words of yours are needed,
Love and sorrow have no voice,
But a mother's heart knows all things,
She will soon bid yours rejoice.

Only come to-day and hail her
Like the angel, "full of grace."
Though your voice be weak and trembling,
It shall pierce through time and space.

For 'twill join the clarion chorus
Rising over hills and plains,
Blessed ! blessed ! till its echo
Rings through heaven in seraphs' strains.

BELLELE GURRIN.

MADAME d'YOUVILLE.**THE VALIANT WOMAN OF CANADA.**

MARIE Marguerite de Lajemmerais was born at Varennes, near Montreal, Oct. 15th, 1701, of an old and distinguished family. Her father, an officer in the French army, left his family, at his death, in impoverished circumstances. Through the charity of friends, our heroine was sent to the Ursuline Convent at Quebec, where she remained two years.

Thenceforth, until the date of her marriage, August 12th, 1722, she devoted herself to the performance of household duties. Her union with François Madeleine You or Youville was far from being a happy one. It led her at last, by the path of detachment, to the spiritual perfection at which she began to aim, under the direction of the learned and holy M. Lescoat of the Seminary. On the 4th July, 1730, her husband died suddenly, leaving her with two sons, both of whom eventually became priests. Her life was now devoted to good works, more especially to the service of the poor, and she began to feel an unusual devotion to the Eternal Father who watches with providential care over the least of His children.

Meanwhile, the General Hospital at Villemarie, which had been founded by pious laymen, and placed under the care of the Brothers Hospitalers, became reduced, by various causes, to such a state that it was absolutely necessary to bring it under new management.

Marguerite de Lajemmerais had associated herself with three other women in the work of caring for a small number of aged and infirm persons. In the discharge of these duties they had been met with a storm of obloquy, with bitter persecution. They were accused of selling liquor to the savages, and of being themselves addicted to

its use,—a calumny which earned for them the name, then opprobrious, since glorious, of *Sœurs Grises*. Nor were other afflictions wanting to test Marie Marguerite's devotedness. She was retained in her chair for seven years with a disease of the leg, and on her recovery the house in which she and her companions pursued their work of charity was burned.

It would be impossible in this space to enumerate the trials through which she passed, even after she had been named temporary administrator of the General Hospital, even after popular prejudice had died out against her little community, and ladies of the highest rank sought admission thereto as postulants.

The hospital became an asylum for every form of human misery. Men, women and children, the old and the young, the invalided soldier, those bereft of reason, incurables, foundlings, fallen women, orphans, all became the objects of Madame d'Youville's loving care. So large was her heart that it had room for all who were unfortunate.

In 1753, the King of France put an end to the persecutions to which the Intendant Bigot had subjected the *Sœurs Grises*, by letters patent in their favor. Madame d'Youville now applied to the Bishop, Mgr. Pontbriand, for rules for the spiritual guidance of the house. Informal rules laid down by their trusted friend and counsellor, the Sulpician, M. Normant, had hitherto been followed. The Sisters now, also, assumed that costume, since so dear and familiar to the people of Canada. They became really gray nuns, for they wore that color of dress, and retained through humility the name which had been given in contempt. Humanly speaking, without resources for so vast an undertaking, Madame d'Youville and her Sisters endeavored by indefatigable industry to supply a multiplicity of wants. Besides needlework of all kinds, including the making of clothing and of flags for the troops, ornaments for

churches, bead work and other trifles for the Indians, they learned to make tapers ; they sold stone, sand and tobacco and other products from their own lands. They took ladies as boarders, and they received a number of pay patients into the hospital. Madame d'Youville's ingenuity in discovering new means of adding to the revenue was wonderful. She procured a boat, which she hired out for money. She supplied the government with ploughs. In whatever work was to be done her energy was tireless, and she chose for herself tasks the most repugnant to human nature. Such was her wisdom and economy in the conduct of affairs, that she met the vast expenses of the establishment, paid off a debt which had been incurred by the Brothers, enlarged the hospital, built a church, a dwelling for the servants and a bakery, surrounding all by a high stone wall. Later, when the fortunes of war had caused property to be sold at a sacrifice, she acquired for the community lands at Chateauguay and in other parts of the country, to be a perpetual support for the works in which it was engaged.

She never failed to remind the Sisters that they were but administrators of whatever they possessed, all being devoted to the service of the poor ; and she insisted upon the obligation which bound them to undertake all that was hardest and most difficult for these little ones of Christ.

Besides their work in the hospitals, Madame d'Youville and her companions visited the poor in their homes or at Hôtel Dieu, especially when contagious diseases were prevalent. Numberless victims of the small-pox epidemic were sheltered under her roof. She also set apart a certain space for wounded soldiers when the Hôtel Dieu had become overcrowded. During the war, which ended in the conquest of the country of England, Madame d'Youville had the liveliest compassion for the wounded English soldiers, prisoners of war. Her kindness to them was

unbounded. She often contrived to save them when they fled from the fury of the Indians, the allies of the French. She usually concealed them in the vaults under the church until they could escape. Upon one occasion when the battle had been raging almost at the convent doors, an English soldier, pursued by a savage, rushed up a ladder, and in at the window to a room where Madame d'Youville sat mending a tent. She bade him lie down, and had scarcely time to throw the tent over him, when a savage brandishing a tomahawk appeared at the window.

Madame d'Youville, undisturbed, pointed calmly towards an open door. The savage, supposing that the soldier had fled thereto, rushed on. The Englishman was saved. Afterwards, when General Murray, besieging Montreal, turned his cannon against the Convent, which he believed would be valuable as an intrenchment, a soldier rushed forward, and falling upon his knees, cried out to the commander that the building was an hospital wherein their own men had often found shelter, and begged him to spare it. The General having ascertained the truth of the statement left the Convent unmolested. The grateful soldier was one whom Madame d'Youville had saved. Two days after the Villemarie capitulated.

A. T. S.

RIGHT KIND OF SOCIETY.

At the late annual banquet of the Catholic Young Men's Lyceum of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Worcester, Mass., the president, rising, made the following proud speech: "Seven years ago, Dr. Conaty started the Lyceum with thirty-five members. To-day it thrives 180 strong, doing its part in combating the crying evil of in-

temperance. The members of the Lyceum *were brought up temperance boys*. Through the influence of that organization they remained true to their pledge in the years of their manhood."

We have purposely italicized the words *were brought up temperance boys*, because they let us into the secret of the remarkable success of the Worcester Lyceum. Nearly all depends on the *bringing up*, especially in the years when temptations and occasions begin to clamor for their prey, from the time of leaving school or college. In general, reclaiming societies cost a world of trouble, and even with that, eke out a precarious existence. Preservative and preventive medicines are the easiest administered, are found less bitter if not positively sweet in the taking, and are surer of their effect. To change the metaphor, it is infinitely easier, when the storm is raging and the waves are sweeping over the ship, to lash the crew to the masts or tie them to the deck, than to get them back again into the ship after they have been washed overboard and carried into the deep.

It is infinitely better to take hold of the boy when he is leaving school, unacquainted with vice, accustomed to church-going and sacrament-receiving, and rope him to an association in which all his good practices and habits will be preserved and strengthened, and in which he will find an antidote against vice and evil association, than to wait till he is a moral and social wreck, lost to church and family and country. The Brothers of the Christian Schools render an immense benefit to the Church and society, not only by their thorough religious training in the school, but by the pains which they take to preserve the virtue and good habits of their boys after they have left school, by forming them into religious and literary associations.

It were a miracle of the moral order for a youth to go

at the age of fifteen into the thick of modern city life, in stores, tradeshops, business offices, private amusement associations, and come out unscathed in faith and morals.

There are two kinds of Catholic young men's societies which at the present time lay claim to our attention. One is the religious society organized on a thoroughly religious basis,—prayer, reception of sacraments, flight of sinful occasions, temperance, to which are added by way of attraction and healthful recreation, literary exercises, reading-room, games, gymnasium, etc., banquets and social entertainments. The other kind works contrariwise, beginning operations at the opposite end with a club-house banquets, splendid hall, furnished with all modern appliances and conveniences. Of course, the members are all baptized Catholics, and have a priest as spiritual director. The object is, having got them into an association of Catholics, to induce them to go a little further and adopt Catholic practice and profession ; having got them out of dangerous associations and places of temptation into the Catholic club-house, to get them to take another step to the church and the altar-rail.

A distinguished writer in the *American Catholic Quarterly* for Jan., of much experience in Catholic young men's societies, whilst giving all praise to the religious society, advocates the social type as adapted to the present needs at least of the United States. He makes use of a happy illustration which expresses alike his idea and the circumstances in which it may be realized. Suppose a five-storey house on the top of which a conflagration is raging. The religious society is like an engine that can supply a stream of water only for the three lower storeys, but cannot reach the scene of conflagration on the fifth. The class of young men we want to reach are those beyond the play of distinctively religious associations.

Doubtless there may be circumstances in which the Catholic club will be the only efficacious means to satisfy the needs of a Catholic young men's society. Without the well-baited hook and silken net and brilliant fly, the fish will not be caught nor brought back into the ship. But in general we give our marked preference to the religious society, the only real Catholic society. We may not lose sight of the words of the late Encyclical of Leo XIII, intended to meet the wants of the times all the world over, which requires of Catholic men's associations that their *foundations be laid in religion*, and that they *pay special and principal attention to piety and morality*, that they *obey the precepts and frequent the sacraments of the Church*, lest they *come to be very little better than those societies which take no account of religion at all*. It is not unfrequently the case that young baptized Catholic men will enjoy all the luxuries of the club-house, and play a prominent part in the social amenities, but will not go beyond to the church or sacraments. It may be called in question, too, whether a priest can afford to give so much time as such a club, to be a real benefit, would demand, and if the solid spiritual fruits would repay him. The world claims its own. His time would be absorbed in promoting the recreation, however innocent, and social advantages of the members, with little definite and distinct gain to the cause of religion and piety.

Shall we therefore surrender the fifth storey to the flames and allow the conflagration to spread downwards? Not at all. Let us strengthen the working power of our fire-pumps. Let us lengthen the hose till a powerful stream can reach the conflagration. Let us found and perfect thorough Catholic societies, beginning with the young who have still the ardor and vigor of untainted virtue, then employ *lay-help*—the zeal, tact and influence of the good to reach the fallen away, the indifferent and the wicked.

THE LEAGUE ABROAD.**Rome.**

The enemies of the Papacy, including the Italian Government itself, have been busy of late circulating the most unfounded rumors concerning the Pope's health, going so far on one occasion as to throw the whole city into a state of excitement by *officially* announcing his death. There can be no doubt that here the wish was father to the thought, as the unflinching stand taken by Leo XIII on the Temporal Power is at present a great thorn in the side of the usurper. With characteristic hypocrisy the Government has made of the hoax a pretext for allowing no telegram concerning the Pope to be transmitted without its sanction. How seriously such an order would interfere with the calling together of a new conclave, in the event of the Pope's real death, and with the right of free communication with the Catholic world, is transparent to everybody.

Meanwhile, the aged Pontiff, notwithstanding all the germs of disease floating in the atmosphere, apart from a very slight cold, has enjoyed his usual health, and attended to the daily round of duties connected with his sublime functions. In reply to a deputation of the ancient Pontifical Zouaves he said : " We cannot know what the future has in store for Us ; but We can assure you that the cause which you uphold will not fail to triumph before long. The day when this triumph will come rests hidden among the impenetrable secrets of the Almighty, and it is not given to Us to know."

Germany.

The late incident in the Austrian Parliament, and the declaration of Count Kalnoky on Papal independence,

have had an echo in Germany, and the noble Centre party, following the line marked out by the illustrious Windthorst, adopted unanimously the following resolution :—
“ The re-establishment of the territorial sovereignty of the Holy See is an indispensable necessity for its freedom, and for the independent government of the Church. All authorities constituted by God should, in their own interests, support the demands of the Pope for the re-establishment of subverted order.”

The Catholics of Germany are now promised in a most unexpected manner the crowning victory of Windthorst's policy. Germany, that for forty years had carried the banner of modern thought and culture, had set the example of State schools and State education, had emancipated the intellect of her people in her *Culturkampf* by banishing religion and its teachers from the schools, and expelling the religious Orders, has taken a sudden right-about, and is now passing a school bill for giving the most ample freedom and encouragement to religious education according to each child's creed.

The truth is, the foolish and impious system of godless schools has nurtured in the bosom of the nation a race of vipers—socialists and anarchists, without religion or morality—that are become an imminent peril for throne and fatherland. Hence the sudden turn of the Government to the Catholic programme, embodying the true principles of education.

The new bill leads off with the clause that : “ The task of the school is the religious, moral and patriotic formation of youth by education and teaching, and their instruction in the general branches of knowledge and the accomplishments necessary for life.”

It provides that a separate school *shall* be established when the children of any one creed exceed 60, and *may* be established when they exceed 30. Another clause

provides that "no child shall remain without religious instruction from a teacher of his own professed creed," and where there are 15 children of the same creed in any mixed school, they must have a special teacher for religious instruction. The religious instruction in schools is to be directed by the various religious bodies, clergymen having the right to give the religious instruction, to be present whilst it is given by others, to see that it is properly given, also to correct and advise the teacher.

The bill is all the Catholics desire. Though introduced by the Government, it is expected to meet with determined opposition, and it is doubtful whether it will be carried.

Poland.

Poland so long persecuted, and for which the outlook a year ago seemed so dark, has benefited by the German change of policy. Whereas before, the Polish language was forbidden, not only in the school but also in the pulpit, and none but a German could be nominated Bishop for a Polish See, now education is encouraged in the language of the people, and lately a distinguished Pole was nominated with the consent of the German Government to the principal archiepiscopal See of Poland.

England.

Our Associates must be told that to-day the *Messenger* keeps its modest Jubilee, having issued its first number on the 1st of January, 1868, being, we think, the sixth of the family which has now grown so large, as together to spread nearly four hundred thousand copies through the world every month.

During this twenty-five years the League work accomplished has not been small. Four hundred and ninety

thousand certificates of admission have been issued. Local Centres now number about six hundred; five thousand seven hundred Promoters have received their diplomas; eighty-eight thousand of our members are Associates also of the Living Rosary; and all these cheering figures will go on increasing, as we may hope more and more.

South America.

The Tercentenary of St. Aloysius was celebrated with the greatest enthusiasm in all the dioceses of South America. Solemn triduums were held in every parish.

At Quito, capital of the Republic of the Sacred Heart, the Triduum closed by a gorgeous procession through the public streets. Not only the clergy, religious communities, seminaries and schools took part with their religious banners and regalia, but the members of the *Junta* headed by the President of the Republic, accompanied by his cabinet, led the procession. Through decorated streets, under triumphal arches, it wended its way to the music of a hundred choirs.

In Columbia the draft of a law is before the legislature for the official consecration of the Republic to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is urged by the council of Promoters of the Holy League, seconded by the Episcopate, and acclaimed by the whole people. Meanwhile the public consecration of Municipal Councils to the Sacred Heart, to say nothing of parishes and dioceses, is the order of the day throughout South America. Thus do they strive to work off the leaven of "heresy, rationalism, unbelief and of indifference in religious matters, as well as the systems and infernal machinations against authority and the rights and institutions of the Holy Church." These have been the real source of the revolutions and calami-

ties that have afflicted the South American States for the last fifty years. The people are turning at last to the Sacred Heart for a remedy. Listen to the Municipality of La Plata passing such resolutions as the following :—

1st. “The Municipal Council of La Plata resolves to *consecrate* itself to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.”

Art. 2. “All the public employees of the municipal government are required to assist, each year, on the festival of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, at the Solemn Mass which will be celebrated in the parish church, that they may unitedly implore the Sacred Heart for the triumph of the Holy Roman Catholic Apostolic Church and for the happiness and prosperity of the municipality.”

OBITUARY.

The destroyer, Death, who has been working such wide havoc, has not spared the ranks of the Holy League nor its benefactors. We have to recommend to the special prayers of our Associates three distinguished victims fallen within a month.

His Eminence Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of the Propaganda, and Cardinal Protector of the Holy League. He indeed has a very strong claim on the fervent prayers of all our Associates. From him every month for many years came the intention for each month after it was named and blessed by the Holy Father, for publication in the *Messengers*. To his patronage also the League is indebted for many precious indulgences, notably those connected with the 2nd degree.

His Eminence Cardinal Manning, a most devout client of the Sacred Heart, with whose mercy, compassion and tenderness not only his life and many works, but also his beautiful pages were saturated. In proof we have only to mention his book, *The Glories of the Sacred Heart*, which holds a place among the classics of the Devotion.

The Very Rev. Father Anderledy, General of the Society of Jesus. Deeply devout to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord, to His Beloved Mother and to His Vicar on earth, as a worker in the Lord's vineyard, both in America and Europe, as professor of Theology and writer, as administrator and finally General of the Society of Jesus, he contributed immensely, in the many vicissitudes of his changeful life, to the diffusion of the devotions dear to his heart. Though not officially connected with the Holy League, he co-operated on a very wide scale with its spread and working.

R.I.P.



THE LEAGUE AT HOME.

JUVENILE LEAGUE, APOSTLESHIP OF STUDY.

Toronto, Loretto Academy.

Wellesley Place.

Since the League was established, the spirit of devotion has taken deep hold of our children. They make the Morning Offering regularly on rising, and again in the school at nine, lest any should have forgotten it at home. Great eagerness is shown for the monthly tickets with the new intentions marked on them. When a sacrifice is to be made, love for the Sacred Heart will carry the victory more readily than any other motive. The school rules are exactly observed as the material for so many acts of self-denial to be counted into the Treasury. The only approach to the miraculous this time is the spread of devotion among our pupils and the increase of their number in the face of very adverse circumstances.

PROMOTER.

Hastings.

It is some weeks since seventy of our children, more than half of them boys, made their first communion. It was quite an event in the parish. On the same day with all formality they became little Leaguers. The boys formed a temperance band under the standard of the Sacred Heart, pledging enmity not only against the bottle, but also against the pipe and its adjuncts, forfeiting, too,

the friendship of all cigar and tobacco venders. In affirmation of this compact they lifted high their young hands and read aloud their consecration to the Sacred Heart.

REV. LOCAL DIRECTOR.

Dundas, Ont.

The League of the Sacred Heart is continuing its good work in Dundas parish. We have a Promoters' meeting on every last Sunday of the month, when Very Rev. Father Heenan is always present to exhort and encourage us in our good work. He shows the interest he feels in it by inquiring of each Promoter concerning her circle.

On the first Friday of each month we have Mass and Communion of Reparation, which is always well attended. In the evening our Rev. Director gives a discourse on Devotion to the Sacred Heart, followed by benediction of the Holy Sacrament and Act of Consecration. Several signal favors have been lately received by Associates, which they ascribe with heartfelt gratitude to the prayers of the Holy League.

SECRETARY OF LADIES' BRANCH.

Brantford, Ont.

The feast of the Epiphany was celebrated in our parish this year with unusual solemnity. As had been announced, the Lady Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart were to receive their well-merited diplomas and crosses. In the evening, though the weather proved very unfavorable, a large congregation was present to witness the ceremony. The Very Rev. Father Keough, V. G., had been expected from Paris, Ont., for the occasion, but at the last moment was prevented. Our Rev. Pastor, Father Lennon, presided, preaching a very appropriate sermon, which was highly appreciated. After a hymn to the

Sacred Heart was sung by the choir, he proceeded to bless and distribute the diplomas and crosses. In conducting the ceremony he closely followed the ceremonial prescribed by the Handbook. Father Feeney, our Director, assisted, and pronounced the solemn Act of Consecration. He also officiated at the solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, with which the beautiful ceremony closed. The choir of St. Basil's rendered some excellent music, and was much appreciated by the congregation present.

All our Promoters have entered with renewed zeal on their work of love, and the beautiful devotion of the Sacred Heart is rapidly spreading in the parish of St. Basil's. It is proving an immense blessing to all who have embraced it.

I must not omit mention of the flourishing Juvenile League branch which Father Feeney has just organized. Among them there are twenty-five young Promoters at work in the interests of the Sacred Heart.

I cannot forbear adding that a truly edifying sight was witnessed by a large congregation on the first Sunday of the New Year, when the Men's League approached the Holy Table in a body.

SECRETARY LADIES' BRANCH.

IN THANKSGIVING.

Quebec.—A lady of St. Patrick's Church publicly thanks the Sacred Heart for being cured of rheumatism, from which she had suffered for over twenty years, through making a Novena to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

For a signal temporal favor received through the intercession of the Sacred Heart after promising to publish thanksgiving and to become a Promoter.

Hamilton.—For recovery of mind by an afflicted person, for whom a mass was offered in honor of the Sacred Heart.

Dundas.—For the conversion of a young man who had not been for years to the Sacraments, and had been a source of great anxiety to mother and sisters.

For the restoration to health of a dear friend.

Montreal.—For an extraordinary cure of a dying friend on the day of recommendation to the prayers of the League.

Barrie.—For a young man who has performed his religious duties after several years of neglect.

For return to duty of one who had not approached the Sacraments in twenty years.

Falls View.—For a dear relative who had not been to the Sacraments for thirty years, and who was vouchsafed all the consolations of religion on his death-bed.

Amherstburg.—For a very special favor for which the recipient cannot be grateful enough to the Sacred Heart.

In fulfilment of a promise, I desire to thank publicly the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the reform of one much addicted to intemperance for some years. I have received a letter saying that he has become quite a new man.

PROMOTERS' PAGE.

We commence in this number the serial life-sketch of Christopher Columbus, for his fourth centenary celebration, dwelling chiefly on the religious and devotional aspect of his life. We trust our Promoters will show themselves active in making it widely known and imitated, as this is the object of the League campaign for the present year. To make room for this as well as other valuable contributions which come to us every month, we have added eight additional pages to our *Messenger*, leaving it henceforth *little* only in form and convenience, but rendering it truly large in the number, and especially the contents of its compact pages.

We do not intend adding to the trifle for subscription, so the gain shall all be to the Associates. We count on the enlightened zeal and activity of Promoters in spreading the *Messenger* more and more, to meet the additional sacrifices, by no means inconsiderable, thus entailed. The *Messenger*, rightly speaking, belongs to the Promoters, as the organ of *their work*, the devotion which they have at heart, and which they have pledged themselves to make known and accepted. They will find in it, too, the most convenient instrument for their work.

It cannot be reasonably expected of Promoters to preach sermons and give theological disquisitions on the nature of the devotion, and the reasons for practising it. They have only to open the way and obtain a hearing for the *Messenger*, and he will do the rest where he meets the proper material for the League. "The great means," says the official Handbook, "by which the members of the Holy League are maintained in that spirit of union and fervor which has brought down so many blessings of God upon the Apostleship, is the magazine published under the name of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. It is almost a necessity for the Associates to read or at least glance every month over this journal of the work, so as to learn its progress, share in its life, and reap its fruits and consolations."



PASSIONTIDE.

Manifold and precious are the graces of the season which the Church devotes to the memory of the sufferings and death of her Divine Spouse. It is the time above all others in which the merits of the redemption are applied in the blood of the cross to the souls of her children. Lovingly and pressingly does she invite them to go out to meet Him that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bosra. She asks tenderly with them : *Why then is thy apparel red, and thy garments like theirs that tread in the wine-press ?*

Meditation on the Redeemer's passion has been at all times the saints' food of predilection. It has been to them the bread of the strong that confirmed their hate of sin, that lent courage to take up and carry their cross, to ascend the uphill and rugged path that leads to sanctity. Let it be our nourishment during the days set apart for the commemoration of the Passion. Alas, for the world that repels the bread it needs so much, that feels not the hunger which devours it !

Christ in His bitter passion trod the wine-press alone. His blood-shedding was all-satisfying. His atonement was full, universal, everlasting, yet so as to demand of us for salvation the application of its fruits to our souls by

the appointed channels of His grace. Nay, He required that we should be associated with Him in His sufferings, that their saving virtue might pass into us.

In His infinite condescension He seemed to leave His sufferings incomplete, that we might have it in our power to make up what was wanting to them and take part in the mystery of His cross. Only then shall His atonement avail us when united with our atonements. He has not removed the toil, the anguish, the pain of our fallen condition terminating in death itself, that they may sanctify us by union with His sufferings and open to us the gate of life. The moment of consummation shall be for us as for Him the moment of our triumph. *When this mortal frame hath put on immortality, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy victory? O death where is thy sting?*

He owed it to His own majesty, to the magnificence of His heaven, to the dignity of our human nature gifted with free-will thus to admit us to the mystery of His atonement, to a share in His sufferings; to make our salvation dependent on the union of our merits with His, our everlasting triumph, the fruit of our own efforts, patience and combats, as well as of His passion and death.



REVERENCE FOR THE POOR.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR APRIL.

*Named by the Cardinal Protector and blessed by the
Pope for all the Associates.*

THERE are different classes of poor that have claim on our reverence and respect. There are poor beggars who hold out their hand in appeal to the charity of the public. There are poor monks and religious who have voluntarily stripped themselves by vow of all worldly possessions to follow more perfectly the example of Christ and the counsels of the Gospel. By the poor in a still wider sense we may understand all who are not *rich*, all who, whether by their own choice or fault or by force of circumstances of which Divine Providence alone holds control, are subject in some degree to privation and want. It is the language of Christ Himself in the Gospel that warrants us in thus dividing mankind at large in two great classes—the rich and the poor. The same language as well as the teaching of the Catholic Church tells us most emphatically that we are to prefer the poor, that we are to reverence, respect and love their state more than that of the rich.

When the Wisdom of the Father came down on earth, He was born and brought up in the ranks of the poor. He who created all the riches of earth and possessed all the riches of heaven *emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant*. He bequeathed His birthright to the poor. Theirs is the place of honor in the universal Christian family. For them especially He was sent by the Father, He preached the Gospel, and founded His Church. It has ever been the proud mark of His Church before the world that She is the Church of the poor. He made of them a kind of Sacrament, a veritable Real Presence of Himself, which we have always with us, that He might accept as a personal offering to Himself the respect, love and alms-gifts which we offer to them.

On the last day, He assures us, our sentence of eternal happiness or doom shall depend on the manner in which we have treated His poor. If there is any advantage at all for the rich in the race to heaven it lies in their being able to help the wretched. Their money, the very mammon of iniquity, shall be unto them a kind of eighth sacrament, shall receive a supernatural power and efficacy if they take care to invest a portion of it in charity. It will make unto them friends who on their death will receive them *into everlasting tabernacles*. What they place in the hand of the needy will be treasured up and multiplied, and given back with interest a hundredfold in the present life as well as in that to come. Such is the teaching of Christ, of the inspired Word and of the

Church concerning the reverence and practical love of the poor.

The Church of Christ has always treated them with reverence and an affection reaching into tenderness. They have been her precious jewels. Time and again she bared her altars and sanctuaries of their ornaments and precious vessels in order to supply food to the hungry and clothing to the naked. She has devoted to them her chosen lives, the maidens and valiant women who have renounced the comforts and affections of home to take Jesus Christ, poor, for their spouse. She has consecrated such the mothers of the orphan and the homeless, of the sick and the wretched, of the blind and the ignorant.

The world, on the other hand, turns with aversion from the poor, and treats them with cruelty and contempt. By its maxims, its pride, its worship of power, display and wealth, it is their great oppressor.

The orphan and the helpless, the sick and the unfortunate, are thrust into state asylums, hospitals, reformatories, whence the priest and sister of charity are excluded by law, or can be admitted only at intervals, or when there is danger of death. Thus the miserable and the wretched are snatched from the tender nursing hand of religion and denied her consolations when they stand most in need of them and are best disposed to receive them with profit.

With characteristic hypocrisy the world, while it forms

societies and expends large sums of money for the comfort of animals and the prevention of cruelty to dumb beasts, will leave the poor to famish and shiver in the haunts of misery, like those proud pagan Emperors who lodged their horses in gilded palaces and set fire to the roofs of the people.

Even in its institutions of philanthropy, by which the world, with mistaken generosity, apes and essays to rival Catholic charity—in its bequests and foundations for state, municipal and secular charities—it misses its mark and loses its reward from the lack of true reverence and affection for the poor. The wretched and miserable are an eye-sore to society, or they grate on its exquisite sensibilities, or they damp the enjoyment of its pleasures, like Lazarus at the gate of Divus. They must be hidden away from view! Thus the world's charity, if it does not spring from selfishness, is commingled with it. Genuine charity for the poor is not exercised outside the Church, because, as the Holy Father teaches in his late Encyclical, *it has its only source in the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ.*

Let all therefore have recourse to this fountain of charity, to be filled with the profound respect which faith inspires for the poor of Jesus Christ, to be filled also with an active and tender charity especially for the struggling classes of labor and toil *to whom the Heart of God seems rather to incline*, and who are ground under the tyranny of usurers and monopolists.

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart.

I offer them in particular that all, following the examples and the teaching of the Gospel, may be penetrated with a profound reverence joined with an active and tender charity for Thy poor.

TO JESUS CRUCIFIED.

Jesus, God and Saviour dear
Unto Thee I fly,
Lowly bending at Thy feet ;
Hear my humble cry :
Deign, oh Lord, my soul to cleanse,
Wipe away each stain ;
Guide me in the ways of light,
Teach me heaven to gain.

Banish from my foolish heart
All its thoughts of pride,
Wash it in the blood that flowed
From Thy sacred side :
Let the thorns from out Thy crown
Pierce deep my sinful brow,
That every idle thought may feel
Thy anguish o'er it now.

May the cruel nails that pierced
Thy Sacred hands and feet
Bind my lips in charity,
Loving, pure and sweet ;

For every soul upon it bears
Thy Image, Lord, most dear ;
Thy love for each, Thrice Holy God,
Alone hath brought Thee here.

And through that love Thy Heart was given,
Thy Heart hath bled and died
For every creature under Heaven,
Throughout the world most wide :
On Calvary's Hill we meet once more
Beside the heavy cross ;
And kneel, sweet Saviour, mournfully,
Crushed 'neath our fearful loss.

We sue in sorrow and love
For mercy from Thy Heart :
Our sins alone it was that caused
Thy Flesh and Blood to part.
Forgive us all our wickedness,
And stamp it all away ;
By cross upborne to Calvary,
By scourge and thorns we pray.


And when the awful day of death
Dawns for us here below ;
Oh ! may it find us with our cross
Borne meekly as we go.
Then at the gates of life beyond,
Sweet Saviour, may we see,
Thy loving face and holy smile
Bid us rejoice with Thee.

K. M. O'L.

Lindsay, Ont.

INCREASE OF MERIT.

II.

“ERIT being the material from which each one's everlasting dwelling is wrought, no thinking man can be blind to its importance or indifferent to the means by which it is acquired. What I am anxious to know, Father, is how does the Holy League help one to acquire merit?”

The explanation, dear Associate, is plain and simple. First, it lays the foundation of the edifice where there is none. Many and powerful are the spells by which the Holy League draws the sinner onward to a reform of life. Nowhere is he free from its kindly influences. In church, at home, in all the varied relations of social life, in conscience itself, the good example, the gentle rebuke, the loving invitation, inward grace, are ever at work pleading for a change. At least he will be persuaded to take up his prayers or to pray a little more. A morning offering of the heart, with an Our Father and Hail Mary, after all, is so little! Who could deny it? And has not the Saviour pledged His word that the Heavenly Father will *give good things to them that ask Him*, and *every one that asketh receiveth*, and *he that seeketh findeth*, and *to him that knocketh it shall be opened*?

Above all, prayer to the Sacred Heart is so efficacious! before that vision of a love such as was never given to

earth to feel or experience, saving us by an infinite sacrifice from an infinite woe, of a love which, while it smites for ingratitude, holds out the promise of mercy and the hope of pardon ! What motive can so arouse the spirit to compunction, call forth the voices from the depths, urge to prompt and vigorous action ?

Prayer will sooner or later be followed by a worthy approach to the sacraments. The sand and crustations of sin will be ejected from the heart ; the spirit shall be cleansed and swept ; and the sure foundation of grace and merit shall be cast in the soul deep, firm and lasting.

Secondly, after laying the foundations, it will rear aloft the glorious pile. Under the more than magic wand of Morning Prayer and Offering, thoughts, desires, actions, sufferings through the live-long day shall be transformed into the gold and precious stones of supernatural acts and virtues, fit material for the everlasting mansion, and shall be directed heavenward to the Divine Builder who is preparing *a place*. The earnest and fervent offering will supernaturalize, shape and direct the day. Little by little the true Associate acquires the habit of renewing the Morning Offering, lest passion, temptation, self-love should creep in and corrupt the intention or drag it down from its lofty aim. The maxim for a Christian life given by St. Paul is :—*Whether you eat, drink or do anything else, let all be for the glory of God*. It is the maxim too for the constant increase of supernatural merit. What is the Morning Offering frequently renewed but its continual realization ?

Of all the means of acquiring grace and merit none can be compared to the sacraments. If prayers and ordinary good actions bring down upon us the grace of God in shower-drops, each sacrament lets flow a whole stream into the soul. In penance the lowest degree of sacramental grace will lift the soul from sin and hell to God's love and friendship. One communion, the saints assure us, can impart sufficient sacramental grace to make a saint and a corresponding measure of bliss in heaven. It is *everlasting life* in its source and essence.

Now, it is the peculiar aim of the Holy League to lead its members to the more and more frequent reception of the sacraments. The Three Degrees, the Communions of Atonement, the first Friday devotions, the nine consecutive Fridays, the Promoters' communions are so many devices to lead first to monthly communion, then to weekly, then to frequent communion, till the sacraments become like our meals—the great want as well as satisfaction of our life.

Thirdly, it crowns the magnificent structure, adorns it, and wondrously enhances its splendor. Our actions are more pleasing to God and meritorious in His sight, according to the intensity of the love and the excellence of the motive or intention we have in performing them. Where shall we go to kindle the heavenly flame if not to the furnace of love, the Heart of Jesus? Where shall we borrow intentions, high, excellent, far-reaching, if not from the Heart of Jesus? And is not the Holy League a league which unites all its Associates together in the

Heart of Jesus, plunges their hearts in His Heart, and animates their lives with His intentions ?

After the internal excellence of the action derived from the love of God and the intention, the quality which most enhances its value and adds to its merit, is its own nobility and intrinsic worth. Given the same interior dispositions and fervor, the priest who consecrates at the altar merits more than the faithful who assist at the Holy Sacrifice. A spiritual work of mercy, such as to instruct the ignorant in the way of heaven, has a higher reward than a corporal work of mercy, as to feed the hungry or clothe the naked. It is a work of far higher excellence, and deserving of a much greater reward, to found a college for the training of priests and religious education of youth than an orphanage or an hospital for the care of the abandoned and the sick. In one the action benefits the body, in the other the soul, and partakes of its dignity and excellence.

Where can we find a field of excellent and meritorious works like that which the League opens to its Associates ? It is a league of zeal, binding its members together, not only for prayer, but *for all other sorts of good works whether of religion or charity, for everything which tends to effectually promote Catholic piety, the glory of God, and the salvation of souls.* Above all it sets the interests of Christ and His Church in the foreground, associating its members with Christ and His apostles, with the episcopate and priesthood, in the most excellent of works, the salvation of souls through the triumph of the Church. Nothing can be more divine or worthy of reward than to work with Christ for the salvation of souls.

Believe me, dear friend, if you want to make a good investment of your spiritual capital, put it in the League ; nay, if you are spiritually destitute and penniless, and desire to cram into the short space that remains to you the merits of a long life, join the League.

FATHER ANDERLEDY.

LEAVING beautiful Florence behind on a bright December morning we commenced the ascent to Fiesole. Our principal object on this day was to pay our respects to the General of a valiant army, the commander of the Society of Jesus.

The sun shone radiantly as the horses climbed slowly the steep ascent to the residence of the Jesuit Fathers. "Excelsior" they may well cry who seek the level of that holy Order.

That the modern village is built on the site of an ancient Etruscan city did not lessen its charm, for grand though the "forests primeval" of our own land may be, there is an interest and romance that captivates the mind and heart about the places which history has marked, where heroes have dwelt, about the paths that generation after generation of weary feet have worn, even about the air that has made the laughter, the song and the sighs which have risen from multitudes of human hearts.

A closed iron gate, behind which a flight of stone steps, cut in the rock, mossgrown and worn by many feet, with cypress trees growing up on either side, led to the door of the holy house. We rang the bell. At the top of the stairway appeared the black familiar form of a lay-brother, and as if by magic the heavy gate slowly swung

upon its hinges, and in a few moments after we were in presence of the Great Commander.

Oh, worldly pride, you have no resting place on the holy heights of Fiesole ! The General approaches, but there is no clatter of spurs and sword, only the gentle rustle of Mary's beads. You see no pomp, no insignia of office, only the humble black cassock of the priest. You feel an awe in the presence of so great a man, but as he holds out his hands to greet, you instinctively utter "Father." How shall I describe him ! Father Anderledy has gone to receive the reward of his noble life, but it is hard to think that the eyes so dark, so brilliant, so far-seeing, shall open no more upon earth, that the brow which shone with intellect and holiness has been clouded by the shade of death, that the strong lips which spoke such kindly words and smiled with so much benevolence are silent for evermore. May the blessing which they breathed upon us follow us through our lives ! May that tender smile greet us again on the shores of the Eternal land !

The memorable half hour which we spent with him on that day left an impress on our minds brighter than the memory of Italy's sun. He spoke in English, a great deal in praise of America. He never once alluded to the exalted position he held, but he dwelt with affectionate remembrance on the years of his missionary life in Michigan. He spoke of Canada, of the Fathers of the Order whom we knew, of our own lives and interests ; and when at last the moment came to take our departure, he accompanied us down the stone steps, and with his own hands opened the iron gate, and then pointed out to us some of the beauties of this wonderful spot.

It is a privilege to remember that it was standing by the side of General Anderledy, listening to his voice, that we took a view of Florence bathed in a haze of vapory

light, like a vision of a golden city. The magnificent cupola of the Duomo was glorified, the graceful spires of the churches were gilded, and the palaces and lovely villas seemed half lost in a luminous dream. The Appenines stretched their purple outlines beyond—and silence, oh the peaceful, reverential silence that reigned up here! The sun was still high, but the sky above our heads was so deep, so vaultless, that it raised the heart to gaze upon it and made one long to seek for heaven beyond that ethereal blue.

No wonder that nature seems hushed and reverent where the voice speaks the word of command: "Go, soldiers of Christ to the depths of darkest Africa and rescue those that perish. Go, regardless of joy or health or hope wherever a soul is in danger, bring back to the fold the sheep that have strayed and are wounded. Teach the little children. Bear opprobrium, injustice, oppression with that heroism which is your distinctive mark." Must not the angels stand silent too and listen with delight, when with one heart and one voice the answer rises from the mighty battalion, passing beyond the holy heights of Fiesole even to the highest heaven—" *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.*"

BELLELLE GUERIN.

ST. FRANCES OF ROME.

IN the lives of the Saints scarcely can a more charming record be found than that of St. Frances of Rome.

As a child the little Frances showed signs of an extraordinary piety, but a piety ever accompanied with a sweet and winning gaiety.

At an early age she ardently desired to embrace a religious life. With the permission of her director, a holy Franciscan, she broached the subject to her father, who at once made answer that the desire was but a childish whim, and that he had already promised her in marriage to a young nobleman, Lorenzo Ponziani. Frances fell on her knees, and assured him that happiness for her was to be found only in the cloister, begging him not to withhold his consent. He declared in no gentle terms that his plighted word should not be broken, and she left his presence telling him that in this she would not obey him.

After praying before the Crucifix she paid a visit to her director and related what had passed. He told her that she must think, not of following her attractions, but of accomplishing the will of God. That although God demanded her heart, she could give it to Him in the married state, to which great graces are attached, and that her greatest sacrifice would be displeasing to God if in it there was the least self-will. "Lay down your wishes," he said, "as an oblation on His altar; give up that highest place which you had justly coveted; take the lower one which He now appoints you, and if you cannot be His spouse, be His loving and faithful servant."

Frances returned home, sought her father, and announced to him her willingness to accept the husband

he had selected for her, begging his forgiveness for her former want of docility. Soon after, she was married to Lorenzo Ponziani, a virtuous and noble man, who deeply loved and ardently appreciated the charming wife bestowed upon him. As the obedience of the cloister could not be hers, Frances determined instead to pay the most unwavering obedience to the slightest wish of her husband.

To please him she wore rich clothing and costly ornaments, and accompanied him to places of worldly amusement, yet under the gay apparel she wore a coarse garment of horse-hair next her skin, and various other instruments of penance, with the permission of her confessor.

Household duties claimed her most exact attention, prayers and care of the sick taking up her spare time ; for after a few years, her husband, with increasing admiration for her virtues, no longer required her to mingle with the vain and frivolous world.

Yet her life was far from painless. Italy was plunged in the horrors of war. Her dearly beloved husband and her eldest son were taken prisoners, and for many years detained in exile. Her two remaining children sickened and died. She was so reduced as to beg in the streets for the poor with whom her mansion was filled, a plague having been engendered of the privations following the war. At this time she was the recipient of an extraordinary favor from Almighty God.

Her little son Evangelista, who had died but a short time previous, appeared, in company with an archangel, assured her of his happiness, and then told her that the angel who accompanied him was her guardian, and that for the rest of her life she should *see* this heavenly spirit constantly at her side. And so it was. Until death the Angel of God was ever beside her, surrounded by a bril-

liant light which dispelled the deepest shades of night. In obedience to her director she described her Guardian Angel :—

“ His stature,” she said, “ is that of a child of about nine years old ; his aspect is full of sweetness and majesty, his eyes generally turned towards heaven : words cannot describe the divine purity of that gaze. His brow is always serene ; his glance kindles in the soul the flame of ardent devotion. When I look upon him, I understand the glory of the angelic nature and the degraded condition of our own. He wears a long, shining robe, and over it a tunic, either as white as the lilies of the field, or of the color of a red rose, or of the hue of the sky in its deepest blue. When he walks by my side, his feet are never soiled by the mud of the streets nor the dust of the road ! ”

Her husband and son were again restored to liberty, and compensation given them for their losses. Shortly after his return Lorenzo told his wife that he would release her from all her obligations to him, and leave her free to follow her devotions, only she must promise never to leave his house, but stay under his roof until his death. She readily promised to remain with him, and nursed him with the utmost tenderness and devotion during the long and painful illness which preceded his death.

On one occasion she retired to her oratory to recite the office of the Blessed Virgin. While thus engaged, her husband sent for her. She immediately arose, went to him, performed the trifling service he asked, and returned. She was scarcely once more at prayer when her presence was again demanded. With the same patience and promptness she again responded to the call. Four times was she summoned for some very trivial duty, and each time the same sweetness and patience displayed itself. On re-commencing the same antiphon for the fourth time,

she found it written in letters of gold, which remained until her death.

With the permission of her confessor and the authorization of Holy Church, she had founded a religious order, called Oblates of Mary. On the death of her husband Our Saint demanded admission among them. They would receive her only as their Superior, which office she would not accept until obliged thereto by her confessor. After a long life spent in the service of her neighbor she left this world uttering these words: "The heavens are open! The angels are descending. The Archangel has finished his task. He stands before me. He beckons me to follow him."

Hers was a holy life, and in many of its details well worthy of imitation. In the first five years of her married life, having very few household cares, her time was given to the poor and sick, and her penances were frequent and severe. But when Almighty God blessed her with children, all works of mercy gave way before her duty to them. Her fasts were less frequent while they required her sustenance, and her care for them came before practices of devotion and works of zeal. The first words she taught them to lisp were Jesus and Mary, and her first attention was to their spiritual welfare. It was one of her sayings that "the mistress of a house must be always ready to interrupt her devotions when the most trifling duty requires it." Another, "that no trial will be too heavy if we suffer with Jesus."

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.**II.****VOYAGE AND DISCOVERY.**

DURING the few days which Columbus passed at the monastery of Santa Maria de la Ribida, he revived his early affection for the Franciscan monks, whose self-sacrificing devotedness in the defence of the Holy Places he had already witnessed. Then he set out for the Spanish capital in the hope of obtaining an audience from the king. Penniless and friendless he waited for weeks at the gate of the royal palace, seeking admission to the presence of Ferdinand and Isabella; and when, at length, the door was opened, the king heard his proposals but with indifference. The queen, however, was profoundly impressed by his noble bearing, but especially by the clear reasoning and convincing arguments with which he supported his statements. At her request the theory and plans of Columbus were examined by a scientific commission, but alas, only to be rejected. Science then as now frequently belied itself, and despite the influence of the learned Dominican Diego de Deza, the theory was declared as unfounded and false.

This decision condemned our future discoverer to years of further delay. The king was engaged in his last struggle with the Moors, and the queen, though she continued to bestow marks of her interest and sympathy, refused to commit herself to the project. Age was creeping upon him and fear began to invade his soul, lest after all the designs of Providence and his destiny should be left unaccomplished. Nevertheless, unbaffled by disappointments and rebuffs, he began to look elsewhere for

help, sending his brother to England to lay his plans before Henry VIII, whilst he prepared to go to the Court of France.

Just at this moment Providence interposed by sending Father Guardian to the Spanish court to plead on his behalf. The queen's resistance yielded to the eloquent appeals for the Genoese sailor. On the 6th of January, 1492, Ferdinand and Isabella, having crushed forever the power of the Moors, took triumphal possession of the Alhambra. Amidst the rejoicings Columbus was not forgotten, for Isabella called him to the palace, took his plan for her own, and at once gave instructions for the execution of his orders. Patience and firmness had wrung at last the proud conditions he demanded. He was to be viceroy of the newly-discovered land, governor-general under the Spanish crown, with power to exact a tax on all imports and exports. Finally, these privileges should descend to his son and remain forever in the family.

The three small vessels "*Santa Maria*," the admiral's future flagship, "*Nina*" and "*Pinta*" were soon ready for sea, and on the night of Aug. 3rd, 1492, Columbus set sail. Juan Perez, the faithful Franciscan priest, from whose hands he had just received the sacraments, stood on the shore to wish him God-speed in his perilous undertaking. Deafening cheers went up from the crowd along the shore as the vessels moved out, and Columbus displayed from the topmast of his ship a flag with the image of the Crucified worked in its ample folds. "It is for the love of Christ," said he. "I wish to extend His reign. Under His banner I hope to increase our knowledge of the world which He created."

The crew was made up of sailors from many lands, Ireland, too, having a representative. They set out in joyful mood, but soon signs of discontent and even of

treachery were manifested. They put in to the Canary Islands for repairs to the "Pinta," which detained them three weeks. Setting sail again, the little ships were soon on the trackless ocean, and now the real difficulties of the voyage began. Fear seized on the crew as their imagination pictured the vast expanse of ocean with eddying currents, and bottomless whirlpools, the home of serpents and sea monsters. As they proceeded on their outward course their hearts sank the more, and they clamored to return. Columbus tried every expedient to quiet their fear and restore their courage. He kept two reckonings,—a true one for his own use, and another lessening the leaguessailed over—and thus concealed their true distance from home. But it was all in vain. Their discontent only grew, and at length broke into open revolt. They threatened to throw the Admiral overboard unless he turned back to Spain. Then it was that all the resources of his patience, firmness and persuasion were needed and brought into play. After waiting so long he felt too confident of success to allow his enterprise to be frustrated by such unworthy motives. He told them they had started for Cathay of the golden coasts, and with the help of God would not return till they had reached their destination. He bade them place their trust in Heaven which would not fail to bless a work undertaken solely for the glory of God. He skillfully turned to account the sea-weed, pieces of timber and sea-fowl they met on their passage as arguments that land was near. So confident was he, that he promised if in three days they did not see land they would tack about and return to Europe.

As they proceeded, the signs of land began to multiply. Birds which were known not to fly far from the shore hovered around the fleet and perched on the ship-masts. On the 11th of October, there was no longer doubt. A

branch bearing fresh berries was picked up by the sailors. Columbus promised a reward to the sailor who would first see land. In the evening he gave orders that the sails should be partly furled lest the coast should be struck during the night. Columbus kept watch, spending the time in prayer and thanksgiving to God for having subdued the rebellious spirit of his men. But what was the joy of all when late at night the Admiral called out that he saw a light! His watch-mate saw it too as it flickered once or twice like a torch or a dying camp-fire. A few hours later before dawn of the 12th, as the clouds lifted, the cry of "land!" "land!" went up from the "Pinta," which always preceded the rest. Amidst the exultation that followed Columbus fell on his knees, and with hands and eyes raised to heaven sang a *Te Deum* in thanksgiving to God for the happy termination of the voyage and the discovery of a new world.

The sailors, now repenting of their injustice to the Admiral, fell prostrate before him on the deck, and begged his pardon for their disobedience and mistrust. Passing from one extreme to the other, they kissed his feet in admiration, and proclaimed him a man inspired of heaven to accomplish a work beyond the reach of mortal endeavor. Columbus rejected the homage, and bade them give all the glory to God who honored him above his deserts in choosing him for so glorious an enterprise.

On Oct. 12th, 1492, the vessels reached the shore. Columbus landed in rich dress, holding in his hand a naked sword. His men followed, and all kneeling down kissed the ground they had desired so long to see, and offered heart-felt thanks to God for having conducted them safely through so many perils. They then erected a cross, and prostrate before it took solemn possession of the new country for the crown of Castille.



THE CRIMINAL.

ANNA T. SADIJER.

I.

HOW gloomy and dismal was that gaol in the brightness of a spring morning. Frowning walls, spike-topped iron bars, through which haggard faces peered out at the sunshine and the budding leaves, looking longingly upon those who seemed full of life and happiness in the warm, soft air.

"The prisoner in yonder cell is incorrigible," said one visitor to another, as they passed through the prison corridor. "A hardened scoffer ; he mocks at the idea of a God, sneers at all goodness, and declares that when the end comes he will die like a dog."

"Can we have speech with him?"

The gaoler smiled grimly when the question was repeated to him.

"You can talk to him if you like, but I expect you won't get much out of him."

When the cell-door was unlocked, there was seen the figure of a man crouching, animal-like, at the window. His face was pressed close against the iron-bars, as though he had a fierce heart-hunger for the world without, lying beautiful under the spring sun. He turned slowly when his visitors spoke, staring at them with sullen ferocity, but no word passed his lips then nor during the interval that followed. But when they had passed out of

the cell, a mocking laugh, horrible in its dissonance, grated upon their ears.

"The worst case we have ever had," said the gaoler.

"And he is condemned?"

"Yes, without any chance of a respite, either."

"For murder?"

The gaoler nodded.

"Has any clergyman visited him?"

"Scores of them."

"And he will not listen?"

"He listens and laughs."

II.

Scarcely a fortnight later, within that self-same cell, sat an old man, humble of aspect, clad in rusty black, a man of God. His hand rested kindly upon the bent head of the prisoner, whose strong frame was shaken by sobs. He had just finished the story of his life,—the old sad tale of neglectful parents, disobedient sons, a piece at a ten-cent show during the progress of which a man had sat beside the growing youth destined to be his ruin; he brought him into the company of loafers, he lent him dime novels and other literature of the sort. The descent was slow. The lad's parents were respectable and, after a fashion, religious. First, sacraments were neglected, then Sunday Mass was abandoned, and religion went altogether. The terrible ending to the life which followed was told by the prisoner in words strangely solemn, unconsciously dramatic.

"Father, it was that man I killed, the one who sat beside me at the show, who introduced me to evil companions and lent me bad books."

"How infinite has been the mercy of God in your behalf," the old man was saying; "it is the realization of that promise of our Divine Lord, that 'sinners shall find

in His Heart the source and the infinite ocean of mercy. For, at first, I slipped into your clothing a medal ; next, I persuaded you to accept a badge of the Sacred Heart ; and finally, that picture."

The priest pointed, as he spoke, to where the spring sunshine lighted up as with a smile the image of the Divine Master, showing His Heart.

"Then you seemed to melt, you spoke a little of your past life, you consented to read a book in which was the story of a great sinner who had done penance. You sent for me of your own accord. The rest has been easy. As your fall was gradual so has God's mercy followed you step by step."

"But only my death can make expiation, Father," cried the prisoner, suddenly raising his head.

"You will meet death bravely, then, my poor boy," said the priest slowly.

"Joyfully, Father, for it will make me hope that my sins are forgiven."

"May I tell you, then ?" said the priest, taking the criminal's hand gently in both his own.

"Whatever you like, Father," said the young man, firmly.

"The pardon—even the respite—has been refused."

There was a moment's silence. Human nature is weak.

"It is best so, Father ; a pardon might be my ruin."

"Brave heart," said the priest, warmly, "generous soul ! How brightly shall that sacrifice shine for eternity ! When your sins are washed away in the Blood of the Lamb, your soul shall wear the marriage garment."

"I have but one regret," said the prisoner, thoughtfully, "my parents are in a very respectable position, and my death must bring shame upon them. But, oh Father, if they had only taught me better."

"God himself has been your teacher in the path of repentance," said the priest; "through much misery he has brought you to true knowledge, through sorrow and ignominy to a happiness which shall be eternal. You have sinned deeply, indeed, but you have found the ocean of mercy which the Heart of Jesus offers to sinners."

A smile lighted up the sin-stained face.

"Even for such as I, that mercy," he said, softly.

"Though thy sins are as scarlet," answered the priest, solemnly.

Hushed and still was the air without, save where distant voices came faintly through the grated window.

"How far off seems the world of sin and wretchedness," said the prisoner, "and yet this is but a gaol."

"The soul is free," said the priest, "no prison-bars can hinder its flight to the highest. And now, my son, I am going; do not forget your little prayer, 'Sweet Heart of Jesus, I implore that I may ever love Thee more and more.' Say it often during the day, and when you wake at night add to it, 'Sweet Heart of Mary, be my salvation.' You have need of that good Mother's help." With a kind good-bye the priest went away, his bent, old figure robed in rusty black, winning reverence from all whom he encountered. His presence was as a benediction in that abode of lost hopes and lost innocence. How the spiritual rises above the material! A prison may be the abiding place of peace and hope, and faith and heroism. And that old man, so insignificant in worldly eyes, was sublime in his self-command, his self-forgetfulness, his holiness!

III.

"He was a plucky one," said the gaoler, discoursing of a recent execution to the two gentlemen who, a month previously, had visited the gaol; "and its victim smiled as

if he was going to a merry-making, gentle as a lamb. You've seen him for yourselves, before that priest got hold of him, the worst case we ever had in here, fierce as a tiger, sulky as a bear, using the worst language, giving all the trouble he could. But, afterwards, he got to be cheerful and obliging, encouraging all the others that he came across, begging pardon of us—fact, I assure you, he did that—for the bad example he had given us, and praying all his spare time.”

“He died a beautiful death,” said the priest, who came up at that moment, and to whom the two visitors now addressed themselves. “The poor fellow had been led astray by bad theatres, bad company and bad books, but he was a sincere penitent, saintly in his fervor, touching in his humility, heroic in his courage. On his way to the scaffold he repeated over and over again that promise of the Divine Heart in relation to sinners, and his last earthly act was to show me his medal and badge. There was a smile upon his face just then, and I knew that he was renewing the cheerful offering of his life, which he did so often during the last dark days.”

So the spring sunshine can shine brightly sometimes upon the frowning walls of a gaol, and even upon a grave in a prison yard wherein a criminal has been interred. And as the priest passes from cell to cell, he tells the story of him who lies there, and who, burdened with many sins, found in the Sacred Heart “a source and ocean of infinite mercy.”



MADAME D'YOUVILLE.

II.

The seven years during which the war had lasted had been marked by incidents so varied, by calamities so terrible, that the people of Villemarie were reduced almost to despair. After the English conquest, the fortunes of Madame d'Youville and her community seemed at their lowest ebb. Famine stared them in the face, provisions were high, revenues diminished. The greater proportion of wealthy or influential families amongst the French had returned to France. For a time, it was even uncertain whether or not religious communities would be suffered to exist under the new laws. Help there was none from without, while demands from within the hospital were ever on the increase. Numerous cases are recorded during these dark days which followed the capitulation of Montreal, wherein by Divine interposition, through the prayers of our saintly heroine, miracles were wrought. Provisions and money were multiplied, empty coffers were filled. Madame d'Youville's absolute confidence in God was constantly being rewarded by striking manifestations in her behalf of God's mercy.

Yet her faith was forever being put to the severest of tests. On the 18th May, 1765, the hospital was reduced to ashes. Madame d'Youville found herself houseless,

and surrounded by one hundred and eighteen destitute, dependent upon her for food and shelter. The first words which passed her lips were those of the holy man, Job, "The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." But with a sublime courage and trust, which showed itself in a joyous serenity, she went further. She called upon her sisters and upon all who surrounded her to join in the *Te Deum*, in thanksgiving "for the new Cross granted them." Beautiful and impressive scene! That group, wherein almost every form of human misery was represented, inspired by the heroism of that one saintly heart, knelt to give thanks for the blow that had suddenly deprived them of everything. Rising from her knees, Madame d'Youville gave utterance to that prophecy, which has been fulfilled down to our own day, that the house, meaning the institute, "should never be burned again." This prediction has relieved many from moments of cruel anxiety in the houses of the order when fires have occurred in their near neighborhood.

For the time being, Madame d'Youville, her community, and the unfortunates under their protection found shelter at the *Hotel Dieu*, until their own country houses could be made ready to receive them. The fire occurred on the 18th May. On the 19th June the work of rebuilding had been begun. By Christmas all were lodged in the new hospital.

Madame d'Youville was struck with paralysis on the 9th December, 1771, when in her seventieth year. She died on the 23rd of the same month, after having given the holiest example of faith, courage and patience. Upon the day of her death, though apparently better than usual, she told her niece, who sat beside her, and who spoke of watching with her during the night, "Oh, to-

night I shall not be here." Nor was she. She passed away quietly and peacefully about half-past eight in the evening, just as the community had finished the evening prayer. This prediction, with many well-attested prodigies which attended her death and the time intervening until her funeral, confirmed the impression produced by her holy life. The popular judgment proclaimed her a saint, though more than two hundred years were to elapse before the Church bestowed upon her the title of Venerable. At the present time, preliminary steps have been taken towards her canonization. The report of the ecclesiastical trial held in Montreal has been forwarded to Rome.

Yet there are no ecstasies recorded in her life. She toiled not upon those mystic heights, whereon some favored servants of God dwelt as upon a mountain top. Her labors were in the valleys of earth, amongst the poor, the suffering, the afflicted. Her charity so universal and all-embracing led her to seek out those forms of misery most repulsive to human nature, and to lavish upon them the tenderest devotion. Her love of the poor was heroic. In it her sanctity found its highest expression.


To a rare beauty of person Madame d'Youville united uncommon qualities of mind and heart. Her judgment of unusual excellence, her prudence of the highest order, she, nevertheless, through obedience and humility, was always ready to accept direction. Her heart, warm and generous, was keenly sensible to the sorrows of others, her sweetness of disposition was tempered by firmness, her natural gayety in no wise lessened a becoming gravity, her cheerfulness was no bar to the dignity with which the sense of her high calling inspired her. Her simplicity and her deep and earnest humility she had learned by that science of the saints, which makes them all so different and yet so similar. Her courage

and energy were undeterred by obstacles, by danger, by privation, by the prospect of death itself. Her industry was indefatigable. Her tact in winning the hearts and souls of those with whom she came in contact, her genius for administration, and her ingenuity in devising resources, were all no doubt the outcome of that spirit of prayer for which she was so remarkable. She prayed in the calm and in the storm, in the sunshine and in the gloom, in hours of toil and in moments of rest. She had a true love of poverty, with which she imbued her sisters, and the minutest details of which she practised in her own life. She exhorted all to a perfect union of hearts in the community life, and was herself the exemplar of this charity. Her piety was solid and sincere, as it was simple and unostentatious.

Besides her devotion to the Eternal Father in this providential character, which she so deeply impressed upon her sisters, she caused all festivals of the Cross to be celebrated with solemnity, a practice still kept up in the house of her Congregation. She had an ardent love for Our Lady,—as what saint had not—and a filial devotion towards St. Joseph. Her fervor towards the Blessed Sacrament made her enjoin frequent Communion on her community. Madame d'Youville was, moreover, a Promoter of the Sacred Heart. This devotion was just becoming known in Canada; our heroine, with the true instinct of a saint, seized upon it. She had a chapel consecrated to the Sacred Heart in the community church, and a confraternity established in its honor. She caused an Image of the Divine Heart to be placed upon the great Cross. Surely this is not among the least of her claims to be what a biographer has called her: "The valiant woman of Canada."

A. T. S.

DEVOTION AND LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

MONG the many beautiful paragraphs contained in the Lenten Pastoral of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, not the least beautiful is that which treats of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

“This is a beautiful, solid and fruitful devotion, is worthy of all commendation to our people, and is eminently suited to meet the spiritual wants of our time.” The dogmatic aspect of the Devotion sets before us the Sacred Heart as the object of our adoration and love, being a part of the sacred body of the Saviour hypostatically united to the Second Person of the most Blessed Trinity, consequently this devotion is the same in substance as that which is paid to the adorable Person of Jesus Christ, whose Sacred Heart was the seat and centre of His ineffable love for us.

It is the object of special devotion and love because we are sometimes more powerfully moved by the contemplation of one part than of another. In the language of mankind the heart is said to be the seat of the affections. The soul operates principally on the heart, and hence we ascribe to the heart the various affections and emotions of the soul. Devotion to the Sacred Heart therefore specially fixes our attention on the love of Jesus Christ and other affections springing from it, and causes us to love His love, also to make reparation to our Lord for the cold neglect and ingratitude with which He is treated in the Blessed Sacrament.

“The reasons for special devotion to the Sacred Heart and its adaptation to our times are set forth in the following moving sentences :—

"When our Blessed Lord came in the incarnation, He found the world steeped in corruption and enveloped in the thick night of paganism ; it was a huge, lifeless carcass, with the coldness and pallor of spiritual death upon it. Everything therein was worshipped save the true God, and He was an outlaw in His own creation. Our Divine Redeemer came, enkindled in far distant Galilee the fire of divine love, and behold, this fire flamed out and spread from east to west, until it embraced the world in its divine flames ; until it purged and purified the earth, and made it a new creation ; in the words of Holy Writ, 'Renewed the face of the earth.' When the Sacred Heart began to beat and palpitate in the world, the idols fell shattered from their pedestals, the oracles became dumb, the multifarious errors of paganism disappeared like a wrack of stormy clouds before the rising sun, and regenerate man rose from the grave of spiritual death, and his heart was changed and warmed into a new life : 'Was not our heart burning within us whilst He spake in the way ?' (Luke xxiv : 32. The patrician and plebeian, the noble lady and lowly handmaid, the soldier and civilian, men and women of every state and social grade, leave all for the love of Christ because Christ first loved them and died for their salvation. 'The charity of Christ constrains us,' says St. Paul, 'judging this, that if one died for all, then all were dead ; and Christ died for all, that they also who live may not live to themselves, but unto Him who died for them and rose again.' (Cor. II v. : 14 and 15).

"But alas ! the fervor and the love of God that distinguished the early Christians have disappeared ; the charity of some has grown cold ; tepidity and laxity flourish like rank noxious weeds, even in the Lord's vineyard ; indifferentism has fallen like a blight upon the modern world, and, Sirocco-like, has dried up the very

springs of piety and virtue; the sacred truths of religion are questioned and assailed, Christian traditions are fast disappearing, and doubt and infidelity, like a wasting plague, are spreading their ravages far and near; the thirst for gold, the idolatry of materialism, the vain effort to make a heaven of earth, the ignoring of an eternal world beyond the grave: those are the deplorable characteristics of the days upon which we have fallen. Who shall heal this wicked and adulterous generation? '*Quis medebitur ejus?*'

"For the remedy of these great evils our help and our hope lie in that wounded Heart, whence salvation first streamed down with its own precious blood on mankind. It is our sheet anchor of hope in these unhappy times. When St. Gertrude was favored with a vision of St. John the Evangelist, and asked him why he had not revealed all the beatings of the Heart of our Lord, since he had felt them all himself when leaning on His bosom, he replied *that the full persuasive sweetness of the beatings of that Heart was reserved to be revealed at a later time, when the world should have grown old and sunk in tepidity, that it might be thus rekindled and reawakened to the love of God!*

"Oh, we must then turn to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and implore it to cast its divine fire of love on the frozen earth once more, so that the winter of our desolation may pass away, and the springtime of holy hope and fervor may come back again; we must implore it to breathe the breath of life into the numberless souls that, Lazarus-like, lie asleep in the grave of sin, that they may arise to a life of grace and virtue; we must beseech it to banish from the children of the Church all spiritual sloth and unconcern in God's holy service, and in the all-important work of their salvation to inflame their hearts with divine love, to enliven their faith, to strengthen their hope, and to inflame their charity.

“In order to propagate and perpetuate this great and beautiful devotion amongst the faithful, we earnestly exhort the reverend clergy to establish in their respective missions the ‘League of the Sacred Heart.’ This holy league of souls, banded together to promote the love of Jesus and the sanctification of souls, cannot fail to be an abundant source of God’s choicest gifts to each parish.”

A CHILD’S ACT OF CONTRITION.

O my Jesus ! I am sorry !
I have sinned and caused you pain ;
Take me back, dear Lord, and hide me
In your Sacred Heart again.

For, once more, I think I see you
In the lowly manger lie ;
And again, with tears of sorrow,
On the cross I see you die .

And not hell, with all its terrors,
Not the loss of heaven above,
Seems a thought one-half so awful
As to wound my Saviour’s love.

O my God ! my God ! forgive me ;
To your love your child restore ;
Give me grace, and let me never
Grieve my loving Saviour more.

J. M. M.



THE LEAGUE ABROAD.

France.

The band of atheistic adventurers, who have for some time held in their hands the government of the French Republic, could not witness without alarm the enthusiasm which the Pope's late utterances and his regard for the workingmen were rousing amongst the people. They felt as well as the Pope that the destiny of France, at least in the immediate future, lies with the laboring population. They enacted the most tyrannical measures to withdraw the education of French children from the influence of the Church, to bring them up in hate of God and religion. Thus only could the reign of atheism be perpetuated. Their next stroke of policy was to force a conflict with the episcopate and clergy as a pretext for a rupture between the Church and State.

In France the union of Church and State is sanctioned by law for the mutual advantage of each. Whilst it secures the support of the clergy on the one side, it conciliates unto the State on the other the influence of the Church on the great majority of the French people. The Pope has used his utmost endeavor to prevent a rupture and to retain hold of the sympathies of the people. As the republic is the only form of government acceptable at present to the nation at large, he has not hesitated to proclaim himself its friend, taking care to stigmatize the abuses of power which mark the present administration.

These abuses can be corrected and good legislation obtained by a proper use of the ballot. What is required of all French Catholics at the moment is union in loyalty to the Republic and concerted action to send to the Chambers only representatives who will legislate for the common good of Church and country.

The Holy Father has met with no slight difficulties in making his policy accepted. The large proportion of best French Catholics, including the majority of the episcopate and clergy, indignant at the treatment they had received from the Republic, gave all their sympathies to the Monarchy and hoped for its restoration. Hence a deep division between the monarchists and the majority of the French people, completely paralyzing the influence of the Church and rendering it an object of distrust if not of hate to the people. The enemies of religion wished for nothing better, and to widen the breach introduced hostile legislation. The Pope's latest utterances have tended to heal divisions and unite all ranks of Frenchmen.

Already they have helped to gain a signal victory in bringing about the overthrow of the ministry in the endeavor to pass an impious law to place all religious associations under the immediate control of the State.

Madura.

God in His fatherly Providence over His Church recompenses her for the losses she sustains in one part of the world by marvellous gains in another. Thus in the sixteenth century, whole kingdoms in India and Japan, the harvests of St. Francis Xavier's zeal, consoled her for the nations that were severed from her unity by the preaching of the Reformers.

To-day something similar is going on in that part of India called Hindoostan. It is only a marvellous

downpour of grace that can explain the abundant fruits of conversion described by the missionaries of those distant lands. Like St. Francis Xavier himself, they pass the day administering baptism. Not only individuals and families, but whole villages and nations, including the Brahmins, are asking for baptism. The missionaries have scarcely time to take a meal. The movement must shortly bring about the total destruction of Protestantism. Their three principal schools have been closed, and their college, which was fed by the former, must soon follow the example.

Another missionary writes : " Already sixty pagan families have become catechumens. Thirty-five have been waiting a whole year for baptism, and are in the best dispositions." Another writes : " We have ten thousand catechumens in the neighborhood of Tuticorin. We are in immediate need of twelve chapels. I was reading my letter when I received a call to baptize twenty families of another village. All these pagans learned their prayers alone. They remained up late at night to finish their lesson, and now at eleven o'clock they are all fasting."

LEAGUE AT HOME.

Lindsay, Ont.

The branch of the League of the Sacred Heart established in our parish is doing a great deal of good, and promises much for the future. Our very interesting and instructive *Messenger* is read with pleasure, and the many lessons drawn from its pages must effectually promote the beautiful devotion of the Sacred Heart.

PROMOTER.

St. Patrick's, Quebec.

Since the ceremony of reception of Promoters the Holy League has made good progress. Twenty new Promoters have been added to the roll of our workers, bringing the number of Rosary circles up to 180. Our General Communion are growing larger. To see the number of men who take part is most edifying as well as encouraging.

The Fathers of St. Patrick's give us every possible help. The Rev. Father Provincial, on occasion of his late visit, solemnly inaugurated the first Friday devotions and evening Benediction which we hope to see draw large crowds.

Besides the distinctively religious exercises of the League we have added one of a social character which cannot fail to make the work more and more popular, particularly amongst that numerous class who find religious meetings and celebrations somewhat dry unless they are accompanied with a little social amusement. Our first League Social in the form of an Afternoon Tea, with music and recitation accompaniments, was merely an improvised affair, and intended as a feeler how the innovation would work. Such was the success that we are seriously thinking of organizing the League Social on a permanent basis, to make of it in fact an institution.

The St. Patrick's festival this year is to consist of a League celebration. There will be a General Communion of men in the morning.

SECRETARY.

Cornwall, Ont.

Our League devotions continue to be held with the utmost regularity. The meetings and General Communion are announced. The intentions are read at the first Friday Benediction, and a large number profit by the oppor-

tunities afforded them. Our principal Promoters are working with zeal, showing how well they deserved their cross and diploma. Though very few remain unenrolled, yet we hope in the month of March, under the patronage of St. Joseph, to add to the number of our Associates.

SECRETARY.

Toronto, St. Francis Girls' School.

JUVENILE LEAGUE APOSTLESHIP OF STUDY.

The Rev. Local Director of this parish has just inaugurated a branch of the Juvenile League Apostleship of Study in St. Francis Girls' School, under the zealous care of the Sisters of St. Joseph. The children embraced the easy obligations with eagerness. It is hoped that in St. Joseph's own month all will be in perfect working order.

The Holy League in Toronto is counting its new Associates by thousands, specially of young men, since Father Francis Ryan has set himself to the noble work and begun to enroll and organize.

Canadian Messenger for 1891 and the Catholic Press.

MONTREAL TRUE WITNESS.

"The bound *Messengers* for 1891 make a charming volume, replete with interest and instruction. It ought to find a way into every Catholic family."

CATHOLIC RECORD.

"A bright and instructive volume edited with the utmost care. The publication must work an incalculable good among our Catholic people."

AVE MARIA.

"The contents are diversified and delectable. Everywhere there is evidence of care in editing. It is a pleasure to commend this volume."

From Various Centres.

HAMILTON.—The most consoling fruits continue to be derived from our Cathedral League Centre.

BRANTFORD.—Since the reception of Promoters the good work has been steadily growing, three fresh circles having been added. There is a constant demand for more *Messengers*. The number of Associates, including Juveniles, now reaches 960.

OTTAWA, ST. JOSEPH'S.—The prayers of the League of the Sacred Heart are earnestly asked in behalf of a young man who has not been at his duty for some years, and whose faith, it is to be feared, is not a little clouded. Generous offerings are promised the Sacred Heart should the favor be granted.

IN THANKSGIVING.

KINGSTON.—Having recommended to the Holy League a request that I might obtain employment, two days later I received word to go to work, and I wish now publicly to thank the Sacred Heart.

OTTAWA.—Being out of employment, in October last, I made a Novena to the Sacred Heart, and before it was finished I got employment.

ST. THOMAS.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the satisfactory settlement of a vexatious law suit. The preliminary steps had been taken, and the day of hearing appointed. A Novena to the Sacred Heart was begun, and a favorable adjustment of the difficulty followed.

ST. CATHARINES.—In accordance with a promise, I wish through your pages to return thanks to the Sacred

Heart of Jesus for a very great favor, also for the recovery of a fond parent whose cure was doubtful.

In fulfilment of my promise I write to record two favors received from the Sacred Heart of Jesus. I feel I cannot be thankful enough to the Sacred Heart.

OAKVILLE.—An active Promoter gives thanks for a temporal favor received.

TORONTO, LORETTO ABBEY.—For increase of piety in a school.

CHAPLEAU.—Many thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a number of favors gained by promising to procure their acknowledgment through the *Messenger*.

ST. CATHARINES.—In fulfilment of a promise I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a very great favor received through the intercession of the Heart of Mary; also for two temporal favors.

WARNING.

Associates are hereby warned that the devotion of the Crosier beads is in nowise associated with our English-speaking Head or Central Directorship of the League of the Sacred Heart. It is the French Canadian Central Director who has assumed responsibility in this regard, and all correspondence on the subject is to be addressed directly to *Rev. J. B. Nolin, S.J., Bureaux du Sacré Cœur, Gêsu, Montreal.*

We also warn our Associates and readers, that besides the usual recommendations to the Prayers of the League, which are *gratis*, no obligations for Masses or prayers are accepted in connection with our Head or Central Directorship.

PROMOTERS' PAGE.

Promoters above all need to keep it ever fresh in mind that the Apostleship is a league of zeal. This note distinguishes it from all other societies and associations, and it chiefly devolves on Promoters to keep it alive, bright and clearly visible to all. It demands of them not only that they perform with exactness their monthly routine of duties towards their circle of Associates, but also that they manifest a warm interest in all that tends to the welfare of religion and the triumph of the Church in their respective circles and centres.

A good work that commends itself to their zeal at the present time is the bringing in of the indifferent and negligent to their Easter-duty. There are many such whom a word of invitation or the exacting of a promise would effectually lead to the fulfillment of duty. Promoters ought to look through the circle of their relatives and acquaintances, and ask themselves if there is not some soul among them whose eternal interests they might thus help forward.

In those days of engrossing selfishness it is not many that can be relied on to spare a little of their thought their enthusiasm and their trouble for the eternal interests of souls. So sublime and excellent are these interests that they escape the view of the vulgar crowd travelling on with head and heart bent down to earth, or looking right and left in search of the advantages and consolations of time. And yet, thanks to God, in every grouping there are minds and characters of nobler mould, that are not incapable of unselfish aims, that can rise above the petty interests of the hour, and sacrifice themselves for the spiritual welfare of their neighbor.



THE RESURRECTION.

H*IS sepulchre shall be glorious* had sung Isaias, and the lifeless but divine body of the Saviour had not long been laid in the fresh hewn rock when glory was shed around it. His blessed soul returning from Limbo mid the praises of the redeemed entered once more its mangled and disfigured habitation, and lo! all is changed! Where there was stillness, bruises and dereliction, now there is almighty power, bliss and majesty. *According to the multitude of my sorrows in my heart, thy comforts have given joy to my soul.* Now the floodgates of the Godhead, which not even in death had departed from soul or body, are opened, and that Sacred Humanity living once more is-bathed in the overwhelming glory of the divine perfections. The mortal hath put on immortality and death is swallowed up in victory. No eye of earth could gaze on that vision; but a reflected ray was caught by the angel, and forthwith his countenance became as lightning and his raiment as snow, and the guards, at the sight of him, were struck with terror and became as dead men. Before the great mystery, though accomplished on earth, let us adore in silence and admiration, or

if we give expression to our joy, let it be in the words of Mother Church : *We give Thee thanks for Thy great glory.*

Nay, we too have our share in the glory of this day. *It is the day which the Lord hath made, let us rejoice and be glad therein* for our own sake. It is for evermore the Lord's day which He hath made for us in place of the Jewish Sabbath. The empty elements and symbols of the Old Law are abolished for the full life of truth and grace in the New. Our Life is risen from the sepulchre. He rose to-day the first-born of the dead among many brethren, that where He is we also may be. To each of us in Him *the Lord hath said, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee.*

Not only so, but as *He died for our sins so He rose for our justification*, to be the exemplar and pattern of our resurrection from sin and of that risen life of grace which is the special fruit of the Paschal sacraments. After the penance of Lent and the partaking of the Redemption, we awake on Easter morning the risen life of grace within us. Happy we if it bears the characters of the Saviour's ; if it is *true* and not apparent ; if it is *glorious*, that as Christ is risen from the dead by the glory of the Father, so we also may walk in *newness of life* ; if it is persevering and undying, knowing that Christ rising again from the dead *dieth now no more*. Mother Church bids us to rejoice and be glad, and to prolong our gladness for forty days, that the joy of the Resurrection be to us a source of holiness not less than the fast of the Lenten season.



GROWTH OF PIETY IN THE YOUNG THROUGH THE SACRAMENTS.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MAY.

*Named by the Cardinal Protector and blessed by the Pope
for all the Associates.*

IT cannot be doubted that the enemy which the Church of Christ has to meet at the present day is not so much Pilate and the soldiery crucifying her spouse, as Herod and his satellites seeking the life of the child. There are indeed countries in which the faith is openly persecuted unto the shedding of martyr's blood, but a world-wide battle is raging against her for the possession of the child. Education is the great question of the day. It is absorbing the deepest thought of kings and statesmen, of parliaments and churches. The powers of darkness in high places are straining their utmost to capture the young and strangle in their souls the supernatural life of faith and Baptism. The universal tendency is to withdraw the child from the parent, who is answerable before the tribunal of God for its eternal as well as temporal welfare, to hand it over to an irresponsible State quite indifferent if not openly hostile to its reli-

gious interests, and, Herod-like, jealous of all Church influence and interference.

It is not enough that the child be protected from attacks on its faith, from infidel or heretical books, teachers and companions, but as the Holy Father teaches in his beautiful Encyclical on the Christian Life, the springtime of its life must be sown with plenteous seeds of such truth and virtue as will grow up and ripen into its one immortal and supernatural destiny. No State education can reach this end. The life of the child may be taken by a starving as well as a strangling process. There is not a civilized country to-day but has its system of education sanctioned by law, and there is scarcely one which does not in practical working, if not in principle, hamper the parent and the priest in the most important work of the Christian education of youth. Thus the love of the Sacred Heart is defeated, and the work for which the Saviour of mankind gave His life and His blood is thwarted if not frustrated.

State education, however, is not the only danger lurking in the path of the young. There are besides, examples, associations, art and literature, amusements and all the corrupting influences of a civilization gravitating more and more to pagan ideals.

Yet the Saviour who said for all times: *Suffer little children to come unto me*, has provided for them a safeguard against every snare. Even as His own young life was preserved by the angel's whisper to Joseph in his sleep, even as the youth of the first centuries of Christianity, exposed as they were to the frightful corruption of

ancient paganism, found in the Church a safeguard and a remedy, even so the young of the nineteenth century can abide in her protection and eat the fruit of a tree of life which will preserve the bloom of their spiritual youth ever fresh and renewed like the eagle's.

We read in *Fabiola*—that beautiful story of the illustrious Wiseman, which alone would make good his title to live in the memory of the Church—how the Christian youths of the second and third centuries were brought up not only strong in resisting the temptations to evil that surrounded them, but also brave and courageous in seeking and bearing away the martyr's crown. They wasted every morning to Heaven their petition : *Give us this day our daily bread*, and more than that, they really partook of the daily bread which the Heavenly Father has provided for all His children in the Eucharistic banquet, and which the parents of their souls took care to distribute to them each morning before the bread of the body. No wonder after eating this bread of the strong those youths and tender maidens should rise from the banquet like lions, breathing fire and terrible to the demons ; that on the way to school they should throw away parchments and tablets, and run before the tribunals of the tyrant judges to confess the faith of Jesus, and lay their youthful necks on the block and under the axe of the executioner !

The bread which they partook of, the tree of life within, strengthened them with heavenly fortitude against every assault, and conferred upon them the glory of a perpetual youth, such as made the inspired Seer exclaim with ad-

miration : O how beautiful is the chaste generation with glory : for the memory thereof is immortal : because it is known both with God and with men.

Modern civilization with its boasted material progress is lapsing back into paganism, and Jesus reaches forth His arm once more to draw the child and the youth closer to His Heart. The icy tracks of the heresy of Jansenius, which strove specially to keep away the young from the banquet of the Saviour's love, are fast melting before the flame of devotion enkindled by the manifestation of the Sacred Heart. The fountains of supernatural life—the confessional and the Eucharist—are daily becoming easier of approach and more frequented.

Would that all true friends of youth, who have their real welfare at heart, parents, teachers, pastors, confessors, were practically convinced of the supreme efficacy of the Sacraments both for the education of the child that has reached the use of reason and for the manly growth of the youth at the critical age when passions are beginning to stir within and occasions to multiply without, and the will has need of a divine energy that can come only from the bread of the strong ! The more abundant the inflow of sacramental life, the easier shall it be for the young heart to triumph over its foes and change their attacks into victories.

True, for a fruitful communion, besides not being conscious of mortal sin, it is required to have the goodwill and sincere desire to use the given grace. Yet these conditions are more perfect or more easily acquired in youth

than in an older age. The sweet Providence of God has disposed that the bread of the soul, like that of the body, is eaten by the young with greater appetite, with more sensible effects and richer nourishment. Innocence still abides or is easily regained ; the truths of faith make deep impression ; enduring habits of practice are more easily formed ; conscience is tender, and faults are the effects of waywardness of temper rather than of malice or a depraved heart.

What a recompense will priest and parents reap for the trouble it costs to awake the desire and form the habit of frequent communion ! The trouble can bear no comparison with the good resulting, since it is Jesus himself who by His sacramental grace *ex opere operato* unfailingly works in the heart. How easy for a Christian mother by her gentle words and example to draw her child to frequent communion, how much more so when the influence of her example is strengthened by that of the father ! Their children will grow up, preserved to them, to be their joy and solace, because they have taken care by frequent communion to place them in the Saviour's bosom, close to the Heart of Him who said for all times and perils : *Suffer little children to come unto me, forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.*

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee the prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart,

I offer them in particular for all who, in these perilous times, are charged with the Christian training of the young, that they may induce them to receive frequently and piously Thy Holy Sacrament. Amen.

A MAY-DAY SONG.

THE south wind softly whispers
 Murmurs of musical mirth,
 Chasing the long, long winter,
 And waking the sleeping earth.
 Herald of dawning summer,
 A message of hope it brings,
 Speeding o'er field and forest,
 With the sunshine on its wings.

'Tis Nature's great Alleluia,—
 A blithe and joyous refrain,
 As, glorious and triumphant,
 She rises to life again ;—
 And while the world re-echoes
 Sweet Spring's harmonious lays,
 Our grateful hearts are singing
 Another glad hymn of praise.

Immaculate Queen of Heaven !
 We welcome the happy day
 Which calls us round thy altar
 To open the month of May.
 The angel's salutation
 Our lips from our hearts repeat,
 The while we lay our homage
 With reverence at thy feet.

Accept our deep devotion
The tribute of heartfelt love,
And send us this fair May-day
Blessings like dew from above.
Again glad Easter anthems
Vibrate on the morning air,
Thy joy, O Queen of Heaven,
Let thy faithful childreu share.

Our Lord is truly risen,
Help us, Mother, too, to rise
And lightly tread the pathway
Which reaches beyond the skies,
Till we win a place in Heaven,
And sing 'mid God's angels fair
A May-day song unending,
For 'tis Spring eternal there.

AGNES.


THE MUSIC OF THE LITTLE BIRDS.

One day in the springtime the Curé of Ars was going to see a sick person. The bushes were full of little birds that were singing with all their might. The good priest stood for a moment to listen to them, and then said, with a sigh : " Poor little birds, you were created to sing, and you sing. Man was created to love God and he does not love Him." O my child, love God with your whole heart.

INTERCESSORY PRAYER.

3RD ADVANTAGE OF THE HOLY LEAGUE.

I

“OW, Father, can our good works, poured every morning like so much gold into the great treasury of the League, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, obtain for ourselves growth in divine friendship and increase of merit? Are they not offered in an apostolic spirit for the intentions of the Sacred Heart, for the glory of God and the salvation of souls? Is not the League an *Apostleship* of prayer?”

Most certainly ; but you seem, dear Associate, not to be aware that our prayers, actions and sufferings, especially when united to the Sacred Heart, besides increasing our love for God and adding to our reward in heaven, have another great power—in one sense the greatest of all, because it is equal to the omnipotent power of God, namely, that of obtaining or impetrating all good things, temporal and eternal, both for ourselves and for others. It is this pleading power that we may throw into all our actions and our whole life which makes them an apostleship of prayer.

This power of intercession, far from impeding the growth of divine charity or absorbing the personal merit of our actions, adds to them immensely. We never grow faster in the love of God and build more rapidly our mansion in heaven than when we offer our prayers.

actions and sufferings in union with the Sacred Heart, in an apostolic spirit, for the salvation of our neighbor—his conversion, perseverance, spiritual and temporal wants, for all the intentions of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. We thereby add to their other merits that of a special exercise of the highest of all virtues, charity and zeal for souls.

“But how can you say that the intercessory power of prayers and actions is equal to the *omnipotent power* of God? Is not this one of your pious exaggerations?”

If there is any exaggeration it is not mine, but the Saviour's own, who tells us: *All things whatsoever you ask when ye pray, believe that you shall receive: and they shall come unto you.* Not only so, but all things can be obtained by *all*, for *every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened.* God can do all things by His omnipotent will. He can move a world as easily as a grain of sand. He can change obstacles into helps; and he chooses rather little things as the instruments of His greatest designs. All that God can do by His omnipotent power the Christian can do by prayer. Though the divine omnipotence is without limit, yet it is not without rule. There can be no conflict between it and the Divine Wisdom. The omnipotent power of prayer must follow the same rule as the divine omnipotence, since it is the latter borrowed.

Now, the rule according to which the Divine Will essentially acts is the glory of God and the felicity of His rational creatures. God will do nothing in answer to

prayer which will not be for His glory and the true happiness of him who prays. Otherwise He would be, instead of the good Father giving good gifts to His children, [the mocking and cruel parent, who when his child asked him for bread reached a stone, and for a fish gave him a serpent. Thus we, blind and perverse children, ask for stones—the riches and honors of the world that will prove obstacles in our path to eternal bliss; or serpents—the pleasures of life that will poison the soul with their venomous sting. Our heavenly Father is too good to grant our prayer without correcting it. He gives a true loaf—patience in tribulation which, like gold tried in the fire, will purchase true and endless felicity, a real fish—His grace that will strengthen and nourish our souls.

We pray according to the rule of divine wisdom and omnipotence when we ask for actual helps to preserve and increase sanctifying grace, to overcome temptations, to persevere unto the end, when we ask for temporal favors in so far forth as they will be helps and not obstacles to our eternal happiness, when we ask the grace of conversion for others, either to the faith or to a better life. No prayer of this kind can be rejected by God, for it is the loaf and fish that the heavenly Father cannot withhold from His children. Our prayer, however, must be a real prayer lest we should “ask amiss,” as St. James says.

The second rule which the divine omnipotence follows is to act with creatures according to the nature which it gave them. If they are gifted with reason and free will it does not force them, but it requires their free consent

and co-operation. It will require of them to use their efforts to do what they can, and it will do what they cannot. Hence our prayer, to be omnipotent, must be an earnest prayer springing from a real *desire* to obtain something from God. It must be a prayer of *faith* in the infallible word of Him who said : *All things whatsoever you ask when ye pray, believe that you shall receive and they shall come unto you.* Heaven and earth may pass, but that word of Truth shall never pass away. Our prayer must be *persevering*. Our earnestness and efforts must be tested, and thus called forth the more and developed till the measure of co-operation required by God is filled. We must ask until we receive ; we must seek until we find ; we must knock until the door is opened, as opened it infallibly shall be.

Prayers thus offered for ourselves are infallible in their effect. Not so intercessory prayer for others, since it is in their power to reject the proffered grace which we obtain for them or to withhold co-operation. Nevertheless we must rely on the goodness and mercy of God to give them such graces as will carry the victory. In this manner whatever we ask for ourselves we may hope to obtain for our neighbor, and we should pray without ceasing and with all confidence and perseverance according to the example of the saints.

This pleading and intercessory power of our prayers, and actions, especially when united to the Sacred Heart, in certain respects far outstrips merit. Only the just in sanctifying grace can merit, but all, even sinners and

infidels, can pray : *every one that asketh receiveth*. The merit of an action is proportioned to the degree of sanctifying grace and fervor, but its pleading power has no other limit than the divine omnipotence reaching *all things whatsoever*. The merit of a prayer or action is strictly personal, and we cannot renounce it in behalf of another, but its whole pleading power we can give away by intercessory prayer for the benefit of our neighbor.

Do not, dear Associate, lose sight of the distinction between the merit of good works and their pleading and intercessory power, nor of the conditions required to render the latter omnipotent.

ST. MONICA—May 4th.

ST. Monica is a type of Christian womanhood, which affords to many a wife and mother a subject for imitation as well as for deep consolation.

To conform to the wishes of her parents, Monica married Patricius, a pagan, much against her natural liking. The union of a Christian maiden with an idolatrous husband, however strange it may appear to us, was not prohibited by the Church in the early centuries, owing to the peculiar circumstances of the times. In those days of Christian fervor, such marriages usually resulted in the conversion of the husband to Christianity. Monica overcame her natural dislike for Patricius in order to gain his soul to God.

A piety less than hers would scarcely have borne all the discomforts and weariness of such an ill-assorted union,

but she bore them in such a way as to merit a place among the Saints.

Her husband, besides having a disagreeable and passionate temper, was a man of dissolute life and failing in the fidelity he owed to his gentle wife. Great, however, as his excesses were she never reproached him, but ever treated him with a sweet and tender affection. She resolved to win him to better ways by a life of perfect conformity to his wishes, wherever her duty to God did not interfere.

Passionate as he was, he never ill treated her, much to the astonishment of many of her young friends who often bore the marks of their pagan husbands' anger on their disfigured visages. "Blame your own tongues for it," she always said to them when they complained to her of injuries received; she herself never reasoned with her husband until his anger was over.

For seventeen years Monica prayed for the conversion of Patricius. She "spoke little, never preached, loved much and prayed always," and at last her patience and perseverance were rewarded, and he received Christian baptism. A few months afterwards he died and she mourned him long and deeply, forgetting his faults and remembering only the loving sympathy which had existed between them since his conversion.

St. Monica had three children: Augustine, the great saint and doctor of the Church; Navigius, who led a pious and exemplary life; and Perpetua who also walked in the footsteps of her saintly mother.

Augustine, however, was for many years the source of deepest sorrow to his mother. The eldest of her little family, talented far above the ordinary level of youths, she saw him plunge into every excess of vice and error. But she never ceased imploring the divine mercy, and after countless prayers and tears for her erring son, she had the

happiness, seventeen years after the death of her husband, of seeing Augustine reconciled to God and commencing that life which was to place him foremost in the army of the saints and the Church's champions. Now Monica's life-work was over, and she was soon called to receive her eternal reward. Oh, you, who sorrow over the errors and excesses of a dearly-loved husband or child, remember that God can refuse nothing to patient, persevering prayer! Pray in silence and perseverance until God rewards you as he rewarded Monica!

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

III.

HOME AGAIN : MORE VOYAGES.

WHILE the ceremonies of the solemn taking possession were going on, a crowd of natives gathered on the shore, hesitating between fear and curiosity to approach. They gazed in silent wonder at actions and persons so strange. The ships especially, which they took for huge swans that had come from the sky and lighted on the water, excited their admiration. Columbus did his utmost to inspire them with confidence; he gave them beads and trinkets and other articles which they valued.

He continued his stay a few months, exploring the islands. He had the misfortune to lose his flagship, the *Santa Maria*, which ran aground, whilst the *Pinta*, with her crew, had forsaken him, to rejoin him again on the return voyage. Everywhere he landed he erected the cross, and taught the natives to reverence it.

Early in January, 1493, he set sail for Europe, where, on account of violent tempests, he did not land till the 14th of March.

On arriving at Palos, Columbus, accompanied by his officers, went in processional march to the Church to thank God once more for His signal protection in so many perils. A few days were then spent at the Monastery of Rabida, where he fixed on his map of the globe the lines of demarcation which would in after years prevent any conflict between the Spanish and Portuguese. He asked and obtained from the Pope the privilege for the Spaniards of introducing Christianity and civilization in the newly-discovered regions.

He next set out for the royal city of Barcelona. On the way he was greeted and hailed with an enthusiasm such as had never been equalled in Spain. The people poured in from all sides to catch a glimpse of the procession and of the hero who was receiving the honors of a triumph. Villages and hamlets vied with one another in the splendor of their decorations. What attracted all eyes and roused enthusiasm on every side was not the group of Indians in their fantastic costumes, nor the curious articles they had brought from the new world, but the noble figure of Columbus mounted on a beautiful steed and dressed in the richest attire. As he passed, the men gave him their applause and mothers held their children over the heads of the crowd to see him.

The admiral entered Barcelona on April 15th, 1493. When news of his approach reached the city, the king sent a number of courtiers to meet and conduct him into his presence. With great ceremony he was given a seat near the throne. There, in presence of the king, queen and royal household, he gave a full account of his voyage. He began by ascribing all the success to God, and after Him to the piety of the sovereigns and their zeal for the

Catholic faith. He spoke of the thousands of souls living in ignorance and superstition who only awaited instruction in the Gospel to become good Christians. Afterwards he referred to the beautiful scenery, the rich soil, the abundance of precious metals, in terms which conveyed the idea of a terrestrial paradise. When the recital was over the whole assembly knelt down and sang a *Te Deum* in thanksgiving to God. The crowd outside took up the refrain and made the palace walls re-echo with the hymn.

Columbus now thought only of another voyage to the New World. This time crowds gathered around him to solicit a share in the enterprise, some led by love of adventures, others by the desire of glory, and many more by the hope of acquiring wealth. Having chosen his crew he set sail on September 25th, 1494. The voyage was a prosperous one, but those who had hoped to find a terrestrial paradise were doomed to cruel disappointment. The settlement he had left at Hayti was dispersed and all its inhabitants massacred. In his absence his followers, by their cruelty and rapacity, had brought upon themselves the terrible vengeance of the natives.

Historians have unanimously proclaimed the God-like charity that animated Columbus in all his dealings with the natives.

It was his heroic and persistent opposition to his country men, who wished to turn the newly-discovered regions into a field for greed, rapine and ambition, which brought on the persecutions and trials that hastened the end of his days. His complaint to the Queen of Spain of the contempt shown for the rights of the Indians lays open his inmost soul on this subject. "The souls of the Indians and not silver and gold are the riches we ought to seek after in India." Alas! all did not follow the example of his disinterestedness.

On his second voyage out took place the famous Battle of the Arrows. Fourteen of the principal natives had conspired to massacre all the Spaniards. Columbus on being apprised of their intention, though worn from sickness and fatigue, hastily called together his two hundred men. Five thousand armed savages uttering their frightful war-cries came rushing on the handful of Europeans. Columbus seeing from a neighboring hill the imminent peril of the latter, raised his hands to Heaven in earnest prayer. He begged God, who had already vouchsafed him so many marks of signal protection, not to abandon him in this the greatest of his trials. He called likewise on the Immaculate Virgin, whose name he had given to the plain, to intercede for his followers so sorely destitute of help. Scarcely was his prayer ended when a violent wind sprang up which swept the enemies' arrows back and rendered them harmless to the Europeans. A miracle ! cried the Spaniards, and they rushed on the enemy. Soon the whole army of Indians was flying in disorder.

Meanwhile enemies were plotting his downfall at home. He was represented to the king as selfish, ambitious and cruel, his enterprises as rash and unprofitable. The king was so far influenced as to consider himself released from further obligation towards him. Columbus set sail at once back for Spain, and on his appearance at court with aspect so calm and dignified all the charges melted away and he was treated with honor.

To be Continued.

T. G.



OUR LADY'S MAY-DAY GIFT.

IT was a very humble home that in which little Mary Lacy sat sewing on a fine spring morning, some ten years ago, while her grandmother, aged, but still hale and healthy, hustled about from one thing to another, making the little house neat and tidy for the day. The dwelling had but one story, divided into a kitchen, which was the living-room of the small family, and two sleeping-rooms at one end. The furniture was of the plainest, none too much even at that ; but still there was a look of comfort and cleanliness all about, that, with the spring sunshine streaming in through the small window, made the place home-like and restful. Conspicuous amongst the furniture of the half-kitchen half-sitting-room, where Mary sat, was a picture of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, about nine by twelve inches,—nothing to boast of as a work of art, and framed in common dark wood, yet evidently highly prized by the dwellers in that cosy little home. A bracket, fashioned by some rustic hand, was under the picture, and on the bracket some of the earliest blossoms of spring, from field and meadow, bloomed fresh in a glass of water before the sacred images of the Mother and Son.

“Grauny,” said Mary, a fair, pretty girl of seventeen or thereabouts, as she suddenly dropped her work on her

knee, and looked up, "Isn't it very lonesome here since Willie left us? I can't feel as I used to do, and I'm always, always thinkin' about him, and wonderin' what he's doin', and if he often thinks of us here, all alone by ourselves."

"Well! it *is* lonesome, Mary," the old woman replied, as, having finished her morning house-work, she took her knitting and sat down in her usual place. "It's a folly to talk, but I do miss Willie more than I ever thought I would."

"Somehow or another," said Mary, in a dreamy voice, a far-away look coming into her soft eyes, "I'm a'most sorry he ever left us."

"Come, come, Mary," said the old woman, with an effort to appear cheerful, "you mustn't let down your heart that way. You know Willie would never come to anything if he staid here all his life long as his poor father did before him, an' we all thought it best for him to try what he could do in the city. A bright, smart boy like Willie, an' with the good schoolin' we gave him by dint of savin' and pinchin' and hard work from your father, God rest his soul! and all of us,—he ought to be something better than a common day-laborer. And so he will, please God!" she added, hopefully. "Mind my words, Mary, he will."

"God grant it!" said the girl, wearily; "But do you know, granny, I do be thinkin' at times that maybe he'd have been better with us, after all."

"Nonsense, child, nonsense! You'll make me angry with you, if you go on like that," said her grandmother, in an impatient tone. "It's thankful you ought to be when you know that your brother is already earnin' good wages as a clerk in a store, and it's able to help you and me he'll be in no time at all. That's what he said, you know, in his last letter, and a beautiful letter it was, too!"

"Well, but, granny," said the gentle, pleading voice, "it's about his soul I'm fearful. You see, he's amongst Protestants, and he says himself he doesn't go to church as regular as he did at home. And he hasn't been to his duty since he left us six months ago."

A serious look came over the old woman's face. "Well, Mary, there's truth in what you say. It's a bad thing for a boy of his age to be thrown amongst Protestants. It's a bad thing," she repeated, shaking her head slowly. "Maybe if you were to write to the priest to look after Willie. You're a good scholar yourself, and I'm sure you could write that letter."

"Well, I suppose I could, granny," said Mary, brightening up at the thought, "and it's lucky that Willie told us in one of his first letters the name of the priest in the parish where he is. I'll do it this very day."

II.

So the letter was written carefully by Mary, "with the skill which the good Nuns taught her" in the Parochial School to which the girl had walked two miles each way for all the days of her short school-life,—was duly posted, addressed to "His Reverence Father White," in the city and parish where Willie dwelt.

In due time the answer came, and it was so far from being satisfactory that it cast a deep gloom over the little home of Granny Lacy.

"I am sorry," said the priest, "that I have no very good account to give of your brother, William Lacy. At first he came regularly to mass, and I noticed him there as having such a good, honest countenance—a fine looking lad altogether—and having made some inquiries about him, I learned that he had no relatives in the city and was thrown exclusively amongst non-Catholics. So I made it a point to see him, and asked him to come and

see me at my house. He came two or three times and I talked with him each time. He promised me from time to time to come to confession ; but, I regret to say, he has not yet done so. Let us hope and pray, for there is much reason to fear."

This was sad news for the two lonely women. At first they could only weep and lament. All at once, however, Mary started up, a bright smile lit her tear-stained face—"Why, granny," she cried, with nearly all her wonted gaiety, "what are we crying for this way like a pair of fools? Didn't the priest tell us to hope and pray, and we're doin' neither one nor the other. Haven't we the Sacred Heart of Our dear Lord and Our own Lady of the Sacred Heart to look to for help. And while there's life there's hope, you know! See Our Blessed Mother up there, how she's smiling down on us, and Our Lord Himself as well."

The old woman dried her eyes and brightened up instantly. "Well, glory be to God, child, it's you that has the good thought ever and always. Sure, I often heard it said from my young days up—all's not lost that's in danger. We'll begin a Novena this very day to Our dear Lady of the Sacred Heart. Isn't she our mother and Willie's, too?"

So the daily work was resumed in the house and the Novena began that very day.

III.

Meanwhile, Willie Lacy was so much engrossed with the duties and the pleasures of his new life, and the friends, so-called, with whom his leisure hours were spent, that he thought but seldom of the waiting ones at home whose every thought was given to him far away.

Being a good-humored and good-looking young fellow, Willie was somewhat of a favorite among the young men

of the large store wherein he was employed and the many others with whom they made him acquainted. He had fair wages, too, and as he persuaded himself that he had none to spare for sending home to Granny and Mary, he had always some to spend with his gay companions. He had been several times to the theatre with one or another, had attended Sunday lectures, in some of which the usual covert attacks were made on Romanism, Old-World Superstition, etc., etc. At first, Willie resented these attacks and resolved to keep away from such lectures in future; but, when his friends laughed at his objections, which they treated as a capital joke, he soon began to laugh himself at what the others called his narrow-mindedness and his old-womanish notions, generally, and was easily persuaded to go his way as before—not, indeed, rejoicing, for deep down in his heart there was a voice ever saying that the way he was going was the wrong one.

Of course, if poor Willie had been in the old-time habit of approaching the Sacraments once a month or so, and attending Mass on Sundays and holydays, this would never have come to pass. But these helps were wanting,—not only were the Sacraments neglected from the first, as the priest had written to Mary; but, after a while, the Sunday mass was rarely, if ever, attended, and so Willie was, perhaps, unconsciously drifting away into the dreary regions where religious indifference and world-worship alone prevail. Even his morning and evening prayers were no longer said as of old, for he found it more than he could do to kneel down and bless himself before the three others who occupied beds in the same room. When he did attempt it, missiles of various kinds were thrown at him and roars of laughter greeted him. Not only that, but his “devotions” were made the subject of continual amusement for the other young men in the house, described

before him in the most ludicrous way, so that at length he himself joined in the laugh, and was fain to content himself with an "Our Father" and "Hail Mary," said low to himself when, half asleep, he stretched himself on his bed. Fortunately he kept even so much of his home-life and home-training. Had Willie been possessed of more moral strength or stamina of character he would either have held his ground against all odds, as many other young men do, or sought safety amongst his co-religionists, as the priest advised him to do; but he was *not* morally strong, and could not bring himself to seek a more congenial home. So things went on from bad to worse and Willie Lacy,—the son of pious, God-fearing parents, brought up in a thoroughly Catholic atmosphere where the simple faith and heart-warm fervor of his race were the rule of life all day long and every day,—was gradually changing in the deadly blight of evil communication into a very indifferent Catholic.

The days of the Novena passed on peacefully and hopefully in the lonely abode of the Lacys. Mary had sought the powerful aid of her former teachers and constant friends, the dear Nuns, who eagerly promised to join in the prayers of the Novena. "And it will just end on the first day of May," said Sister Rosalie, "so, you see, Mary, we begin it in a good time."

IV.

It was the last day of the Novena, the 1st of May, so dear to the lover of ancient song and story. Evening had come, and the twilight shades were gathering while the pale crescent of "the young May moon" was sailing up the eastern sky.

Granny Lacy and her pretty grand-child were kneeling before the beloved picture. The Rosary was finished—the Joyful Mysteries, for the day was Thursday—and

Mary was just reading the Litany of Loretto from a prayer-book, her grandmother fervently making the responses.

Suddenly another voice joined in the oft-repeated "Pray for us!" Through the open door a figure entered, a shadow fell on the faint moonlight on the floor; some one knelt beside Mary, and an arm was thrown around her neck, and then around the old woman's. Their hearts told them who it was. The wanderer had come back to them.

"Go on, Mary," said Willie, soft and low, and Mary went on and the Litany was finished, Willie joining more fervently in the responses than had been his wont in his boyish days.

The prayers being over, the joy of the meeting was given free vent to.

"Thanks and praises be to God, Willie!" cried Mrs. Lacy, while Mary held her brother's hand and gazed with moist eyes upon his beaming face. "What does this mean? How did you get here, and in time for the close of our Novena, too!"

"And just because of the Novena, granny!—I see it all now," said the young man, with unusual solemnity. "For some days past I began to feel restless and uneasy. Night and day the thought of death and judgment and hell was continually in my mind, and the words that I so often heard in the Mission were constantly running through my head—'What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'—Then I began to see what a dangerous way I was in, and what do you think I did? All at once this picture of yours—of ours—came into my mind, and I prayed as I never prayed before to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart and she heard my prayer."

"Glory be to God!"—"And to Our Blessed Lady!" cried the listeners in one breath. "And what did you do then, Willie, dear?"

"Well! I just went straight to Father White and told him all. He took me into the church and I went to confession then and there. He advised me to leave Moore & Armstrong's employment, and said he knew of a place I could just have in a good Catholic house. So I just came home, like the Prodigal Son, to rejoice with you here over my conversion—for conversion it really is. I'm ashamed now to recall how far I had already gone in the way of indifference. And it frightens me, granny, indeed it does, to think of the precipice over which I stood. From this time forth I'm resolved, with the help of God and Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, to turn over a new leaf."

And he kept his word. After spending a few days at home, he went back to the city. Father White had the new place and the new boarding-house all ready, and he entered at once on the new way, or rather on the old way of his earlier youth. It is needless to say that, after that, some of his earnings were regularly sent home to Granny and Mary.

When next he visited his home, he made glad the loving hearts of the dear ones there by the happy news that he had not only become an Associate of the League of the Sacred Heart, but, furthermore, a Promoter. All his circles, he said, were clerks, like himself.

TO MARY, QUEEN OF MAY.

O Mary, Queen of Heaven,
 Thy praise the Angels sing,
 O Thou, high-throned in glory
 At the right hand of the King.

Thy form is full of beauty
 As thy soul was full of grace,
 And we lowly bend before thee
 As the purest of our race !

The Refuge of the sinner,
 O Mother most serene,
 The Angels, Saints and Martyrs
 All hail thee as their Queen !

For, borne adown the ages
 Is the sweetness of thy name,
 And nations yet unborn
 Shall magnify thy fame !

When in the vesper hour,
 The time of peace and prayer,
 We kneel before thine altar
 And twine thy roses there.

And in the solemn silence
 Our hearts find voice to pray,
 That Thou wilt love and bless us,
 O radiant Queen of May !

O kindly Star of Ocean,
 Guide us o'er Life's dark sea
 Until we reach thy haven
 And dwell with God and Thee !

J. A. S.

PAUL DE MAISONNEUVE.

FOUNDER OF MONTREAL.

I KNOW a worthy gentleman from Champagne, who will answer your purpose."

The speaker was Father Charles Lalemant, late Superior of the Jesuit Missions in New France; the person addressed was M. de la Dauversière, so intimately connected with the destinies of Montreal; "the worthy gentleman from Champagne" was Paul de Maisonneuve; and the purpose to be answered was the procuring of a suitable Governor for the Colony of Ville-Marie, then in contemplation.

All his biographers unite in declaring M. de Maisonneuve a valiant soldier and high-minded gentleman. At the age of thirteen he had already distinguished himself by his prowess in the wars in Holland. It is recorded that he led an austere and strictly Christian life in the turmoil of camps; as a chronicler quaintly puts it, "he learned to play upon the lute, that thus he might avoid unprofitable society." "His virtue," says Father Rousseau, "was the fruit of a manly and generous will, and of an obstinate struggle against frequent and dangerous temptations."

But to Paul de Maisonneuve came the desire to leave behind him all this brilliant soldier-life of the great capitals, and to seek greater perfection in some distant settlement. He had an inspiration that New France was the field of labor which he sought. He opened his whole heart to Father Lalemant, who spoke the words above mentioned, and so impressed M. de la Dauversière that he went to lodge in the same house with our hero, that he might study his true character.

"I have no interested motive," said M. de Maisonneuve. "My income is sufficient for my maintenance ;

most heartily will I employ my fortune and my life itself in this noble enterprise. I am ambitious of no other honor than that of serving God and the King in the profession of arms.'

Little wonder that M. de la Dauversière, M. Olier and their companions, who had been inspired to undertake the same project, looked upon the soldier of Champagne as a special help from God. Preparations were set on foot, and negotiations were entered into for the purchase of the Island of Montreal. Through the good offices of Father Lalemant, the Company of Montreal most unexpectedly obtained possession. This being confirmed by the King, Paul de Maisonneuve was appointed Governor of the colony about to be founded at Ville-Marie. A contingent of men, mostly unmarried, all capable of bearing arms, and many of them practical farmers or mechanics, was raised. A vessel was despatched from Dieppe; two others sailed from New Rochelle—one bearing the Governor, the other Jeanne Mance, who, with one or two companions, was to devote herself to the care of the sick and wounded.

The vessel in which the Governor had sailed met furious tempests, and was compelled to put into land. It was the last to reach Quebec, where it arrived on the 20th August of the year 1641. It is said that efforts were made at Quebec to dissuade Maisonneuve from attempting a settlement in the very midst of the Iroquois tribes; but the dauntless Governor of Ville-Marie replied: "What you suggest is good, if I had been sent to choose a post; but the Company has decided that I am to go to Montreal. My honor is at stake, and I must proceed thither to begin a colony, should every tree on that island be turned into an Iroquois." However, he deemed the lateness of the season a sufficient reason for remaining at Quebec, where some generous friends provided for the wants of the adventurous band, until the following spring.

On the 8th of May, 1642, they sailed from Quebec ; on the 17th, the first sight of Mount Royal was greeted with shouts of joy, hymns of thanksgiving and salutes of cannon. On the morning of the 18th, they touched the shore at Pointe-à-Callières, said to be near the present site of the Custom House. Leaping upon the land, M. de Maisonneuve fell upon his knees. His example was followed by all the others. The Jesuit missionary, Father Vimont, intoned the *Te Deum*, in which all joined with full hearts. Their hymns of thanksgiving disturbed the great stillness of that desert place. An altar was at once erected, and decorated by the loving hands of Jeanne Mance and Madame de la Peltrie, who had accompanied the party from Quebec.

As no oil could be had for lamps, small phials of clear glass, and little sconces, surrounded by a net-work, enclosing fire-flies, were hung before the tabernacle. "At night," says Sister Morin, "they gave forth a radiance similar to that produced by a number of little tapers burning together. Father Vimont having intoned the *Veni Creator*, said the first Mass in Ville-Marie, after which the Blessed Sacrament was left exposed during that first day of the city's life ; " thus," says the chronicler, " putting our Lord in possession of these countries," which, indeed, had been already consecrated to God and Our Lady by the pious Associates of the Company of Montreal, assembled in Notre Dame de Paris.


On the 18th of the present May, two centuries and a-half shall have passed since that memorable day. Over the silence of two hundred and fifty years can be heard the solemn voice of Father Vimont, as he thus speaks to the new settlers in words which can now claim to have been prophetic : " What you see here, gentlemen, is but the mustard seed. Sowed by hands so pious and imbued with the spirit of zeal and of religion, doubtless, Heaven

must have great designs upon it. I am convinced that this seed shall produce a mighty tree that will accomplish great marvels—that will grow and extend everywhere.”

Such was the birthday of Montreal, and the opening in New France of the career of Paul de Maisonneuve.

A. T. S.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.

 rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Still there may be much and very much in a name. The Holy Catholic Church recognizes this by giving her children in Baptism only the names of her saints, that they may imitate their holy patrons and enjoy their protection.

Of all names surely the name of Mary, the August Queen of Heaven, must be an auspicious one, as the following true sketch well help to show.

I.

“Reuben,” said Mrs. Grant, “baby’s nearly three weeks old and we haven’t thought of a name for her.”

“What would you like to call her?”

“Well, I’d like Mary.”

“*Mary!* Why there’s not one of your family or mine named Mary. My mother was named Naomi and her mother before her was Ruth, while your mother bore the good old Bible name of Dorcas. What put *Mary* into your head?”

“I’ll just tell you, Reuben, only don’t laugh at me. I was reading in the Testament on last Sabbath about the Mother of Christ. *Her* name was Mary, and the angel told her that she was “full of grace.” I thought what

a lovely woman she must be. Then when she was at the marriage at Cana, she was so kind to notice soon that they needed more wine. I like a woman to be kind and thoughtful, and there's an old superstition that children grow up like those they're named from."

"Well, that's pretty good reasoning, Esther. But for goodness' sake don't tell any of the neighbors whom you named her from. They'd think you'd turned Papist. The Papists believe that those saints they name their children after protect them from danger."

"I'm sure if such a thing is possible, the Mother of our Saviour would protect our child. She was so kind when she was on earth."

So the matter was settled and Mrs. Grant's baby was christened Mary. While the young mother looked at her sleeping babe the thought of the other Mary often occupied her mind and at length her longings took this shape: "If it is true that those in heaven can help us on earth, may the Mother of Christ protect my little one!"

II.

"Mrs. Smith," said Mrs. Grant, putting her head in at the door of her neighbor's kitchen, "Reuben and I are going to prayer-meeting this evening. Will you just have an eye to baby? If your little Jessie is home she could run in and look at her now and then. I don't think she'll wake, but she might."

"Certainly, Mrs. Grant," said Mrs. Smith, who occupied a couple of rooms just opposite the Grants on the same flat; "I'll see that nothing happens her."

Esther and her husband set out, and after assisting at the prayer-meeting were returning home when they were startled by the cry of "Fire!"

"Oh, Reuben! what if it should be Gray's tenement? And the baby——"

"No fear, Esther. It seems to be further north, judging by the speed of the crowd." But further north it was not, and when they turned the next corner they saw flames pouring out of roof and windows of the tenement house in which their home was.

They quickened their pace to a run, and just as they neared the burning building they met Mrs. Smith, her little children clinging to her skirts in terror.

Esther grasped her arm. "And baby?" she shrieked.

"We just escaped with our lives," said Mrs. Smith hurriedly. "I carried my little boy and gave your baby to Jessie. She carried it safely down two flights, but on the third she slipped and fell and a fireman dragged her out insensible. She must have dropped——"

Esther waited to hear no more. She rushed forward and plunged into the burning building in spite of cries and warnings from the crowd and from the firemen, who were just abandoning the doomed house as the walls were about to fall. Just then a great piece of burning timber came down with a crash, while the remainder of the roof disappeared and the flames redoubled their intensity.

Meanwhile what had become of poor Esther Grant? She rushed in through the ruined doorway and groped along the hall. The burning staircase gave her enough light to distinguish the smallest object.

"Mother of Christ!" she cried, "she is named after you, save her!" Her eyes lighted on a little white bundle at the foot of the stairs. Just then a mass of burning timber fell, hiding it from her view. She sprang forward and thrust aside the blazing fragments, regardless of blistered hands, and picking up the precious bundle clasped it to her breast, then flying through the little passage she emerged from the doorway and fell unconscious to the ground.

A dozen hands raised her up and carried her to a place of safety, while the walls of the old building fell in with a crash.

When Esther recovered consciousness her first thought was for little Mary, whom she found to be unhurt, and still sleeping peacefully, although the small blanket in which it was wrapped was scorched and discolored.

Even Reuben was somewhat impressed, although he did not altogether share his wife's enthusiasm about the evident grace attached to the child's name.

III.

"Mother," said Mary Grant one day as she ran in from school, "is it a sin to pray to the Virgin Mary?"

"Why, Mary?"

"Our teacher said to-day that the Catholics were idolaters because they pray to the Virgin Mary. Katie Rourke told me that she prayed to the 'Blessed Virgin,' as she calls her, every day. Do you pray to her, mother?"

Mrs. Grant rose and went to a little chest in a corner of the room and drew forth a baby's blanket, faded and discolored. Then she told Mary the origin of her name and the fate from which she had been saved. "I prayed to her that time, dear," she said, "and I never felt like an idolater." Mary sat thinking.

"Mother," she said at last, "don't you think when the Blessed Virgin did that for you and me that we ought to belong to the Church that honors her?"

This was a new thought, but that evening Esther took her daughter to Mrs. Rourke's to find out just what they thought about the Mother of Christ, as Esther always called her. Mrs. Rourke's explanation satisfied her so well that she undertook to get further explanations from the priest, good Father O'Donovan, and a few months later, when the May chimes were ringing out in honor of Our Lady, two Marys, mother and daughter, were placed forever under the protection of that dearest of Mothers, by the Sacrament of Baptism.

Reuben offered no objections, and later on he, too, became a member of the Church that honors the Mother of God.

THE LEAGUE ABROAD.**Rome.**

LETTER OF CARDINAL PAROCCHI TO THE DIRECTOR
GENERAL.

Rome, Feb. 24th, 1892.

Very Reverend Father,

His Holiness accepts with much pleasure the homage of the Apostleship of Prayer; make it known to the whole Association.

I do not doubt that the Holy Father will as soon as possible give a Protector to the Apostleship worthy to succeed the lamented Cardinal Simeoni.

Meanwhile His Holiness sends his apostolic and paternal blessing to you, Father, to your helpers and to all the Associates of the Apostleship of prayer.

Your devoted servant in Jesus Christ,

LUCIDO-MARIA,

Card. Vicar.

THE TEMPORAL POWER.

Two speeches were lately delivered on the Temporal Power which have had echo throughout the Catholic world, one in England by the secretary of the Catholic Union. He considered the question of an independent sovereignty for the Holy Father as one of the dead past and fallen from the sphere of practical statesmanship. The English Protestant press at once took up the note and called forth a prompt and decisive answer from the Vatican semi-official publications. They expressed great surprise that a public man who called himself a Catholic should express and defend an opinion on

such a subject quite the opposite of that maintained by the Pope, also that he should hazard a public discussion of a question on which Catholics were united, and on the details and circumstances of which he was in ignorance.

The other speech was delivered by Judge Dunn in New York at the workmen's demonstration. The Archbishop who was present said: "It is the ablest, clearest and most elegant exposition of the subject which I have ever heard." He compared the Catholic Church spread over the world to the United States of the Union; each diocese like individual States is sovereign under a general government like that which exists at Washington. Who can form an idea of the amount of business done in a city in which is carried on the administration of over a *thousand* such sovereignties, each having its official tribunals, councils, boards with correspondence, appeals and visits far surpassing anything similar in any State of the Union? Now if the supreme government at Washington, in its own country, dealing with its own people, and a democratic people, insists on having a little tract of country to itself, the District of Columbia, which does not belong to any particular State, and over which it exercises full and independent control even in civil matters, giving its people no voice in the government thereof, what shall we say of the centre of administration in the Catholic Church, and of the right to insist on territorial independence not only from particular churches over which it holds jurisdiction, but much more from temporal and foreign sovereigns; also its right to govern, independently of the voice of the people, in that territory? It affects the interests as well as the honor of the particular churches and nations that she enjoy this right, especially since she possesses it on the most undisputed titles.

Germany.

As it had been foreseen, the Education bill so favorable to the Catholic principle of free religious education met with an explosion of hostile criticism from the atheistic, liberal and Protestant broad church schools. The Emperor and cabinet, notwithstanding outspoken declarations, have been forced to a back-down. The measure is withdrawn for the present, and non-sectarian school education will hold the field till further uprisings of socialism and anarchism will compel the government to come to terms again with the Centrists. The day is not far distant, judging from the recent outbreaks of European anarchism.

Norway.

Norway was one of the earliest countries torn from the Church by the Reformation, and so complete and lasting was the break, so severe the penalties excluding Catholicism, that only recently missionaries have been able to enter. It has remained like a glacial region withdrawn from the genial influence of the sun. Protestantism like a carcass was preserved whole by the ice in which it was frozen. But the light has at last penetrated, the light of preaching, of learning, of history, of religious inquiry, and with it the warmth, and behold the black monstrous form is beginning to give evidence of decomposition. "The number of Catholics has doubled in five years; Catholic marriages may be solemnized without the intervention of the civil authority; Catholics are partially relieved from taxes destined for the maintenance of the established church and schools. The Catholic churches are crowded with Protestants, the multitudes that flock to hear a Dominican Father lecture on religion cannot find standing room; Protestants subscribe enthusiastically to the support of the Sisters of Charity, and earnest Lutherans begin to despair of arresting the advance of the ancient faith."

Ireland.

An Irish Education Bill lately introduced into Parliament bears proof that the powers of darkness are casting a wistful eye at the youth of the land of faith. One section regarding money distributions takes no account of the schools of the Christian Brothers, with the intention no doubt of freezing them out. They are thoroughly Catholic and thoroughly national—the outcome, in fact, of the genius and circumstances of the Irish people, consequently intensely popular. Another section introduces compulsory education for children of a certain age and class like that which prevails in England. Its trend is, as the Archbishop of Dublin has pointed out, to substitute state for church influence, the supervision and regulation of the police for the watchfulness and care of the parent and priest. His Grace maintains that the average school attendance in Ireland is far above that of England and Scotland, and that the influence of the clergy will prove far more effective than the interference of the distrusted and hated police.

Rev. Father Cullen, S.J., Central Director of the Holy League in Ireland, has published a Penny Temperance Catechism of 70 pages. It is perhaps the most complete treatise on the subject that has appeared, containing, besides the teaching of theology and science, the declarations of Bishops, Councils and medical men of note and lessons of experience. Address Rev. J. A. Cullen, "*Messenger*" office, 5 Great Denmark street, Dublin.



THE LEAGUE AT HOME.

Toronto, St. Michael's Cathedral.

At a bound Toronto is gone to the fore, distancing all our Canadian League centres. A Men's League of *seven hundred* with every prospect of soon reaching a thousand ; a Ladies' branch of — we had better not give the number for fear of discouraging centres that have hitherto thought themselves something.

This consoling result is to be attributed to two causes : first the recent Lenten Pastoral of Archbishop Walsh, in which His Grace devoted a whole section to a full theological and historical explanation of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart, exhorted his people to practice it, and strongly urged the establishment of the League of the Sacred Heart in every parish of the archdiocese, "*for this Holy League of souls, banded together to promote the love of Jesus and the sanctification of souls, cannot fail to be an abundant source of God's choicest gifts to each parish.*" The second cause was a very successful retreat of a fortnight's duration, given by Father Francis Ryan, in St. Michael's Cathedral. At the close of the first week, for the men, says the *Catholic Review*, "nearly seven hundred men, mostly young men, gave in their names and addresses, received certificates and marched up to the altar rails to be decorated with neat Canadian badges.

"His Grace the Archbishop was exceedingly sorry he could not attend this most impressive ceremony.

"Much of this splendid and consoling success was also due to the very efficient aid of the officers of the League,

the gentlemen Promoters. The intelligent interest and energetic zeal shown by them in enrolling members during the mission gave promise of excellent work in the future.

"When this splendid organization gets into working order, under zealous and active officers, it can easily and effectively be directed to any and every good work that concerns the physical, mental and moral improvement and progress of the young men of the Cathedral parish, and indeed of the city of Toronto. Such is one of the ways the Catholic Church practically and effectively answers the question: What shall we do for our young men?"

At the close of the second week's retreat, for women, Vicar General McCann took in hand the inauguration of a Ladies' Branch, which, of course, from the outset, far exceeded in number that of the men. The work of enrolling is progressing rapidly. Let us hope that the Toronto Cathedral Branch, by its efficient organization under zealous and active Promoters, will continue to hold its commanding position.

Alexandria, St. Margaret's Cathedral.

The League of the Sacred Heart was established in the Cathedral of St. Margaret at a mission given here last fall by the Oblate Fathers. Since that time it has made steady progress, and to-day counts sixty Promoters with circles, thanks to the encouragement it has received from His Lordship Bishop Macdonell, and to the active zeal of Father McKinnon. The *Messenger* is read with eagerness, and contributes much to the interest which Promoters and Associates take in the work.

On the evening of the 20th April, the day of blessing for the new magnificent convent of the Rev. Sisters of the Holy Cross, the Rev. Central Director preached a doc-

trinal sermon on the Devotion to the Sacred Heart. Though the weather proved very inclement, the stormiest of the season, there was a full attendance of the Associates of the town and a considerable number of Protestants. All followed the preacher with the closest attention and interest. If any came with the belief that God created some to damn them they must have gone away with views considerably altered after hearing the object of the devotion explained.

His Lordship Bishop Macdonell presided at the ceremony, which closed with solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the Rev. Local Director of St. Raphael's officiating. The altar shone resplendent with myriad lights, and the music at evening as well as in the morning was of rare excellence.

PROMOTER.

Ottawa, St. Patrick's.

From the time of its establishment the League of St. Patrick's has not failed to be productive of the best results. This has been chiefly due to the edifying regularity with which exercises have been held and meetings attended. On the first Friday of the month, there are from three to four hundred communions besides the Communion of Atonement in sections on the different Sundays. In the evening the Rev. Local Director holds the general meeting of Associates, at which he preaches on the monthly intention and gives benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. By this time rosary tickets and *Messengers* are delivered, and every Associate is provided, thanks to the meeting of Promoters held on the previous Sunday, the last of the month, when Promoters receive their supply of one rosary set and three *Messengers* for every circle. The intentions dropped into the box at the door of the Church are taken

out at the end of the month and the sum is sent to the Central office after being read at the first Friday meeting. One of the greatest fruits gathered at St. Patrick's is the amount of good done by the Promoters on their monthly visit to their Associates. It gives them occasions for the exercise of all the spiritual and corporal works of mercy, which they are not slow to profit by.

Since the recent mission this centre has shown greater activity than ever, six new Promoters having been received into the Promoters' Council. The Men's League also have added largely to their ranks, bringing the number up to about five hundred. The men of St. Patrick's would not hear of a League that was not a temperance association. Hence they exact, besides morning offering and five communions, an anti-treating pledge in case the total abstinence pledge was not already taken.

Father Whelan has united under the simple and effective organization of the League all the works and devotions of the parish, that being in fact the only organization infusing its life and energy into every institution.

Montreal, St. Gabriel's.

JUVENILE LEAGUE, APOSTLESHIP OF STUDY.

Academy of St. John the Evangelist.

Oh, dear Rev. Father, the little *Messenger* and the League do much more good than we had ever expected they could. Our young Promoters are very zealous, and all are faithful to the Three Degrees. The children are longing each month for their "Sacred Heart story." It gives me much pleasure to send you the Treasury from the English Department of our Academy.

REV. SR. SUPERIOR C.S.C.

PROMOTER'S PAGE.

IF we could only place a bunch of real flowers before the Blessed Virgin's statue every day this month, I should be so glad," said one of the prattlers in a Messenger May story. Well, it is in the power of every Promoter with a little exertion to lay at the feet of the real Queen of Heaven every day during the coming month a wreath of the most precious and delightful flowers. The Holy League has its form of devotion to Mary in the 2nd Degree or Rosary decade, and in the union of fifteen such decades or mysteries in a perfect crown.

It ought to be the care of Promoters to complete lists, fill up vacancies, distribute Rosary tickets and use their influence with associates, that every day the wreath may go up full and entire. Of course each decade or mystery has its value independently of the others, just as every flower has its own fragrance; but surely the Promoter who arranges the flowers, giving to each its appropriate place, or entwines them in a wreath of perfect beauty, will win from the Queen a smile of special favor.

From the 2nd Degree results the simple but effective organization of the League. It is not a crowd which one *joins*, but an immense praying army in which the members are carefully enlisted and disciplined to duty, and distributed in companies and detachments under worthy and skillful officers, themselves subject to direction. Each soldier has a place in the ranks assigned every month by the Rosary ticket, and receives the word of command from the Chief to attack and carry some fort or defend some position described in the Monthly Intention.

This organization may promote other good works, taking care, however, to keep itself disentangled from their special organizations, burdens, practices, etc. A League Promoter may promote a parochial library, she cannot, however, make subscription to the library a condition of admittance to the League or to her circle.



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THE MONTH OF JUNE.

THIS month, dedicated to the Sacred Heart, is the month in which our Promoters and Associates renew their resolutions to look after the interests of the Sacred Heart, and start out for another half year with redoubled fervor to promote the interests of the Divine Heart of our Lord.

It is during this month, too, on dates named by Local Directors, that Promoters and Associates renew their solemn semi-annual consecration to the Sacred Heart. As many as possible should be present at this renewal. The Act of Consecration may be read in the morning at a Mass of General Communion or during Benediction in the evening. A plenary indulgence is attached to this function in favor of those Promoters who wear their crosses outwardly and visibly.

In cases of reception of new Promoters, Local Directors will kindly take the precaution to send to the *Messenger* office the names of those whom they purpose raising to the ranks of promotership. Diplomas are forwarded gratis by the Central Direction to those who shall have been classed as approved Postulants. Diplomas give Promoters the privilege of gaining twenty-six plenary indulgences annually, over and above those ordinarily gained by simple Associates.

Deserving Postulants are those who have given proofs of their zeal during their six months of postulancy, by visiting their Associates, distributing the monthly tickets regularly, attending to the judicious distribution of the *Messenger* to the various members of their circles, forming other circles,—in a word, promoting the interests of the Holy League in their respective parishes as often as opportunities present themselves.

The Promoter's cross, which may be procured (see 4th page of cover) and worn when the Diploma is granted, is the visible mark of promotership. Just as the medal on the breast of a soldier shows that he has seen active service and has proven himself a brave man, so the Promoter's cross shows that the wearer is an active member of the League and a friend of the Sacred Heart. Promoters alone have the privilege of wearing the cross ; under no consideration whatsoever may it be worn by anyone else, even an Associate. Two plenary indulgences a year are granted to the wearers.



GENERAL INTENTION FOR JUNE.

*Named by the Cardinal Protector and blessed by the Pope
for all the Associates.*

A still wider diffusion of the devotion to the Sacred Heart.

FOR the two last centuries, but more especially for the last thirty years, has the heaven-blest devotion, which binds more closely the human heart to the Heart of its God, made throughout the world wonderful headway; and like the true religion itself, of which it is, in the words of the late great Bishop of Poitiers, Mgr. Pie, "the substantial summary," has it already reached and spread throughout every clime of the habitable world. Nevertheless—and for truth's sake it must be acknowledged—we are yet a long way from that magnificent revival in souls and nations which, both directly and through His Vicar upon earth, Jesus vouchsafed to promise us, as the most precious outcome of so providential a devotion.

But with whom are we to find fault for this lamentable delay? With our very selves, most assuredly, for in no wise is it to be ascribed to the benign Heart, "ocean of Mercy" and of love. *Perditio tua Israel.*

What we need, before all else, to draw down the new flood of graces which was promised us, is a further diffusion, and that sufficiently widespread, of this soul-saving

devotion. True, indeed—God be praised—the rising sun, Jesus' own Heart, has begun, more manifestly for the three last decades, to gild with its earlier beams the loftiest peaks,—in other words, such souls as are more deeply imbued with Christian piety; but how far yet is not its enlivening warmth from reaching, with intensity at all befitting, the low-lying valleys and deep ravines teeming in our modern world with countless beings less gifted, not only as to wealth but as to truly Christian education? Yet it is for these more than others, nowadays, that this heaven-sent boon was bestowed. The popular masses, in which are actually centered the hopes of Holy Church, have indeed a greater need of this devotion. They are likewise more providentially within its reach, should they but find among us, according to the wish of the Divine Heart, no lack of devoted “evangelists,” to be in truth the bearers of the glad tidings.

In European continental countries, for a century at least, through the guilty connivance of the upper classes, the effects of whose bad example and soul-wrecking principles have filtered through to the underlying masses, a work of religious disintegration has been going on. The aim of this satanic ferment is the unchristianizing, or—as its abettors put it—the “secularization” or God-ignoring, “laicisation” of nations. Nearly everywhere has this loathsome work of Freemasonry succeeded in all but sundering the poor unwary laboring classes from Jesus Christ; and naught else save the union with the very Heart of the Man-God will ever, according to the divine promises, fully remedy the ills of so deplorable an apostasy.

With not unlike results, in America, are the same wicked agencies at work. They time their movements more cautiously and shroud them with more mystery in the great Catholic centres, it is true, as they would be powerless

were the search-light fully turned upon their aims and doings; but their purpose is identical all the world over.

A Catholic out-and-out cannot fail to recognize at a glance the handiwork of the lodge. The senseless whooping of the loud-mouthed anti-Catholic fanatic is far less to be feared than the quiet, gentlemanly, unobtrusive address, wherein we catch but a glimpse of the full programme of the secret sects, set forth in unimpassioned language, with decorous gesture and interspersed with fallacious catch-words.

The word goes forth from the innermost conclave and is taken up throughout the masonic world. It may be "A Free Church in a Free State," it may be "Freedom of Speech," "Freedom of the Press," it may be "Free Schools and Compulsory Education," or whatever else those proficient in occult paralogy may devise. It is caught up by the gaping crowd of the uninitiated, who, if not well grounded in Christian belief, are ever ready to see, in the faintest streak of light on the horizon, the forerunner of the long expected dawn of an enlightenment without Christ at last about to break upon the world. But that dawn never comes, for the Sun of Justice, "that true Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world," has already risen nigh two thousand years ago; and those only who close their eyes to the noon-day brightness complain of being doomed to grope about in the gloaming.

When there was question of stripping the Successor of Peter of his Temporal Power, stress was laid on the great benefit that was to accrue to Catholicity at large. The Pope would now have leisure to concentrate all his energies on things spiritual. When godless schools are to be forced upon Catholics, it is pointed out, that knowing each other from childhood, the Catholic and Protestant citizen would become more mutually tolerant. But Truth ever tolerant of persons, must be intolerant of error.

The reign of misnomers has no end. Schools are dubbed "unsectarian" though born, bred and nurtured in the lap of sectarianism, and though their very reason of existence be the furtherance of sectarian ends. The principle on which they are grounded, a total severance of religious education from secular instruction, can consistently find no place among the tenets of any avowedly Christian body. The system is hopelessly sectarian, since *at least* one vast, world-wide religion cannot with safety of conscience farm-out the soul of even "one of His little ones" to the hireling.

That Catholic is to be pitied who, for the sake of pelf, position or any other worldly consideration whatever, the fancied requirements of "respectability" thrown in, would challenge the behests of his Mother the Church, and sacrifice the helpless little ones God has given to him in trust. What has become, for him, of the Master's "Seek first the kingdom of Heaven," etc? He must needs be one of those who, dazed with the glamour of modern ideas, would recklessly join in the mad cry for freedom, even should he awaken the echoes of the groined arches of the sanctuary, heedless that he may at any moment enjoy the fullness of the freedom of the children of God, since his birthright is Truth, and Christ has said "truth shall make you free."

Would that he could but compare notes with contemporary Catholics in France. It would indeed be useless to "call up" the linear descendants of that peculiar kind of Catholic, of one hundred years ago, which he represents as a very respectable unit in this new land: that lineage, no doubt, having long since been merged with the offspring of unbelief. Could he bring himself to listen to them and abide by their experience, he would learn that no one clamored louder for freedom than the anti-Catholic element which now governs France. These very

men had no qualms of conscience in defying the rulers of the people and in plotting against the State, imperial or monarchical, as the case might be. Had France ever assumed for her form of government that of a Christian republic, like Ecuador, it would have been the same story. There was no crime in all this, according to the secret society code; nay, their very insubordination was a virtue; their crimes, which sent a shudder through Christendom, were but the outcome of patriotism. But this patriotism was devotion not to their country but to themselves. There was no treason until they had overthrown the pre-existing order of things, when, in turn, *they* became "the State," and freedom, except for vice and irreligion, was banished from the land. Now, when it does not indulge in the thrilling pastime of shooting down priest or pontiff, the rabble invades the sanctuary, and ignominiously silences the sacred orator.

There is indeed freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of association, freedom of education, freedom and license galore, and for all else save for the word of God, for His ministers, for Catholic publicists and politicians, for religious orders, for hospital nuns, for Catholic houses of education should they count upon their staff a religious who would devote his life to the Catholic formation of Catholic youth. And this enthralment of the Catholic citizen in politics, in religion, school, army and hospital has become possible through the supineness of the half-hearted, worldly-minded, all-compromising Catholic of four-score years or more ago.

God no doubt draws good from evil, as honey may be distilled from the poisonous blossom, and in more than one country, which heresy claims almost exclusively for its own, has the shibboleth of "freedom of worship" secured a breathing spell for the downtrodden, because insignificant, minority of God's true worshippers. But this is not the normal state of things.

On the other hand, and there is no blinking the fact, the same shibboleth has wrought havoc among that class of neutral Catholics who, though not with the Master, would feel hurt were they told that they "scatter"; for are they not ready, when in the presence of sheep of another fold, to all but apologize for the very existence of the Catholic Church? Do they not bewail the "imprudence" of the more daring disciple of our Lord, who would claim for the Church even standing room among the multifarious, polychromatic sects, from staid Ritualism down to the latest abominations of the Flying Roll, which elbow each other on this world's surface, and more particularly on the broad expanse of this great continent of America?

If in years not far distant the Canadian Catholic find himself in the same wretched plight as his fellow-religionist in France, it will almost entirely be owing to the timid stand of the over-timorous Catholic of to-day.

The panacea for all these evils, in the Old as in the New World, is a keen and lively faith in the Divine Heart—*credidimus caritati*—faith in all other mysteries, tender piety in the practice of all other devotions, will follow in the wake, and find place in the hearts of all the poor but sympathetic toilers, uncouth outwardly perhaps, unskilled in subtle reasoning, but amenable to the sway of any generous impulse. It is there in the Heart of the Man-God that the same poor weary worker, shorn of his birthright, and debarred from heaven by a heartless sect, if he be a companion of their craft, will find anew hope unquenchable and that ever steadfast trust grounded in omnipotent love alone. It is there again that, repudiating the teachings of a vile materialism, the Christian flock will shape itself anew to noble impulses and more generous virtues. It is in the Sacred Heart that confronted with its sublime destiny it will learn, at least in the measure required, to spurn worldly wealth, a greed for which is now so assiduously fostered within it.

In the place of this unhallowed craving for lucre and a coldness in God's service, its natural consequence, the Sacred Heart will implant in the soul a disinterested and an all-pervading love of Jesus Christ, a love which brooks no barren listlessness, but begets a holy industry, prolific of every good.

And to fecundate still more this pious activity, for the most part more self-sacrificing in the lowly than in the high-born, it should be brought home to the members of Catholic unions, associations, clubs and guilds, that they must seek in the very Heart of Jesus the truly mystic tie which will bind them more closely together, the secret of real thrift, and the mainspring of every zealous endeavor.

They will learn to draw daily from that adorable Heart an increase of charity, which the Holy Father assures us is the true solution of the great social problem of the day, and which would lead nations onward, with fewer halts, towards that longed-for goal, the happy reign of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Adveniat regnum tuum.*

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the holy sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: in particular that the Devotion to the Sacred Heart may extend more and more over the world. Amen.



A CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

THE golden sun is up—to me
Another day is given,
To bear my little cross again
Along the road to heaven.
May all my thoughts, and words, and deeds,
This day, my Jesus, be
Holy and pure as yours—for you
Were once a child like me.

O Jesus ! raise your tiny hand
To bless my coming day,
And draw me gently back again
If e'er I turn away.
For oh ! so strong the tempter is,
So very weak am I,
I fear I'm never, never good,
No matter how I try.

But oh ! that little, childish hand
Holds earth and sky and sea ;
And now it comes from heaven to point
The shortest way for me.
So sweet, so pure, my God, you are,
I feel that only so
Can I dare hope to follow you,
And pure and holy grow.

Then, Jesus, help your little child,
Who longs to do your will ;
In ev'ry trouble let me think
That you are with me still.
And when this day into the past
Sinks with the setting sun,
Back to your feet, dear Lord, I'll steal,
To show you what I've done. J. M. M.

A CHILD'S NIGHT PRAYER.

DEAR Lord ! the night is falling fast,
And now another day,
With all its power of good and ill,
Is passing swift away ;
And at your sacred feet I place
The best I have to bring ;
I blush to lay so poor a gift
Before so great a King.

The shepherds had their little lambs,
The kings their gifts of gold,
And both their holy, loving hearts,
In Bethlehem of old ;
The little birds that sang to-day
Sent up their hymns of praise ;
The flowers your beauty seem to tell
A thousand, thousand ways.

And oh ! it seems that all have done
The work they had to do,
And only I come back again
With gifts so poor and few.
My holy angel watching bent
Beside me all the day ;
But often, when he whispered good,
I only turned away.

Just once or twice a prayer went up,
 And I the combat won ;
 And that I knew was something earned
 To bring when day was done.
 But many, many were the faults
 That now stand out so plain,
 Like blots upon this precious day
 I ne'er can live again.

My heart, at least, I have to give ;
 'Tis more than gold to you :
 I wish it were a better heart,
 More humble and more true.
 Do not refuse it, Jesus dear !
 Forgive me, I implore ;
 Take all I have to give to day,
 To-morrow I'll bring more.

J. M. M.

Poor Ireland ! What preserved it three hundred years ago and during three hundred years of persecution ? Fidelity to the Vicar of Jesus Christ, fidelity to Rome, fidelity to the changeless See of Peter. The arch of the faith is kept fast by that keystone, which the world would fain strike out if it could, but never has prevailed to do so, and Ireland has been sustained by it ; and to this day among the nations of the Christian world there is not to be found a people so instinct with faith and so governed by Christian morality as the people of Ireland.—*Cardinal Manning.*



A TIMELY MEETING.

E. J. D.



NE of the pleasantest districts in Canada lies between the little village of Aylmer and the city of Ottawa. And the road, hard and dry, leading from one to the other, is frequented by the air seekers of the gay Capital. The beautiful hedges and bosky groves, and the rich farmers' houses with their well-kept swards and fancy fences strewn along the route, are among the attractions which delight the traveller's eye.

Years ago you might have noticed a small wooden cottage, hidden away in a bunch of pines, about three miles from Aylmer. A low verandah surrounded the building, and conspired with the pines in enwrapping the cottage in a mantle of gloom. But peace and happiness reigned within.

At the time our story begins the small cottage was occupied by a couple—let us call them Walton; and their only child was Charley, a bright boy, the delight of their days.

Charley's parents were pious. The little stone church in Aylmer saw them every Sunday and holyday, kneeling in their pew in a side aisle, reading their prayers, at Mass, or seated listening to the words of wisdom and the pious counsels which fell from the lips of good Father Michel.

When Charley reached his tenth year, he made his First

Communion. Those were solemn moments, the eve of that great day, when the kind pastor met Charley and his companions in the church and told them of the wondrous act they were to perform on the morrow; how his heart would be grieved if he thought there was a Judas in the little band seated before him; how he would be pleased, and how God would be gratified, if all approached the Holy Banquet with pure souls.

These words sank deep in Charley's breast, and the following morning he received the Sacred Body of his Lord with ardent sentiments of piety and love, and promised never to be unfaithful to so kind a Master. A renewal of baptismal vows in the afternoon and a consecration to the Sacred Heart completed a well-filled day.

But a surprise awaited Charley on his return home. His aunt, a nun in the Aylmer Convent, had made two beautiful badges for her little nephew, and had sent them to him with an only condition that he wear one or the other continually. Charley readily consented; and often spent his leisure moments admiring the workmanship of the beautiful souvenirs of his First Communion. On the one oval in form, was an image of the Divine Heart wrought in red silk, and a scroll bearing the words "*Thy kingdom come*" penned underneath it. On the other, also oval, our Lord was pointing to His Heart; around the edge of the badge were the words:—"*Behold the Heart which has loved men so much!*" Charley had a preference for the latter, perhaps because the features of our Lord were so sweetly painted on it, and because the legend was less embarrassing to his youthful mind.

And thus the little cottager passed his days and weeks in ignorance of care and under the loving eyes of watchful parents. But he was alone and played alone.

II.

One evening in September, Charley saw a small boy in rags lounging near the gate of the cottage, and crying.

"Evidently a little tramp," thought Charley, and his big heart began to fill.

"Hello! won't you come into my house? I'll ask mamma...." And before the waif had time to answer, Charley had scampered off to the kitchen and had returned with the welcome news:

"Yes; mamma says you may come in!"

The little stranger began to sob as if unused to such kindness; Charley, seeing his tears, could hardly keep from sobbing too. His kind heart had been touched at the plight of the boy, and he led him into the house.

After a hearty supper the lad began to tell his story. His name was William Vanveller. His parents had sailed with him from the Isle of Man for America three months before, but both had died of ship fever and were buried at sea.

Here the little waif broke down and sobbed heartily. Mrs. Walton took him into her arms, soothed him, and then learned the rest of his story.

After the death of his parents fellow-passengers took him in charge, and when they landed at Quebec brought him as far as Ottawa, where they left him to take care of himself. It was while straying over the Suspension Bridge and through Hull that he touched the Aylmer road and followed it up many, many miles, he thought, till tired and hungry he threw himself at the gate of the cottage surrounded with pines.

That was the story of the little waif. Mrs. Walton promised to keep him and clothe him and send him to school. He would be a companion to Charley; and

- Charley was delighted.

A bath and a fresh suit of clothes transformed the new-comer. Charley gave him some of his own pocket money, and, at his mother's suggestion, pinned one of his beautiful badges inside his coat, making him promise that he would always wear it.

William was a talented boy, and soon won a name for himself in his classes in the stone school-house which had just been built hard by. Carleton, the teacher, had a special liking for the two friends, and showed it by the interest he took in their progress.

The lads had now spent many months together ; they had learned to love each other as brothers, and they were happy—the one in his newly found home, the other in his newly found friend.

But a great misfortune was about to befall them. Two years after William Vanveller's arrival at the Walton cottage, Charley's father and mother fell ill of fever, and were soon laid in the little cemetery beside the parish church in Aylmer. The boys, inconsolable at this loss, were taken by strangers, separated, and sent to different parts of the country. William went to Ontario, and Charley to a small town in northern New York.

III.

Eighteen years passed away, Vanveller and Walton had long lost trace of each other. The former, always kind-hearted and grateful, had sent innumerable letters to different parts of the country in search of his friend, but no answers ever came to him save those from the Dead Letter Office.

Meanwhile, through the aid of kind friends who recognized his brilliant talents, he had finished his studies in medicine, left Canada, and had secured a large practice in one of the suburbs of New York city.

One day not many months ago Vanveller was walking down East Broadway in that city, when his attention was suddenly attracted by a crowd gathering in front of a beer-saloon. An accident had evidently taken place. Dr. Vanveller hastened his step, and rushing into

the crowd, in an instant was kneeling at the side of an unconscious man. The unfortunate victim had, during a drunken brawl, been savagely thrown out of the door onto the kerb-stone; and blood was flowing copiously from a wound in the side of his head. The physician applied restoratives, pushed away the crowd, and opened the wounded man's coat to give him fresh air, when suddenly he saw, pinned to his waistcoat, a faded but familiar badge of the Sacred Heart.

Vanvelle startled, leaned over the unconscious man, scanned the pale face, and caught under the rugged, shaggy beard and clotted blood the once beloved features of Charley Walton. But he kept his secret and emotions to himself, and simply telephoned for an ambulance to convey the dying man to the Eleventh Street Hospital. He accompanied him, secured a bed for him, and promised the nun in charge to call again in a few hours.

In the evening he was again at the bedside of the dying man, and treated him with the greatest care. But he dared not break to him the news of his discovery lest the shock should prove fatal.

Three days passed, and the patient, though conscious, was sinking visibly. Dr. Vanvelle, a staunch Catholic, aware of his dangerous state, spoke to him of the affairs of his soul. But the dying man turned only a deaf ear. The physician pleaded with him so long and so earnestly that Walton at last consented to see one of the Jesuit Fathers from the college in the neighborhood; and he by a good confession soon made his peace with God.

After he had received the last rites of the Church, the physician asked him for the story of his life. With some reluctancy Walton spoke of a cottage home on the Aylmer road away north in Canada, how he had been left an orphan at the age of thirteen; how after the death of his parents he had been separated from the nearest and

dearest and only friend that remained to him in life; how he had been taken by strangers, and abandoned a few years later without hope or wherewithal to begin life; how he had tried to fight against penury and want, and to do so more successfully had determined to go to New York; how he had been foiled in his career by the many obstacles and temptations he met in his path; and how at last he found himself in the large city of New York—a gambler and drunkard. One thing he had never failed to do, however, was to keep the promise he had made to a kind mother, twenty years before, to wear continually the badge of the Sacred Heart.

He drew the old badge, tattered and worn, to his lips, and kissed it, spoke of his peace of mind and the joy he felt at the prospect of leaving this world for a better one. But there was only one remaining desire of his life that had not been realized: he had to go without news from William Vanvelle, the little orphan and friend of his youth.

“But I am here, my dear Charley!”

And the doctor, bursting into tears, opened his coat and showed the dying man the companion badge of the Sacred Heart. He bent over and took him in his arms and held him.

But what he had foreseen came to pass. The sudden emotion caused by this extraordinary meeting was too great for the dying man, and he fell back on the pillow. William Vanvelle knelt down and said a prayer for the soul of his dead friend.

The school has no right to teach how to read without doing more than it now does to direct the taste and confirm the habit of reading what is good rather than what is bad.—*Professor Stanley Hall.*



LINKS WITH HEAVEN.

...



OUR God in Heaven from that holy place
To each of us an angel guide has given ;
But mothers of dead children have more grace—
For they give angels to their God in Heaven.

How can a mother's heart feel cold and weary,
Knowing her dearer self safe, happy, warm ?
How can she feel her road too dark or dreary,
Who knows her treasure sheltered from the storm ?

How can she sin ? Our hearts may be unheeding,
Our God forgot, our holy saints defied ;
But can a mother hear her dead child pleading,
And thrust those little angel hands aside ?

Those little hands stretched down to draw her ever
Nearer to God by mother love : we all
Are blind and weak, yet surely she can never
With such a stake in Heaven fail or fall.

She knows that when the mighty angels raise
Chorus in Heaven, one little silver tone
Is hers forever ; that one little praise,
One little happy voice, is all her own.

We may not see her sacred crown of honor,
But all the angels flitting to and fro
Pause smiling as they pass—they look upon her
As mother of an angel whom they know.

One whom they left nestled at Mary's feet—
The children's place in Heaven—who softly sings
A little chant to please them, slow and sweet,
Or smiling, strokes their little folded wings ;
Or gives them her white lilies or her beads
To play with ;—yet in spite of flower or song,
They often lift a wistful look that pleads,
And asks her why their mother stays so long.
Then our dear Queen makes answer she will call
Her very soon : meanwhile they are beguiled
To wait and listen while she tells them all
A story of her Jesus as a child.
Ah, saints in Heaven may pray with earnest will
And pity for their weak and erring brothers ;
There is a prayer in Heaven more tender still—
The little children pleading for their mothers.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

Richard H. Clarke, LL.D., president of the New York Catholic Protectory, admits the difficulty of keeping boys from getting cheap sensational newspapers and books which vitiate the mind. Some of the most worthless productions of the press, he says, find their way by unknown channels into select boarding colleges and academies where young ladies are vigilantly protected. Among young folks everywhere, at home and at school, there is the incessant appetite for reading which must be taken into account by all whose duty it is to supply their reasonable demands.



TWO PHASES OF ANARCHISM.

FATHER Lemoigne, of the Society of Jesus, Lenten preacher in the Church of Saint-Merry Paris, had chosen for the subject of his lectures Leo XIII's Encyclical on the condition of the laboring classes. Free-thought journalism and its friends the anarchists were on the watch. Already, on the 15th of March, the speaker had been rudely interrupted in the middle of his discourse. There had been a moment of painful emotion; but tranquillity was restored by the expulsion of the perturber. Meanwhile the editor of the *Bataille* was haranguing the crowd in the open air without the sacred edifice, and the police remained inactive.

On Tuesday the 22nd, "the central revolutionary committee, faithful to its revolutionary activity of the past," writes the *Bataille*, "was punctual at the *rendez-vous*." Its friends were bent on raising a disturbance, they wished to keep their hand in for the first of May; but the preacher was careful not to give them the least pretext for a manifestation, well aware that these protestations would end in acts of brutality. The *Radical*, a revolutionary sheet, acknowledged that there were never milder words spoken, and that the speaker confined himself strictly to topics exclusively religious.

This was not at all what the rowdy gathering expected.

They grew impatient, and finally became exasperated because the speaker gave them no opportunity to find fault with him. On a sudden a shout went up : it was the signal for disorder. Chairs were hurled at the assembled faithful, who took refuge in the chancel, whither they were followed closely by the mob. A score or so of desperados were pushing onward with the cry "to the altar," whereupon twenty resolute men sprang forward and confronted them, their only answer being "So far, and no further!" and the surging mass shrank back, cowed by a mere handful.

According to the testimony of the *Bataille*, the pulpit was carried by storm, a student took the place of the priest, and delivered a wild harangue, ridiculing the belief and practices of the assembly. The thing seems to us inconceivable, for a few blackthorns properly wielded, one would think, would have cleared the church without inflicting any very serious injury on the sacrilegious intruders.

The congregation gradually withdrew and left their assailants masters of the position. The latter, before dispersing, vociferated rather than sang the *Carmagnole* and the *Marseillaise*.

While these execrable scenes were being enacted in the holy place, the revolutionary orators were busy inciting the mob to further disorder, and, in the midst of the crowd, Baudin and Chassaign, members of the Assembly of Deputies, could easily have been singled out as leaders.

And where were the police meanwhile? These guardians of the peace were silent and, it might be added, disinterested spectators, were it not for the fact that by their presence and inactivity they had all the appearance of having been sent to protect the mob. Thrice did the pastor call upon them for protection, but the Commis-

sioner had given no instructions to the police officer who lounged at the door of the church with his men. The sergeant himself, called upon to take official cognizance, of the danger which threatened the safety of citizens coldly answered that what took place within the church did not concern him. The stand they took can easily be explained, for both commissioner and patrolmen were not ignorant of the dispositions of the administration, and could only expect that their action would be disavowed were they to interfere in behalf of God-fearing citizens.

To forestall and no doubt influence the House, the municipal council took up the affair. As every one anticipated, it was to throw all the blame on the law-abiding congregation of Saint-Merry. From that enlightened body Catholics have a right to nothing save hard knocks. And should these be dealt out to them, without any provocation whatever on their side and without their attempting to defend themselves, they must still be classed as disturbers of the peace, against whom too much severity cannot be exercised.

The Prefect of the Seine might, one would have imagined, read over for their edification article 261 of the Penal Code :—"Those who hinder, delay or interrupt the exercise of any worship by causing trouble or disorder in church or other place set apart or actually devoted to such meetings, shall be punished by a fine of from 16 to 100 francs and an imprisonment of from six days to three months." He preferred to allow religion to be trampled under foot by demoniacs, holding out to them as an encouragement the prospect of a legal prosecution to be undertaken against the preacher at Saint-Merry's.

On Saturday, Mr. Delahaye drew the attention of the House to the occurrence by calling to account Mr. Loubet, the Minister of the Interior and the President of the Council of State. "It is the repudiation of the

inaction of the police, and a censure on their conduct, which I expect from you," were his words. "I cannot bring myself to believe that you were a silent partner of these perturbors of the peace."

Mr. Chassaign rose instead to reply, the very man who had been haranguing the mob at the church door. From his showing, the rioters were the assembled congregation, and the revolutionary socialists, his friends, were poor persecuted mortals who deserved much commiseration.

Mgr. d'Hulst, who was elected to succeed Mgr. Freppel, in turn claimed the attention of the deputies. It was his maiden speech in the House. He was the cynosure of all eyes, and awakened the curiosity if not the sympathy of the parliamentary body. Three hundred deputies on the left greeted him with derisive shouts as their congeners from the slums would have received some local celebrity they had been impatiently awaiting. The sight of a cassock had much the same effect on them as the red flag flaunted before the maddened bull. The priest, however, was imperturbable, and faced his adversaries as if he were accustomed for years to such boisterous scenes. He spoke in a vein best suited to disconcert his opponents; and with many a thrust and repartee for his interrupters happily concluded a very telling discourse.

The new deputy from Brest showed himself the worthy representative of the clergy and of his thoroughly Catholic constituency. Minister Louhet was incapable of a higher flight than that of his worthy prefect of the Seine before the municipal council. His smiles were all lavished on the rioters, his frowns were reserved for the upholders of religion and morality. He wound up by declaring that he, the Minister of the Interior, "whose duty it was to see that public tranquillity was undisturbed, would take all necessary measures and would not falter

in his course to the very end, but close, if expedient, the edifice itself."

A pointer for the Anarchists: they have but to keep on raising an uproar in the various places of worship, and the sacred edifices will be all shut up one after the other. Such is even-handed justice as understood by the present rulers of France.

* *

During the debate on the rioting at Saint-Merry's, a member from Paris, the redoubtable Pichon, drew the attention of the Minister to "a series of sermons of a nature and type far more significant." It was at Father Forbes he was aiming, the Jesuit preacher of Sainte-Clothilde, who had, he assured the assembly, made "a virulent attack on the army." Quite the contrary, Father Forbes was speaking in the interest of the army. He laid stress, it is true, on certain spiritual perils of military life, to demand that a prompt remedy be applied to the existing evil. Does not this come rightfully within the compass of pulpit oratory, nowadays when, in France especially, every young man has to graduate, as it were, from the barracks? Has not the Church, who keeps watch and ward over morality, the right to raise her voice against whatever may blight it? The speaker, moreover, had but quoted and summed up what had already appeared in well-known publications, and *nominatim* in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, viz.: "The conclusion to be drawn from this statistical information gathered with great care, on a diversity of points, from persons of divers origin and opinion, is that a very great number of young men, at the expiration of their term of service in the army, return to the bosom of their families with a blunted sense of morality, a contempt for a simple and laborious life, and, in the physical order, habits of intemperance, and

blood contaminated by vice which they transmit to their posterity."

Father Forbes asked, in the name of the family and of the public weal, that these abuses be righted. *He* at least had some right to a hearing, as during the siege of Paris he had nobly acquitted himself of his duties as chaplain of General Vinoy's staff. Mr. Loubet drives Father Forbes from France under pretence that he is a foreign religious, a Scotch Jesuit. To-morrow he may decorate some lewd author whose works will soon find their way to the barracks, there to help on the noisome scheme of corruption. But Father Forbes is not a foreigner according to French law. His father was Scotch, it is true, but his mother was French; and he holds a decree, dated March 7, 1868, authorizing him to take up his abode in France, there "to enjoy the rights of citizenship."

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The unmistakable indorsement which Mr. Loubet so eagerly gave, in the presence of the legislative body, to the doings of the mob at Saint-Merry's, was of a nature to invite the same riotous element to rehearse similar acts of violence elsewhere. The intelligent rabble were not long in showing how fully they appreciated the official encouragement.

A fresh scandal, on Sunday, in St. Joseph's church, was the natural outcome. The Reverend Mr. Gibergues and the Reverend Mr. Lenfant, both diocesan missionaries, were holding lenten services, as they had done two years previous, for the benefit of the working population of that quarter. The lectures were strictly religious. The first two bore on justice and charity, that of Sunday on suffering. No allusion was made, nor had one word bearing on politics been uttered. Mr. Lenfant was explaining how the Church alone held in store for the

faithful those consolations which can lighten moral misery, which is more wide-spread even than material wretchedness. "It's false, it's false!" shouted a crowd of Socialists. With perfect self-possession, Mr. Lenfant proceeded: "What can your atheism avail in presence of the sufferings of mankind? Nothing."

At this juncture, at a given signal, a knot of socialists began singing the *Carmagnole*, but the hymn "*Je suis chrétien*" rang forth from the vast assemblage and drowned the voices of the intruders. Maddened at the turn things were taking, the latter commenced flinging the chairs about, and the congregation crowded around the sanctuary. A student, named Lebreton, the same one who had taken possession of the pulpit of Saint-Merry, attempted to repeat the outrage. Mr. Lenfant forced him back. Lebreton shouted at the top of his voice: "We are masters here." The uproar lasted three-quarters of an hour, but Mr. Lenfant stood at his post to prevent the ruffians from turning the pulpit into a revolutionary platform.

Finally the anarchists withdrew, leaving a wreck behind. The chairs, a confessional, and the church wardens' pew were a heap of shattered ruins. The pulpit was much damaged, and two of the assistant priests were wounded,—one on the arm, the other on the forehead.

And the police? If they did not openly protect the rioters, they at least let them have their way. A police officer had however entered the church and had witnessed all that had taken place, and the sergeant on that particular beat had been notified by the church authorities.

It must be borne in mind that the anarchists were called together by a circular sent by the revolutionary committees, and were led by Mr. Péan, a member of the municipal council of the ward.

The deplorable incidents above recorded, and many others which followed in close succession, but which I would be too tedious to rehearse in detail, constitute the first phase of Anarchism. The second is but the logical sequence of the first. The anarchists' platform is not a very complicated structure : two planks, broad enough, no doubt, to afford them all the standing room they require. They have announced it in unmistakable terms : "Ni Dieu, ni maître," *Neither God nor master*; and this symbol of their unbelief they proceed straightway to put in practice.

Simultaneously with their attacks on God's temples, a succession of explosions struck terror into the hearts of the gay Parisians. The barracks of Lobau, the Boulevard Saint-Germain and the Rue Clichy, in the very centre of the capital, were the scenes of the avenging work of the dynamiters. The roar had scarcely died away in the streets of Paris, when it was re-echoed throughout the provinces, and even in Italy and Spain.

No God! Yes, that is their starting point; and had they not, with the silent approval of the administration, made good their threats in the sacrilegious attempts to drive the unaggressive believers from around God's altar, to outrage them in what they held most sacred, and to close the temples of Him who makes and unmakes nations?

No master!—the corollary; and they were as good as their word. For is not the language of dynamite loud-spoken and intelligible enough? And when the wail goes up from the panic-stricken crowd of revolutionary journalists, who were but too eager to hound on the mob when there was question merely of defenceless worshippers of God, is it not an opportune moment to retort: *Et nunc reges intelligite, erudimini qui judicatis terram?* The *Evenement* declares "that society in France is at

an end if this awful tyranny go unpunished, if the guilty be not hunted down, if such atrocities be not visited with exemplary punishment." The *Lanterne* tells its readers "that the wretches have and can have but one excuse: blindness of intellect, stupidity and downright want of consciousness of their acts. If they be not brutalized idiots, they are the basest of criminals." The *République Française* joins in the chorus, and brands the use of dynamite as "an infamous and cowardly attempt." But each in turn have dinned into the ears of the rabble that they have numbers, and might and right on their side, and that they are answerable to themselves alone; that believing Christians are their legitimate game. They have sown the wind and reap the whirlwind. *And now, O ye rulers, understand: receive instruction, you that judge the earth!*

THE KING OF JUNE.

Let us go to the altar of Jesus,
From the glare of the world apart,
And there let us kneel to our Saviour
In this month of the Sacred Heart.

Let us offer the rarest flowers
For He is our King divine,
And take Him our costliest treasures
To embellish His lowly shrine.

But dearer to Him than are diamonds
Or pearls from the depths of the wave,
Are the hearts of the creatures immortal,
He gave up His life to save.

He grants the prayers of His children
That are wafted to Him above,
And asks in return for His favors
The one sweet gift of our love.

Oakville.

K. N.

THE FIRST FRIDAY NOVENA.

ABOUT thirty years ago, in one of the Convents of the Sacred Heart in France, a child lay dying of inflammation of the lungs. The little sufferer had such violent hemorrhages that blood issued from her hands and feet; and the physicians had given up hope of saving her life. Kneeling by the bedside of the sick child, the Mistress General bethought herself of a request frequently made to her by her Superior, but with which, through press of occupation, she had not been able to comply,—it was to compose a novena in honor of the Sacred Heart.

Then and there she made a vow, that if God would restore the little one to health she would immediately undertake the work of zeal suggested to her by her Reverend Mother, and would not retire to rest until the prayer had been written out.

No sooner had she made the vow, than her petition was granted, and that same night the Novena beginning with the invocation "Profound adoration of the Heart of Jesus, etc.," was written out to the glory of that Divine Heart. When Mother de B. presented it for approbation to the future Jesuit martyr, Père Olivaint, asking "Est-ce bien, mon Père?" He answered in his quick, earnest manner, "Que puis-je vous dire, ma fille, vous avez pris tout Jesus Christ; faites imprimer;" and so this touching and beautiful Novena was given to the public.

M.D.



NOTES AND COMMENTS.

As modern civilization in its contemporary literature offers to those who read abundant opportunities for mental and moral degradation, the conclusion is inevitable that in teaching a child simply how to read, without attempting to develop in him a taste for good reading, the work of the school has been fatally incomplete.—*Principal G. E. Hardy, of New York.*

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The Church's infallibility applies to the sphere of morals in exactly the same manner and degree as to that of faith. In both spheres there are two elements to be considered: the divine and the human. Faith is the conformity of the intellect to divine truth; morality is the conformity of the will to divine law. Unless that truth can be with certainty known, there is no such thing as a reasonable faith; and unless that law can be with certainty known, there is no such thing as a reasonable morality.—*Merwin-Marie Snell.*

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When Garcia Moreno, late president of Ecuador, fell a martyr at the hands of the masonic sect, on the steps of the church in which he had been praying for the blessing of Heaven upon the new administration he was about to enter, he uttered the memorable words: "*Dios no muere!*" "God never dies." His blood has already been precious seed to the Church of Ecuador, through

which a wonderful revival has passed, culminating in the formal consecration of the Republic, by act of Congress, to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.



Anent Dr. Jas. Field Spalding's return to the Episcopal Church, the Boston *Pilot* remarks as follows: "It is not complimentary to the reverend gentleman's intellect to intimate that within the space of, say, fifteen days, he has discovered the reasoning of years to be fallacious; and yet that supposition is more charitable than the alternative that he was insincere four months ago, or is so to-day."

The Sacred Heart *Review* refers thus to the same occurrence: "One thing only is certain—that he is intellectually convinced of the truth and divine authority of the Church; on this point we have his own assurance. Whether he has ever received the grace of faith, God alone knows; for this grace is the gift of God, not the product of any intellectual operation.... Whatever may be the cause of Dr. Spalding's present unfortunate position, he should have our pity and charitable prayers."



The Spanish Catholic Congress, it is expected, will be a great success, and a large number of Catholics will attend from all parts of Spain, as nearly every bishop in the country has issued a special Pastoral Letter on the subject, urging all prominent churchmen to attend.





THE SACRED HEART IN MONTREAL.

AS Montreal may be considered the heart and centre of the Holy League in Canada, it will doubtless interest the *Messenger* readers to know the progress it has made in the ancient city of Maisonneuve and of Margaret Bourgeoys, and how it has spread thence throughout the Dominion.

That progress has been marvellous, far exceeding the most sanguine expectations. Somewhat over four years ago, Rev. J. J. Connolly, S.J., was appointed Director of an English-speaking branch, which he proposed to establish. He secured the co-operation of a few ladies,—whose numbers gradually increased—as Promoters or Heads of Circles. The men's League was begun simultaneously, its Promoters being from the outset mainly professional men or those in the higher business circles. By the end of the first year the English branch of the League had attained a membership of 2000.

At the reception of Promoters, which became an annual affair, all possible solemnity was given to the conferring of Diplomas and Crosses. His Grace the Archbishop, or his Vicar-General, presided, a sermon was preached by one of the Jesuit Fathers, and the music was such as has long made the choir of the Gesu famous.

Monthly meetings were held, at which the affairs of the League were discussed, all the Promoters lending their

hearty support to the Rev. Director in his undertakings. A new departure within the last year has been a special meeting of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart, to which all the members of the League are affiliated. This is usually held on the last Friday of each month, in the Church of the Gesu, a short sermon being given in English, as well as Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. To this meeting Associates as well as Promoters are invited.

At the Corpus Christi Procession, on the year following upon its organization, the English League of the Sacred Heart was represented by a body of fifty gentlemen, chosen from amongst the Promoters, and as many ladies.

The Communion of Reparation takes place in the Church of the Gesu, on the Sunday following the First Friday. It is truly an edifying sight, the numbers of men and women in all walks of life advancing to the altar, wearing upon their breast the Badge of the League with its sacred emblem, the Divine Heart of the God Man, and its beautiful legend, "Thy Kingdom Come," "Behold the Heart that has so much loved men!"

On the first Friday of the month, the Blessed Sacrament remains exposed throughout the entire day, and in the evening there is a meeting of the French Associates, with sermon and Benediction. The League of the Sacred Heart had already taken deep root amongst the French, before our English branch was called into existence. The number of their associates is very large, and they have branches in almost all the towns and villages of French Canada.

An important outgrowth of the English League is its *Messenger*, a little magazine issued monthly from the office of the League. Although only in the second year of its existence, it has already a circulation of seven or eight thousand, and is a welcome visitor to thousands of

Canadian homes. It has received the official sanction of the Canadian hierarchy, His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau being amongst the first to wish the little serial a warm and kindly God-speed. The French branch of the League has recently issued a French *Messenger* of the Sacred Heart from the Central Directorship, at the Gesu, which appears also to have entered upon a career of prosperity.

Amongst the good works early proposed to the zeal of the Promoters and Associates by the Rev. Director was the establishment of a free circulating library, designed to benefit all classes, but more especially the poor. This work has become a remarkable feature of the League. Many hundreds of books are issued monthly, not only books of piety, but volumes of wholesome fiction, of history and biography. It is a noble work, for it serves a two-fold object—the mental as well as the spiritual improvement of great numbers of people, while it prevents them from having recourse to the trashy and dangerous literature so widely circulated in our day. Those who assist it by donations of money or books will undoubtedly have the merit of performing a high spiritual work of mercy,—in fact, one, the importance of which cannot be too greatly estimated.

Other good works have grown out of the League. The Catholic Association of Canada has been active in contradicting the malicious and slanderous statements of certain aggressive mouth-pieces of bigotry in our midst, or the errors or misstatements which may have been simply the result of carelessness on the part of the secular newspapers.

With this fine record of achievement marking the few years of its existence, the Promoters and Associates of this pioneer branch of the League at the Gesu may well feel a deep and heartfelt satisfaction at the spread of the

League into the various city parishes, where the zealous pastors are ardently taking up the labor of Directorship. Centres were first established at St. Ann's, St. Gabriel's, St. Mary's. As one result of the two great missions given in this city during Lent, both of which were attended with results so gratifying, two new and important centres have been affiliated to the League. Truly the fire which Christ came on earth to kindle is spreading in our midst. St. Anthony's and St. Patrick's are at one in their effort to establish on a solid and enduring basis this organization, which is as a great bulwark in our time. Reflecting upon the efforts which are being made in the city of Montreal by the enemies of the faith, it is surely consoling to witness this hearty, unanimous effort to unite all Catholics in the Apostleship, more than ever needed, that of prayer.

Besides these great local centres, the League has spread its branches into almost all the important Upper Canadian Centres. Toronto, with the Archbishop, one might say, at the Head of the Promoters, with the zealous co-operation of Father Francis Ryan and others, ranks first in point of numbers, but Ottawa, Kingston, Alexandria, Brantford, Guelph, Hamilton, Cornwall and Winnipeg, and numberless other places, are vying with each other in their zeal for this sacred cause. Quebec, under the auspices of the Redemptorist Fathers, has achieved the happiest results. St. Patrick's in that city is a veritable stronghold of the League. New impetus has been given to the devotion to the Sacred Heart and the foundation of the League by the voice of many Canadian bishops in their pastorals, as by the preaching of Oblates and Paulists at their missions. The religious communities have had a marked share in its development. The Sulpicians at the Grand Seminary of Montreal have introduced it most effectively. The Sisters of the Con-

gregation, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart and of Loretto, the Grey Nuns, the Nuns at the Hotel Dieu, the Christian Brothers, have all had a notable part in the good work. And so the League has gone on and prospered in Montreal, which, already glorious in its title of City of Mary, may soon add to it another holier still—the City of the Sacred Heart.

For, from that grand centre of the greatest of all devotions, the chief Canadian sanctuary of the Sacred Heart, the Gesu, with its majestic statue of our Divine Lord, pointing ever to the gracious Heart, which has so loved man, as from a burning focus of warmth and light has radiated these innumerable centres, extending to-day from Halifax to Vancouver.

MARY A. SADLIER.

A VISIT TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.—Jesus is lonely. He is wearied waiting for those whom He loves, but who have no thought of Him. Let us visit Him. Tread gently; the church is a hallowed spot; God is here present. Kneel now and adore Him. The Heart of Jesus is overjoyed to see you so near Him. Hearken, He is speaking to you; do you not hear His loving voice?

JESUS.—My child, it is not necessary to be very learned to please me, it is enough to love me much. Speak to me guilelessly as you would to your dearest friend. Is there no one you would recommend to me? Tell me the names of your parents, of your brothers, of your sisters, of your friends; after each name, say what you would wish me to do for them. Ask much, ask a great deal; am fond of unselfish hearts who forget themselves for

the sake of others. Speak to me of the poor whom you would wish to help—of the sick whose sufferings you have witnessed—of the wicked whom you would wish to convert—of those who are estranged from you whose love you would win back. Say now a fervent prayer for them all. Remind me that I promised to grant every prayer made in my name.

Is there no grace you would ask me for yourself? Write, if you wish, a long list of all the needs of your soul, and come then and read it to me.

Tell me frankly how sensual you are, how overbearing, how susceptible, how fretful, how selfish, how faint-hearted, how slothful, and ask me to bear with you and help you in your endeavors.

Do not blush, my poor child, there are ever so many elect and saints in heaven who had all these failings; they besought me, and little by little they rid themselves of them.

Do not be afraid to ask me for advantages of both body and mind: health, memory, success. All these I can give, and do give, when they help the growth of souls in holiness. And now, my child, what would you ask me for to-day? If you only knew my longing to befriend you! Are you not busied about some projects? Tell me all about them. What takes up most of your thoughts? What are you striving after? Is it in behalf of your brother, your sister? What would you do for them?

And for my service, have you no zealous thoughts? Would you not wish to do a little good to the souls of those near and dear to you? those you are fond of, and who, perhaps, are unmindful of me?

Tell me those whose good you have at heart, why you are concerned about their welfare, and how you purpose to help them. Tell me about your own failures, and I will tell you the cause. Whose good will would you win for your undertaking?

I am the keeper of hearts, my child, and I lead them gently whithersoever I will. Have no care, I will win over for you those whose help you stand in need of.

Have you no sorrows? Ah! my child, unfold them to me. Rehearse them every one and fully;—who has aggrieved you? who has slighted you? who has wounded your self-love? who has scorned you?

Tell me all, and end by saying that you forgive, that you forget, and I, I will bless you.

Are you in dread of some hardship, of some annoyance? Is your soul a prey to some vague, shadowy fear which worries you? Have an unbounded trust in my Providence. I am ever with you, and never shall I forsake you.

Do you feel that there are hearts near you who are less kind than formerly, who have shut you out, by their coldness and neglect, from their circle, without your having done aught to wound them? Pray to me for them, and I shall win them back if they are to prove helpful in your way towards holiness.

Have you no joys to make known to me? Why should you not share with me your happiness? Tell me whatever has happened since yesterday to comfort you, to bring a smile to your lips, gladness to your heart. Was it an unlooked-for visit which cheered you up? an apprehension which vanished on a sudden? a token of fondness, a letter, a keepsake you received? a hard trial overcome which showed that you were stronger than you had fancied?

It was I, my child, who brought all that about; and why should you not show yourself grateful, and say one little "Thank you, Lord!"

Thanksgiving draws down other gifts, and the benefactor likes to be reminded of his kind deeds.

Have you no promise to make me? You know I can

peer down into the depths of your heart ; be sincere then, for though man may over-reach his fellow-man he cannot cheat God.

Have you made up your mind no longer to court these occasions of evil doing?—to shrink from that object which leads you to sin?—to no longer read that book which fires your imagination?—to forego the friendship of that person whose presence disturbs the serenity of your soul? When will you learn how to be meek and unforbidding with the one who has wounded you?

Go now, my child, and busy yourself again about your everyday work ; but be less talkative, more modest, enduring, submissive, charitable ; love dearly the Virgin Mother.

Come back to-morrow and bring me a heart still more loving and devoted. I have in store for you against then fresh gifts and graces.—*A new translation for the Messenger.*

THE LEAGUE AT HOME.

St. Anthony's Parish, Montreal.

The Secretary of the League writes us as follows : “ To this parish has been granted the favor of having been added to the long list of parishes now working under the banner of the Sacred Heart.

“ The Holy League was established here on Easter Sunday by the Rev. Greg. O'Bryan, S.J., whose missionary labors of the past three weeks have been productive of so much good in our midst, and this crowning blessing of so fruitful a mission was fervently received by all. Over seventy-five ladies have inscribed their names as promoters so far. These represent upwards of twelve hundred associates, and this is only the beginning. We

hope shortly to be able to say that the entire parish is engaged in the practice of this most efficacious devotion.

"A very interesting part of the inauguration was the eloquent discourse of the reverend father, who at evening benediction preached on the Resurrection. During this sermon frequent reference was made to the devotion of the Sacred Heart. As evidence of the earnestness already displayed in furthering the good work, I would instance the action of a gentleman of the congregation, who, at the close of the service, volunteered to purchase a statue for the shrine of the Sacred Heart. The statue has since been enthroned in its resting place, and its beauty betokens the liberality of the generous donor."

Kingston.

Saturday morning, April 9th, the Members of the Boys League of the Sacred Heart of St. Mary's Cathedral School received Holy Communion in the Cathedral. One hundred and twenty communicants marched from the school to the church to attend the eight o'clock mass, which was celebrated by Reverend Father Kelly. Each boy wore the Sacred Heart badge, while the Promoters and Officers had red silk sashes worn over the shoulders. A very pretty sight they presented as they filed up the aisles two by two, and took their places in the centre seats.

The pupils of Notre Dame Convent sang beautifully some of the choicest hymns to the Sacred Heart and to the Blessed Virgin, throughout the Mass. It was a grand and impressive scene, meriting the favor of the Sacred Heart, one which will not be forgotten in the annals of the League in Kingston.—*The Secretary.*

IN THANKSGIVING.

GALT.—For several favors received from the Sacred Heart.

GODERICH.—For the return to the faith and religious duties of one who was absent for many years.

TORONTO.—For the recovery of a voice almost entirely lost for five months.

BRANTFORD.—For the recovery from a several illness of two persons after they had been recommended to the prayers of the League.

MONTREAL.—For a good position obtained shortly after the affair had been recommended to the prayers of the League.—For the complete cure of an Associate for years almost insane through scruples ; as soon as she began to labor for the interests of the Sacred Heart, she became wholly freed from the trial.—For a favor received, through the intercession of St. Joseph.—For a grace received with promise to acknowledge it in the *Messenger*.—For the recovery of a young man from a severe case of paralysis ; he had been given up by a leading physician.—A family returns thanks for numerous favors received.—A father of a family wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor asked for, with promise to publish if granted. A lady wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for a spiritual favor specially asked from and granted by the Sacred Heart.

PRINCE ALBERT.—Special thanksgiving for two favors lately granted through the prayers of the League.

EGANVILLE.—In accordance with a promise, thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a very great favor received.

ST. CATHARINES.—Thanks for a very great temporal favor received, with promise to publish.

ST. RAPHAEL'S.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for a good position obtained.

QUEBEC.—Thanks for the return to faith and religious practice of a young man.

SAULT STE. MARIE.—Thanks for a favor received.

KINGSTON.—Thanks returned for employment and means obtained five days after the petition was made.

ORILLIA.—A lady returns thanks for a favor received.

TORONTO.—In accordance with a promise, thanks are returned for employment obtained.

RENFREW.—Thanks returned for a special favor obtained through the loving intercession of the Sacred Heart.—A Promoter wishes to return thanks for a favor received.

LONDON.—For a temporal favor asked for and granted.

SWANTON.—For the conversion of a Protestant recommended to the League.

HAMILTON.—Thanks through the "dear little *Messenger*" for a temporal favor recommended last month

Urgent requests for prayers for temporal and spiritual favors have reached this office from Montreal, Almonte, St. Mary's, Toronto, Prince Albert, Windsor, Kentville, Ottawa, St. Laurent, etc.

Recent Aggregations.

MONTREAL.—St. Anthony's, Montreal.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—St. Patrick's, Fort Augustus.

MONTREAL.—St. Patrick's, Montreal.

INTENTIONS FOR JUNE

RECOMMENDED TO THE PRAYERS OF THE LEAGUE BY
THE CANADIAN ASSOCIATES.

- 1.—**W.**—*Our Lady of Grace*. Confidence in Mary. 15,474 Thanksgivings.
- 2.—**T.**—*Bl. Ann of Paredes, V. h.†* Love of innocence. 12,418 Afflicted.
- 3.—**F.**—*FIRST FRIDAY*. a.† g.† p.† Christian patriotism. 9246 dead associates.
- 4.—**S.**—*S. Francis Caracciolo*. Charity for our neighbor. 50,103 Special intentions.
- 5.—**S.**—*WHITSUNDAY*, a.† b.† c.† g.† m.† Gifts of the Holy Ghost. 4,863 communities.
- 6.—**M.**—*Norbert, Bp.* The praises of God. 14,744 first communions.
- 7.—**T.**—*S. Paul, Bp.* The fear of God. 36,569 departed souls.
- 8.—**W.**—*St. Maximinus, Bp.* Piety. 9542 employment and means.
- 9.—**T.**—*SS. Prime and Felician, MM.* h. Constancy in faith. 4007 clergy.
- 10.—**F.**—*St. Margaret, Q.* Contempt of vanities. 54,900 children.
- 11.—**S.**—*St. Rosalie, V.* Purity. 16,502 families.
- 12.—**S.**—*Trinity*, b.† g.† A lively faith. 25,237 perseverance.
- 13.—**M.**—*St. Anthony of Padua, C.* Fervor. 5821 reconciliations.
- 14.—**T.**—*St. Basil, Bp. D.* Desire of perfection. 18,189 spiritual favors.
- 15.—**W.**—*St. Barnaby, Ap.* b.† m.† Spirit of detachment. 14,174 temporal favors.
- 16.—**T.**—*Corpus Christi*, b.† h.† Respect for the Blessed Sacrament. 14,978 conversions to the faith.
- 17.—**F.**—*S. John FrancRegis, S. F.* Respect for the priesthood 20,723 youth
- 18.—**S.**—*SS. Mark and Marcellinus, MM.* h.† Moral Courage. 5797 Schools.
- 19.—**S.**—*Ste Juliana Falconieri, V.* h.† Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. 10,512 sick or infirm.
- 20.—**M.**—*S. Silverius, P.* Respect for God. 2433 Missions.
- 21.—**T.**—*S. Louis of Gonzaga*. Union with the Sacred Heart. 3704 spiritual works.
- 22.—**W.**—*St. Paulinus, Bp.* Love of the poor. 4844 parishes.
- 23.—**T.**—*S. Etheldreda, V.* h.† Spirit of prayer. 38,944 sinners.
- 24.—**F.**—*ST. JOHN BAPTIST*. b.† Spirit of penance. 17,410 parents.
- 25.—**S.**—*SACRED HEART OF JESUS*. a.† g.† Love of this Divine Heart. 2707 religious.
- 26.—**S.**—*SS. John and Paul, MM.* Spirit of union. 8463 Church students.
- 27.—**M.**—*St Ladislas, K.* Fervor. 4355 Superiors.
- 28.—**T.**—*St. Leo II, P.* Attachment to the Holy Roman Church. 8545 vocations.
- 29.—**W.**—*SS. PETER AND PAUL*. a.† b.† c.† g.† m.† p.† Docility to papal teaching. 8903 promoters.
- 30.—**T.**—*Commemoration of St. Paul*. Devotedness to Jesus Christ. The Directors.

†=Plenary Indulg.; a=1st Degree; b=2d Degree; g=Guard of Honor or Roman Archconfraternity; h=Holy Hour; m=Bona Mors; p=Promoters; r=Rosary Sodality; s=Sodality B. V.

Associates may gain 100 days Indulgence for each action offered for these Intentions.



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MESSENGER ITEMS.

In Churches and Oratories in which special exercises of piety are held in honor of the Divine Heart, with the Ordinary's approval, on the morning of the First Friday of each month a Votive Mass of the Sacred Heart may be added, with *Gloria*, *Credo* and one prayer (Decree March 20, 1890), provided there occurs on that day no feast of our Lord, nor double of the first class, nor a privileged FERIA, Vigil or Octave.

The *unica oratio* of the decree excludes even the *oratio imperata*. The reason is that the *oratio imperata* is to be omitted in solemn Votive Masses celebrated *sub ritu primæ classis*. The Votive Mass of the Sacred Heart here referred to, if not a solemn Votive Mass, is still to be celebrated as if it were.

Questions are asked from time to time with regard to the First Friday Mass, hence we publish the substance of the Papal Rescript and of the Decree given by the Sacred Congregation in relation to the rite of the Mass. Nothing has been determined concerning the "special exer-

cises of piety" which are to be performed, the choice of them is left to the discretion of the pastor.—*American Messenger.*

Some of our Local Secretaries are not yet aware that the Intention and Treasury Reports should be added up, and only one sheet sent to this office. We have been receiving lately all the private intentions of several parishes, just as they came from the Intention boxes. This method may lighten Secretaries' duties, but it adds more to our work than we can reasonably undertake.

And Local Secretaries should kindly see that the names of their respective centres are written on the reports sent to us. Very often, the only clue to the centre whence a letter comes is the postmark on the envelopes, and when that fails us, though the Intentions are recommended to the prayers of the League, receipt cannot be acknowledged in the "Correspondence" columns.

The Promoters and Associates of an important Ontario centre earnestly ask the other members of the League in Canada to aid them in making a success of a novena in honor of the Canadian Jesuit martyrs, Fathers Brebeuf and Lallemant, who were killed for the faith by the Iroquois, in the neighborhood of Penetanguishene in 1649. A very special favor is asked for; if granted, the readers of the *Messenger* will hear more about it.

How pleasing it would be to the Heart of Jesus if our little Promoters and Associates, leaving convents and schools, would keep up the work of the Treasury during the holidays, and bring back with them a record of "Masses heard," "Prayers recited," "Acts of charity," etc., for the September Treasury of the MESSENGER.



GENERAL INTENTION FOR JULY.

*Named by the Cardinal Protector and blessed by the Pope
for all the Associates.*

Catholic Guilds for Masters and Workmen.

TOWARDS the close of the last century the impious framers of the *Declaration of the Rights of Man* had in the same breath sanctioned the silly formula of Turgot : "The root of the evil lies in the very faculty granted to the craftsmen of a same trade to assemble and coalesce in a body-corporate." This allegation was the very reverse of the truth, and implied an infringement of the Natural Law. But as tradesmen's guilds were then organized under the parental authority of Holy Church, and would have barred the way of the Revolution in its career of crime, it must be acknowledged that, under the circumstances, the leaders of that political and social movement were perfectly consistent. They annihilated therefore with one stroke of the pen those magnificent organizations of guild and wardenship of trade-corporations which, for six hundred years, stood guard over the prosperity, peace and domestic honor in every tradesman's home throughout the breadth of the land. And what then befell the working classes in those countries which followed in the wake of the revolutionary movement? As Mr. Gauthier

asserted in the French Chamber of Deputies, on June 12th, 1883: "The Revolution, after compassing the ruin of the time-honored corporations, set up nothing in their stead. Social up-heavals followed, and strikes were of frequent occurrence." All this ended disastrously, especially for the workmen. In the greater part of modern workshops and factories of countries once Catholic to the core but now honeycombed by secret societies, the tide of immorality rose to such a height that the Free-thinkers themselves stood aghast.

Is it then to be wondered at that in European Catholic countries, after the dismal experience of a whole century, an irresistible impulse impels the world of labor to reconstitute those beneficent and needful societies, without which the toiler, too weak in his utter isolation to cope with the capitalist, is ground down and worked on the "sweating system" by his unchristian and unfeeling master?

Freemasonry, which in France, in 1791, ruthlessly wiped out the workingman's guilds, so intermeddled in their reorganization as to control them and use them as a lever against society and religion.

Serious-minded men, instinct with purely religious considerations, and who have mastered the details of this question of the hour, will readily see how imperative the duty is to come to the relief of the workingman, and to rescue him from the tentacles of the monster.

In England the charters of many guilds dated back to the tenth century. In fact, during the Anglo-Saxon period the whole laboring population was virtually banded together in one vast system of guilds. But it was under the second Henry that they reached the height of their power, and celebrated their festivals with all the pomp and pageantry borrowed from royalty itself. Their members figured at coronations and state festivities robed in gorgeous liveries. Nor was their importance to be

gauged merely by outward show as occasion offered, but they enjoyed political privileges which ranked them among the powers of the land.

At the time of the so-called Reformation they, like other institutions cradled in their infancy by the Church, lost their distinctive Catholic character, and little by little their power waned, until, in 1835, legislation wrested from them the most powerful means of protecting their members against competition in trade, by cancelling their exclusive privileges of close-corporations.

Since that period in England, as on the Continent, their place has been taken to a great extent by trades' unions. With the latter we are more familiar, and know how cautiously the Church has acted when appealed to to extend to them a formal approval.

Leo XIII has mapped out for us our course: "A helping hand," the Pontiff says, "must at any cost be extended to those who painfully earn their livelihood by their daily toil. They should be enrolled in lawful associations, lest they be enticed into evil ones. We earnestly wish that everywhere, under the auspices and patronage of Bishops, associations and guilds be re-established, and adapted to the wants of these later times."

And to guide us in this needful work of adaptation, the Pope himself, with marvellous wisdom, in his recent masterly Encyclical on the *Condition of Workingmen*, has sketched the main outlines we are to follow.

It is well to be reminded that already elsewhere a great number of masters and workmen have reaped from these revived corporations such marked advantages that they find all their painstaking endeavors as pioneers in this meritorious crusade repaid a hundred-fold. But, we repeat, every good Catholic should take a more or less active part in the work: the clergy, secular and regular, the upper classes and those whose labor is their only capital,

the craftsmen themselves and their masters. Even pious women are in a position to promote the work.

Let each carry cheerfully to the rising structure his brick or stone or handful of sand if nothing more. There should be no drones, but all should be busy about the hive.

Count De Mun, the great champion of Catholic interests, at the Liege Congress, sounded the true note : "The social question," he said, "is not to be solved by mere formulas ; a generous and persistent effort is needed, and this effort is a true devotedness,—otherwise, the giving of one's self to the task."

Now, since the recently constituted guilds everywhere rally—and we note it with supreme satisfaction—round the standard of the Heart of Jesus ; since Catholic masters have already, and in great numbers, formally consecrated themselves to the Divine Heart in His sanctuary at Montmartre ; since, in fine, this work of modern regeneration has been honored with the title of *The Social Crusade of the Sacred Heart*, it behooves our beloved Associates and Promoters to march in the van and to distinguish themselves by their doughty deeds.

Let them speak to the masses, in season and out of season ; for, as a master-mind has well put it, "the people are with the one who speaks to them, and they heed every utterance which wells up from a heart in touch with the Heart of Christ."

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer : in particular that Catholic guilds for Masters and Workmen may obtain greater extension throughout the world. Amen.



FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

SOMETIMES I am tempted to murmur
That life is flitting away,
With only a round of trifles
Filling each busy day—
Dusting nooks and corners,
Making the house look fair,
And patiently taking on me
The burden of woman's care ;

Comforting childish sorrows,
And charming the childish heart
With the simple song and story,
Told with a mother's art ;
Setting the dear home table,
And clearing the meal away,
And going on little errands
In the twilight of the day.

One day just like another !
Sewing and piecing well
Little jackets and trousers,
So neatly that none can tell
Where are the seams and joinings—
Ah ! the seamy side of life
Is kept out of sight by the magic
Of many a mother and wife !

And oft when I'm ready to murmur
 That time is flitting away
 With the self-same round of duties
 Filling each busy day,
 It comes to my spirit sweetly,
 With the grace of a thought divine :
 You are living, toiling, for love's sake,
 And the loving should never repine.

You are guiding the little footsteps
 In the way they ought to walk,
 You are dropping a word for Jesus
 In the midst of your household talk ;
 Living your life for love's sake,
 Till the homely cares grow sweet—
 And sacred the self-denial
 That is laid at the Master's feet.

ANON.

Assuredly, the method of instruction which proposes to deal with the knowledge merely of natural things and ends of this life, of society on earth, by this very fact withdraws from truth revealed by God, and must, of necessity, glide into a spirit of error and of lies. And the education that, without the help of Christian doctrine and of the Catholic discipline of morals, would train the tender minds of youth and their hearts which, without these supernatural aids, are like melted wax, ready to be stamped with vice, cannot fail to bring forth a progeny that will be moved only by depraved appetites and selfish motives, to the overwhelming disgrace both of private families and of the republic. Therefore youth are exposed to the greatest dangers unless their instruction is coupled by the closest tie with religious teaching.—PIUS IX, Letter to the Archbishop of Friburg.



A BUNCH OF JUNE ROSES.

A. T. S.

A bunch of June roses, heavy with fragrance, rich, ruby red in coloring, stood upon a table in a gorgeously appointed drawing-room. Their perfume filled it with exceeding sweetness, mingling with the odorous breath of flowers and trees, which came in through the windows opening on the veranda. Costly trifles were everywhere displayed about the room, Turkish rugs covered the parquettèd floor, and reclining upon a couch, propped by luxurious cushions, was a woman, whose wasted form and pallid face bespoke, one would fancy, the near approach of death. Her eyes were closed, yet she seemed to listen to the words spoken by a man, who sat in an arm-chair close by. His voice was grave, and his face wore an expression of anxiety, even of suffering.

"Isabel," he said, "you can hardly fancy the pain it gives me to tell you that my resolution is unalterable. I must refuse your request."

"You have the heart to refuse me *now*, Maurice, to refuse me *now*," said the woman, opening a pair of beautiful violet eyes, and fixing them upon his face, "when death is probably so near me, when I shall be leaving you for ever ; and after all, it is but a trifle."

"A trifle ! My God, Isabel, can you call such a matter a trifle. Heaven knows I am, I have been indifferent enough. But this is a case wherein my conscience will

not allow me to yield. Our daughter must and shall remain a Catholic."

"Must and shall, Maurice," she repeated, awed nevertheless by his earnestness. "These are strong words. Now, as far as I am concerned, I have no deep-rooted religious opinions, but it would be decidedly more advantageous, socially, at least, for Beatrice to be brought up in the Church of England. She can be as High Church as you please, and then her aunt will leave her her fortune."

"To sell my child's soul for a fortune, for respectability! no, Isabel, never."

She looked at him curiously, as he went on:

"I am not a religious man, I have given you, I fear, very poor example; but oh, Isabel, it grieves me to the heart to hear you talking in such a manner, when, there is no disguising the fact, you are in actual danger of death. Can I do nothing, Isabel? Is there no way I can help you from this darkness to light?"

He was surprised at himself. Long afterwards, he was wont to ascribe his fervor upon this occasion to a Badge of the Sacred Heart which his sister, a nun, had lately made him promise to wear. His wife lay quite still, looking at him with the same half-wondering expression. Handsome, gay and worldly, a favorite at clubs, on the race-course, in ball-rooms, at the dinner table, this Protestant wife, when he had married, never dreamed of the deep current of living faith which had remained under the cover of an apparently callous worldliness. She had heard Maurice excel in witty repartee, in the refined badinage of the drawing-room, in the good story at the dinner table, but she had never heard him speak with such force and feeling and directness before. These Catholics were curious people, she reflected, and something like a half-formed wish arose in her heart that Maurice had talked

this way sooner and oftener ; a half-formed wish that she, too, could believe and feel.

The sound of a light pattering step upon the threshold and over the floor, and Beatrice stood beside her, glowing with excitement, her childish face flushed with pleasure, her blue eyes actually dancing with delight.

"I have been over to the nuns, and they were so kind, and they gave me this for you. They said for you to put it on, and that perhaps it would make you well, or that anyway it would make you love the Sacred Heart."

She thrust into her mother's hand as she spoke a tiny Badge of the Sacred Heart, at which the sick woman looked long and earnestly, without speaking.

"Oh mamma, I wish you could see the chapel to-day," continued Beatrice, fairly breathless in her haste to describe the beauties she had seen ; "it is so lovely. It is the 1st of June, and so there are lots of flowers and lights, and a red lamp burning before the altar and a picture of God—the Sacred Heart. And the nuns were singing there a hymn to the Sacred Heart, and everybody was saying prayers, and——"

The child's eyes, roaming restlessly around the room, caught sight of the roses in the bowl upon the table.

"Now, I would like to bring some of those roses over to the chapel and put them before God's picture," she said earnestly. "They are red, just like the Heart in the picture."

"Bring me the bowl, dear child," said the mother, gently, and she chose the most beautiful cluster, and gave them to Beatrice.

"Take them over to the nuns," she said, "and tell them to put the roses before the picture you are so fond of."

The child, kissing her mother, darted out of the room to fulfill the welcome commission. The father, who had attentively observed all that had passed, said quietly :

"Isabel, would you really wish that child to become a Protestant?"

And his wife, after a moment's struggle, said softly :
"Perhaps it is best as it is. We will let her aunt's money go."

II.

But she could not let go from her mind, as she lay there alone, after her husband had gone, the scene which her little one had conjured up, and the look upon the child's face as she spoke. The childish imagination, so pure and true, had added a glow to the landscape, and given to the crude sketch a subtle depth and truthfulness. The chapel, with its lights and flowers, the Tabernacle wherein these people, including her husband and child, believed that a God reposed, the light burning before it, and the picture of the Sacred Heart. It haunted her, do what she would. She looked at the pictures on the walls, the water-colors, engravings, etchings, which had cost such an amount of money. She looked at the carvings and decorations, at the curious chairs, at the rare china, at the Venetian mirror. These things represented almost every land under the sun. They reminded her of mornings in Rome, of sunsets in Florence, of dawns upon the Alps, of moonlight nights on the Lagoon at Venice. They told their tales of journeyings in Palestine and sails upon the Bosphorus, of ancient Spanish cities and of drives in the Bois de Boulogne. But they told her nothing of that world towards which she might be hastening—the world, to her so dark and mysterious, beyond the grave. A strange anxiety took possession of her, and at the same time an intense desire to see that convent chapel and the picture of the Sacred Heart. If ever she were well enough—but there was little chance—she would go there, she would hear the nuns singing and watch the people praying. The scent of roses would somehow be inseparably con-

nected henceforth with all that the child had told her, and she felt a curious satisfaction that some roses sent by her were actually breathing out their fragrance, spending their sweetness, as it were, over there in the convent chapel.

III.

June was at its close. Its warm, bright days and long exquisite nights were presently to give way to sultry July. Its roses, its sweet sounds and sights and smells would soon be of the past. In the gorgeously appointed drawing-room were gathered once more together husband and wife and child. Isabel, no longer reclining upon the couch, moved about the room, with just enough of the languor of an invalid to serve as a reminder of her late serious illness. Great changes had taken place in that little family. The husband, once so worldly and careless, had become an earnest, practical Catholic.

Ever since the memorable conversation upon the subject of their child's religion he had striven to impress his wife by the strongest of all arguments,—good example. He had become a regular frequenter of the Sacraments, had caused his name to be inscribed as an Associate of the League, at the same time asking prayers for his wife, and had proudly displayed his Badge whenever opportunity offered. Meanwhile, the lessons of that first afternoon of the month of the Sacred Heart had sunk deeply into the wife's heart. It had forcibly impressed her, that her husband, so worldly and careless, should upon a question of faith be willing to make so great a sacrifice. She knew it had pained him to refuse what she then had believed to be her dying request,—he who had never refused her anything.

Then the child had come with so sweet an expression upon her face, and had told her that simple child-

story which had so lingered in her imagination. She had pondered over the strangeness of it all, that this child of hers, who had never been anywhere, who had lived her whole life in Canada and spent her time principally with her Catholic governess and the nuns, should know many things of which she, the accomplished, the travelled mother, was ignorant.

Then there had been the episode of the roses repeated every day, a bunch of most beautiful crimson ones being sent each afternoon for the altar of the chapel; and the wearing of the Badge. She had worn it, and to its application, as well as to the constant prayers offered up by the nuns, and to the prayers of the League, both she and her husband ascribed the change which shortly took place in her health.

On this particular morning, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, the invalid had gone out, almost for the first time, and had knelt with her husband and child at the altar, in the convent chapel, to receive her First Communion. Some changes had been made in the drawing room as well. A statue of Our Lady had replaced one of the finest bits of sculpture, and where the choicest water-color had hung was a picture of the Sacred Heart, before which Isabel had just placed, where the sunlight brought out their warm red color, a bunch of June roses.

Within a century after the death of St. Patrick the Irish seminaries had so increased, that most parts of Europe sent their children to be educated there, and drew thence their bishops and teachers. By the ninth century, Armagh could boast of 7,000 students, whilst Cashel and Lismore vied with it in renown.—BISHOP NICHOLSON.



LAST VOYAGES AND DEATH OF COLUMBUS.

(CONCLUDED FROM THE MAY MESSENGER)

COLUMBUS was still haunted with the idea that his mission was not yet accomplished, and that other lands remained to be discovered. On the 30th May, 1498, he set out on his third voyage. Before leaving the port, he made a vow to honor with the name of the Trinity the first land he might discover. On the way the sailors were horrified to find their supply of water almost exhausted. Whilst the Admiral was invoking the Blessed Trinity for aid, a servant by mere accident descried from the masthead far away to the East the summits of three mountains. It was the land which Columbus so long desired to find. What appeared most remarkable was that the three peaks seemed in a mystericus way to symbolize the Blessed Trinity, whose name he had pledged himself to give to the first land he would discover.

They were now near the delta of the Orinoco ; but before reaching the shore, the Admiral was attacked by a serious disease, which prevented his enjoying the happiness of being the first to land in the newly discovered country. This honor was reserved for his pious and trusted captain, Peter de Terreros.

But the joy Columbus experienced in discovering this new land was sadly changed when he learned of the state of affairs in the Spanish colony of Hayti. Crowds of

greedy adventurers had flocked into the Island, who, by cruel injustices, excited the natives to revolt. These disorders gave the enemies of Columbus at home apparent grounds for accusation, which finally brought about his ruin. The king, who was never his warmest friend, listened readily to the stories, but the queen still remained faithful. At length, a number of natives were taken captive and sent as slaves to Europe, without the knowledge of Columbus. This was contrary to the queen's express command—not to take his liberty from any native. She did not feel she could conscientiously defend a man who had openly disobeyed so sacred a command, so she consented to have Bobadilla sent to America with all the powers previously conferred on the Admiral.

From the moment of his arrival Bobadilla persistently refused to see his rival, and at once established a kind of court, before which the charges against Columbus were examined. All kinds of witnesses were admitted—Spaniards whose greedy and avaricious designs Columbus had thwarted: discontented natives, who thought it an opportunity for wreaking revenge on the Europeans by maligning their chief—all flocked to the mock trial, and the testimony of each was received without demur. Columbus was denied the right to speak in his own defence. After some time spent in this parody of judicial procedure, he was declared guilty of a capital offence. Bobadilla, not wishing to take upon himself the responsibility of having him put to death, ordered him to be sent a prisoner to Europe.

In the month of October, the great Admiral, who had done so much for Spain and for humanity at large, was placed in chains on a Spanish vessel. On the 25th of the following month, he who a few years before was received on landing with almost royal pomp, who was hailed with

applause such as had never before been equalled in Spain, found no one to welcome him, and could count on nothing but the tokens of blackest ingratitude from those to whom he had rendered such eminent service.

When the news of his arrival reached Grenada, where the king held his court, the latter ordered a sufficient sum of money to be sent to enable him to present himself becomingly. Both king and queen expressed the deepest sorrow on hearing of the unworthy treatment to which the Admiral was subjected. They promised to have him re-instated as Chief Admiral; but owing to political intrigues, Ferdinand refused to confirm anew all the privileges he had formerly promised him.

Instead of wasting time in trying to regain his former rank, the Christian hero humbly reconciled himself to his degraded position, and henceforth thought only of how he could best spend the few remaining years of his life in promoting the glory of his Heavenly Master. He wrote to the people, asking permission to choose co-laborers for the work of spreading the Gospel in the boundless regions which he had discovered during his last voyage.

On the 9th May, 1502, Columbus, with a convoy of four vessels and a force of one hundred and fifty men, set out on what was destined to be his last voyage to America. The indignities heaped upon him by the upstart officials who had taken his place were too numerous to mention. He pardoned all, and with the love of God burning in his heart set to work to devise suitable means of spreading the Gospel among the natives. Whilst engaged in this work, everything seemed to conspire to defeat his object. Unwholesome and insufficient food brought on disease, and to this were added the savage attacks of the Indians. When he seemed about to yield to despondency, he was aroused one day from sleep by a voice chiding him for his

want of faith and courage in his efforts to serve his God. 'O man!' it said, 'how slow to believe and to serve the Lord your God. The Indies have been given you with leave to do with them what might seem to you best. By the difficulties you have surmounted you have become famous among Christians. God has done more for you than he did for the people of Israel in leading them out from the land of bondage, or than he did for David in raising him from the lowly condition of a shepherd to that of a king. Turn towards Him then, and lament your pusillanimity, for His mercy is boundless.'

"I listened," he said, "as one without life and without strength to reply; I could only bewail my short-comings, while the voice continued: 'Do not fear, have confidence, all these trials are graven on marble and are not sent without good reason.'"

The days of Columbus were now all but numbered. The great work God had intended him to do was accomplished. Before starting for Spain he learned the death of the great Isabella, whom he mourned less as a faithful friend than as a Christian and Catholic sovereign. He arrived at Palos on the 7th Nov., 1504. In spite of the eminent services he had rendered to Spain, he found himself without a home and with scarcely means to purchase the bare necessities of life.

What afflicted him most was not his poverty nor the neglect which was shown him, but the barbarous treatment which was inflicted on his beloved Indians, whom he hoped by mercy and Christian charity to win over to Jesus Christ. He saw the Holy Sepulchre, which he had so ardently longed to rescue, abandoned to the Mussulmans, and the holy places desecrated which had been consecrated by the presence of Jesus Christ.

With saddening thoughts at the abiding profanation weighing heavily on his mind, the great servant of God

felt his end approaching. On the 20th May, 1506, in a small room of an obscure inn, surrounded by his family and a few of his friends, he lay in the throes of death. Before breathing his last he asked to be clothed in the robe of a monk, and a few moments after receiving the last sacraments of the Church, he expired.

Thus ended the life of the greatest man of his time—one who had done more for his country and mankind in general than any who were to come after him. What rendered his character especially admirable were the noble Christian sentiments that actuated him in all his undertakings. He spent his life in doing good to his fellow-men, and, like his Divine Master, whom he so faithfully served, was rejected and spurned by them in the end. But the voice which assured him that his deeds were written on marble, and that they would render him famous throughout Christendom, have been amply verified by the verdict of history. To-day his name is known and honored in every civilized country; his praises are being proclaimed by countless eloquent tongues.

The New Continent which he discovered invites the Old to join in celebrating his great achievement, which stands out unrivalled in its all important results in the history of mankind. An achievement which was destined to profoundly modify the destinies of whole nations, and eventually to redound, through the expansion of the Catholic Church, to God's greater glory upon earth.

T. G.

LINEs ON A DECEASED PRIEST.

Breathe not his honored name,
 Silently keep it.
 Hushed be the saddening theme,
 In secrecy weep it.
 Call not a warmer flow
 To eyes that are aching :
 Wake not a deeper throe
 In hearts that are breaking.

Oh ! ' tis a placid rest ;
 Who could deplore it ?
 Trance of the pure and blest,
 Angels watch o'er it !
 Sleep of his mortal night,
 Sorrow can't break it ;
 Heaven's own morning light
 Alone shall awake it.

Nobly thy course is run ;
 Splendour is round it.
 Bravely thy fight is won,
 Freedom hath crowned it.
 In the high warfare
 Of Heaven grown hoary,
 Thou art gone like the summer sun,
 Shrouded in glory.

Twine, twine the victor's wreath,
 Spirits that meet him !
 Sweet songs of triumph breathe,
 Seraphs that greet him !
 From his high resting-place
 Who shall him sever ?
 With his God, face to face,
 Leave him forever.—CALLANAN.



A LITTLE NEWS GIRL.

I.

“**W**HAT paper to-day, sir?”

“Same as usual, my dear. No,” with a smile, as the child was about to return the change, “keep it. The *Telegraph* is worth a nickel to me.”

“Thank you very much, sir.”

Katie had never quite understood Mr. Crosby. To pay five cents every time you bought a three cent paper! If it were the *Ledges*, now. People had to buy that to find out who was dead. It seemed very strange.

Mr. Crosby was Katie's best customer.

“He'll never get rich if he keeps on that way,” she predicted. “But I guess he's well enough off already.” She looked admiringly after the carefully-dressed, handsome man. Then she thought of her father, and sighed.

Mr. Crosby practised law on Sixth Street below Walnut. Across the way was Washington Square. Here the bright, clean, cool grass; the giant shade-trees, in which birds sang blithely; the clear-voiced, rosy-cheeked, romping children made a pleasing picture.

Near the Locust Street entrance to the square, morning and afternoon, rain or shine, Katie Kernan stood selling newspapers. It was wearisome work, and she had little heart for the trees or the grass. The gray stone coping

dividing them from the sidewalk was well enough to lean against when she grew tired, or wanted to count her unsold papers; that was all. She did not dare to go home before she had "sold out."

To-day was particularly trying. Late afternoon, and there had been only two or three buyers. "Pop will be in a bad humor to-night, too. His wages are always gone by Friday. I might as well make up my mind to stay here till dark." She touched the string of her scapular, and said a prayer for protection to the Help of Christians,

Katie looked down at her shabby shoes. "I wish I could get a new pair, but I can't. The baby's to be christened Sunday a week, and he'll need a cloak and a cap. Nothing's too good for him." Katie's pretty face lighted up at the thought of the chubby little brother at home in his mahogany cradle. "I guess he's napping about this time."

But what was this at her feet? She stooped and picked up a thin book bound in pink paper. Who could have lost it? She soon learned: on the front cover "Maurice Crosby" was written in a bold hand.

"It's Mr. Crosby's. He's dropped it in his hurry. I'll keep it for him till to-morrow. 'The Sacred Heart Almanac.' I didn't know he was a Catholic."

Katie turned the leaves of her "find." Everything interested her. She read our Lord's Promises to Blessed Margaret Mary again and again. Could she have expressed her feeling, she would have said that the Ninth Promise had something personal, something precious for her: "I will bless every place where a picture of My Heart shall be set up and honored."

Katie clasped her hands, and a wistful look came into her blue eyes: "Oh, I wonder would He—would Jesus help Pop and Mom? I could take the money to buy the picture out of my 'bank.' There's twenty-five cents, I guess that would get one."

II.

It was nearly dark. In the square a grass-scented, bluish mist began to rise; fireflies (Katie called them "lightning-bugs") shone and faded among the tree-shadows. The frolicking children, with their hoops and roller-skates, had all gone away.

The Help of Christians never forgets. Katie had disposed of her last paper, and felt very thankful. She dreaded the streets after nightfall. Didn't terrible men, wearing rubbers so that you couldn't hear them, push boys and girls into chloroformed canvas bags, and sell them to the Jefferson Medical College? And no one ever heard of you afterward.

Katie, shuddering, hurried homeward. She lived in — street. At that time two-thirds of its dingy, tumble-down houses were occupied by vicious and criminal whites and blacks. Here and there was a family the head of which earned his living by honest labor. A strangely chosen place for self-respecting people, the majority of whom—God pity them!—were Irish Catholics. But so it was.

A buxom colored woman, wearing a purple print gown and a bright bandana, stopped Katie at the entrance to the street. "Yo' be car'ful, honey. Yo' paw's been beatin' yo' maw agin. She hollowed murdah, an' all de little tackahs (children) run ovah to my house. Yo' paw taken de Bible out wid him. Yo' maw she fainted. Yo' kin come ovah wid de othah tackahs ef yo' gits skeered. Walk right in widout knockin'."

Katie had become very pale. "O, Mrs. Royer! I was afraid Pop would. The police couldn't have heard Mom holler, do you think?"

"No, honey, I reckon not. Don' yo' be skeered 'bout dat, dough, so long's yo' paw wa'n't taken up (arrested). But de law! heah I'm keepin' yo', an' yo' maw 'spectin' yo' ebery minute!"

Katie thanked her kind-hearted informant, and in fear and trembling went up the gloomy, ill-smelling street. She found her mother waiting for her in the door-way.

"You're cryin', darlin'. What's the matter?"

"O Mom! Mom!" Katie sobbed. "Emeline Royer's just told me about Pop. Where has he gone?"

Mrs. Kernan drew the child in and closed the door. "I don't know. God forgive him! He took the Bible with my marriage certificate in it. In a South Street pawnshop it is by this time." She broke into violent weeping. "O Mother of Jesus! Did I ever think I'd live to see this day? Him that has a good trade,—the builders say there's no better bricklayer in Philadelphia,—to sell the Word of God for drink! The Book blessed by Father Barbelin,—Lord have mercy on his soul! And to be livin' in this den of thieves out of pure contrariness, because I said it was no place to bring up children! And him raisin' his hand to me whenever the fit takes him! Ah! it's punished I am for neglectin' my duties. No confession from year's end to year's end. And 'tis the same with him. Look at the five of you children. Never a decent shoe to your foot nor a rag to your back for Mass or Sunday-school. Sure, it's heathens we've been,—the pair of us,—and it's comin' home now." She covered her tear-stained face with her hands, and wailed despairingly.

"O Mom! don't! don't!" pleaded Katie, tears dimming her own eyes. "Sit down here in the rocking chair. I've got something to tell you."

"That I will, darlin'. Sure, if I hadn't my Katie to comfort me my eyes would never be dry. But first, you run over to Emeline's for the young ones. I'll get them to bed before your father comes in,—if he does come. They've had their supper. I'd go myself, but I don't want her to see my black eye."

Katie was soon back with the little ones,—two sturdy

boys and two fair girls ranging from thrée to nine years. They trooped obediently up-stairs after their mother, and speedily forgot their fright in sleep. When Mrs. Kernan came down, Katie nestled in her lap and drew forth Mr. Crosby's almanac. She read aloud our Lord's Promises to Blessed Margaret Mary. When she had finished the Ninth, Mrs. Kernan, thrilling with a new hope, cried eagerly: "Say that over again, darlin'."

Katie did so. "Why couldn't *we* try it, Mom?" she asked softly.

Mrs. Kernan kissed the questioning young face. "How did you guess my thought, darlin'? Sure, you're sensible past your twelve years. Yes, we'll get a picture, and may the Sacred Heart help us! And now, you go to your bed, pet. I'll wait up for your father."

Katie left her mother telling the beads of her rosary. Mrs. Kernan's conscience had been awakened at last—doubtless by a quickening ray from the perfect Heart which she had just invoked.

It was after twelve when Kernan came in. Frequent potations had not improved his temper. He leered at his wife aggressively, "Drunk again, Cass." He waited for reproaches. There were none.

"I think I'll go to bed, Mike. Do you want anything?"

His eyes followed her in maudlin surprise. Hadn't he struck her only a few hours back? and here she smiled at him! That was what a fellow might call friendliness, and no mistake. "You're a brick, old woman." He offered her his hand.

Mrs. Kernan touched it gently.

"I can't make you out to-night, Cass. Something's the matter."

"Never mind, Mike dear. We'll talk it over to-morrow."

Kernan staggered upstairs.

An impulse she could not resist constrained Mrs. Kernan to prayer. She knelt in her narrow kitchen till the warm June dawn flushed the East.

III.

A balmy, cloudless afternoon. Katie's heart beat lightly. She was thinking of the Ninth Promise. She knew a cheap Catholic bookstore. As soon as her papers were gone, wouldn't she have one of those pictures! What did she care now for the troubles of yesterday? Of course, she felt sorry for her mother; for her father, too. But hadn't she said the Litany of the Blessed Virgin last night, and wouldn't that set everything right? Her heaven-born child-faith whispered "Yes." The Bible,—that wouldn't be lost, either. And forthwith, for the twentieth time, she sent up a fervent petition to St. Anthony.

Here came Mr. Crosby! Katie took the Sacred Heart Almanac from its tissue-paper wrapping. "You lost this yesterday, sir," she said, handing it to him.

Mr. Crosby handed it back. "Thanks, my dear. You may keep it. I have another."

There was something else to speak about. Katie hesitated. Would he think her forward? Her mother had not objected to her asking him.

Mr. Crosby noticed her embarrassment. "What is it, Katie?" he inquired kindly.

"Why, Mr. Crosby, why"—Katie blushed at her boldness—"there's a little baby at our house. He's a boy. He hasn't been christened yet; he hasn't any name; and I thought—we'd like—if you wouldn't mind—to call him—to have him christened Maurice."

Mr. Crosby smiled. "Why, Katie, I wish you would. That will be all right. If you do, I hope that he will be a better man than his namesake." He slipped a bank note into her hand. "Tell mother to buy the little fellow something nice with that."

Katie drew back in dismay. "It—it's five dollars, sir! Thank you very much; but Mom wouldn't like me to take all that."

"Then," warned Mr. Crosby, with assumed seriousness, "you mustn't name Baby after me."

Katie was not convinced, but before she could make further remonstrance Mr. Crosby was out of sight.

That evening Katie bought the Sacred Heart picture, had it blessed by one of the Fathers at St.—'s, and straightway set it on the "parlor" mantel.

IV.

A week passed. Mrs. Emeline Calantha Royer remarked over the back fence to her next-door neighbor that the world must be coming to an end. "Lemme tell yo' why, Solferina Bildew Jones. Dat Mike Kernan's been sobah dis heah hull week. Don' tell me people carn't let rum alone ef dey wants ter. An' Mis' Kernan she 'ginnin' ter luk real peart,—dat is," qualifying, "she will when her black eye goes."

Solferina Bildew fingered the brass handle of the hydrant meditatively. She was deep in a big "wash,"—for "one ob de mos' ristercratic fam'lies on Walnut Street," she proudly informed Mrs. Royer. "Hit's cert'n'y quare, Emeline. Dere's Mis' Hergdon—dis wawsh is her'n. She's a *strick* Cat'lic. Her son Percy he tuk ter drink. Cook tol' me. His maw got a Cat'lic pickchah—I fo'git de name—an' put it in Mars' Percy's room. Hit change like cunjerin' (conjuring). He done stop drinkin'. Hates liquor now."

Emeline laughed,—her guess truer than she dreamed: "Reckon Mis' Kernan mus' ha' got one, too. Whatevah 'tis, I'se mighty glad. She's a clevah woman, an' her Katie's jis' sweet."

V.

"Well, Cass, I've found a nice little house for us," Kernan said that night,—the first Saturday in years that he had been sober. "Please God, we'll be out of this rat-trap by Wednesday next. It's down near Tenth and Dickinson."

Mrs. Kernan gave him a grateful look. "Anywhere, anywhere, Mike, away from this." The forgiving, kindly Jesus! How quickly He had rewarded the setting up of the little picture! "Let us begin over again, dear. We haven't lived as we should; we ought to have had a 'Sacred Heart' to start with. There's no luck where there's no God."

"I know it, Cass. Something has made me see things differently the past week. I've been a brute to you. You might have dressed in your silks if I had done what was right."

Mrs. Kernan's lips quivered. "Never mind, Mike. We'll forget all that. We're not old yet. And haven't we the children? We'll send Katie to school now, too, Mike,—the poor child, with her feet out of her shoes! She'll not be wanting things after the baby is christened, I know that"

Kernan leaned over and kissed her. "You're too good for the likes of me, Cass," he said, huskily.

Mrs. Kernan smiled through her tears. "Don't say that, Mike dear. Sure," gayly, "I wouldn't have let you put the ring on my finger if I had been."

Mr. Crosby misses Katie's winsome face and sweet voice, but is glad to know that she is at the head of her class in the parochial school.

Master Maurice has developed into a fine-looking tyrant with a few teeth and many yearnings to talk.

His mother, happy in her new home, feels that she will ever associate his baby-days with the blessed presence and providing of the Sacred Heart.—*John Acton in the Pilgrim.*



SUM AND SUBSTANCE OF THE APOSTLESHIP.

FROM FATHER RAMIERE'S APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

The very name of this work, the League of the Sacred Heart Apostleship of Prayer, sufficiently declares its main-spring, its chief means of action, the sword with which it arms all who enlist in the holy crusade that is to hasten the triumph of God's cause in the world—it is *prayer*.

But prayer here requires a power which the fervor of each separate Christian taken alone would not give it,—the power which must come from *association*.

Such association has need of some bond of union. This league of prayer must have a leader. Who can be the leader of a crusade undertaken for the salvation of the world? What can be the bond of union among hearts united together in order to bring down grace by their prayers unless it be the Heart of Jesus, Who without ceasing prays in the Holy Tabernacle that divine grace may come down to us from Heaven?

Thus, *prayer*, as the chief means of action; *association*, as the prime condition of the power of prayer; *union with the Heart of Jesus*, as the life-spring of association: these are the elements to which this Apostleship owes its strength.

What did St. Paul ask so urgently from the first faithful, and in their person from Christians of the coming

ages? Prayers for the salvation of all men. And does he ask that these prayers shall be offered up to God by individuals separately? No, they are to be prayers in common—prayers issuing forth from all hearts, uttered by all lips, and mounting up to Heaven like those vapors which rise up all together from each point of the ocean, to shower down fertility on the dried-up fields. But again, is this prayer in common to be merely human prayer? No, it is to be the prayer offered through the only Mediator between man and God, and become divine by passing through His Heart. These are the desires of the Apostle. The Apostleship of Prayer is simply the realization of these desires.

In the Holy League there must be distinguished two Apostleships, and consequently two separate companies, as it were, though closely united under the same discipline. These are the Associates and the Promoters.

The rank and file of simple Associates practise the Apostleship of Prayer by uniting their daily supplications with the unceasing pleading of the Heart of Jesus in heaven and in the Tabernacles. This is the Apostleship of *intercession* in union with the Divine Heart. The staff of Promoters, over and above this, practise the Apostleship of the Sacred Heart by spreading its life and devotion among Christians. This is the Apostleship of *action* for the interests of the Heart of Jesus.—*American Messenger.*



PAUL DE MAISONNEUVE.

FOUNDER OF MONTREAL.

Part II.—(*Concluded from the May number.*)

The destinies of Montreal had been confided to no ordinary man. A Christian of exalted sanctity, a soldier of unusual prowess, M. de Maisonneuve united in himself those qualities of firmness, of self-command, of prudence and of fortitude, which enabled him to fill well and nobly the onerous post assigned him and to endure the toils, the vicissitudes and the perils upon which he was now to enter.

Ville Marie at first consisted of some rude huts, palisaded as a means of defence. But, in the course of a few years, numerous buildings were erected: a house for the governor and other dwellings, an hospital, a school, and various fortifications, such as that of *Ste. Marie* and others, which bore the names of saints, one also, called "*The Redoubt of the Infant Jesus.*"

A chapel was early erected,* where the Jesuits, who,

*The temporary chapel, half hut, half tent, had been erected in May, 1642. The Blessed Sacrament was borne to the new permanent chapel (about ten feet square), on the feast of the Assumption of the same year. It was a frame structure, adjoining Mlle. Mance's hospital, and was used both for conventual and parochial services. In 1657, a new stone church (50 x 24 feet) was commenced, and was ready for divine service towards the close of 1658. This one also was used by the sisterhood of the Hôtel-Dieu;

for the first fifteen years of the colony's existence, were its spiritual pastors, said mass and administered the sacraments.

The residence of the Jesuits at Ville Marie was called that of the Assumption, and there two of their Fathers constantly ministered to the growing needs of the settlers as well as to the Hurons and Algonquin neophytes, as is related by Father Ragueneau in a letter to his Superior, dated 1651. On the same occasion he bears witness to the little difficulty they found in dealing with the French colonists. "Never," he says, "did minds seem more sympathetic, so cordial are they in their dealings with us and we with them. Father Claude Pijart, the meekest of men, and wholly devoted to God's service, is Superior there, and succeeds admirably in his office."

The Register of the parish of Montreal, from 1642 to 1657, gives the names of the following Jesuits, who acted as its pastors:—Fathers Joseph Antoine Poncet, Joseph Imbert Duperon, Ambroise Davost, Gabriel Druillettes, Isaac Jogues, Jacques Buteux, Paul Le Jeune, Adrien Daran, George d'Eudemare, Jean Dequen, Pierre Bailloquet, Charles Albanel, André Richard, Simon LeMoynes, Claude Pijart.

In the ranks of these first pastors of Montreal were two martyrs, the illustrious Father Jogues, martyred by the Indians in 1646, and Father Jacques Buteux, who also died by their hands, May 10th, 1652. Others amongst

to whom it belonged, and by the parishioners. The first parish church, properly so-called, was begun in 1672 and was completed by November, 1678. It was built of stone, and stood on the Place d'Armes. In 1830, it was demolished to make room for the present vast structure, Notre Dame Church.

Bonsecours Chapel, the second of the name, was the first stone sacred edifice built on the island of Montreal. The first, in wood, dates as far back as 1659; the second was blessed in 1675; and the third, still existing but restored, on the 30th June, 1773.

them had endured captivity, torments, ill usage at the hands of the savages. All had with rare generosity exposed their lives for the faith.

Meanwhile, as the Jesuits labored at Montreal for the spiritual welfare of the white settlers no less than for the aborigines, and Maisonneuve continued his care for the temporal interests of the colony, the assaults of the Iroquois became more and more furious. These assaults, indeed, marked the history of Ville Marie from its beginning.

"The Indians," writes Father Ragueneau, "do not care much about making it their abode, as the settlement is too much exposed to the attacks of the enemy, who is constantly hovering around."

Nothing but the courage and invincible determination of the Governor could have saved the settlement from destruction. During the long struggle with the Iroquois, fiercest of all the tribes, many were the feats of valor performed, such as those of Lambert Closse, Dollard, and that of Maisonneuve himself, who, issuing from the Fort with a small detachment of men, put to flight some two hundred of the enemy, killing the chief with his own hands.

Nor are martyrs wanting. The heroic Father Leonard Garreau, a Jesuit, who came to Canada in 1650, while proceeding to the Upper country to preach the Gospel to the savages, was, on the 30th August, together with his party, waylaid by the Iroquois at the Lake of Two Mountains. A musket ball shattered his spine, and in this condition he was carried back to Montreal, where he died on the 2nd of September. His obsequies were performed the next day by Father Claude Pijart, and his remains laid to rest in the burying place set apart for priests upon the grounds of the old Hôtel-Dieu.

Many years later, on the 24th June, 1661, M. Jacques

LeMaistre, a Sulpician, who had come to Canada in 1659, while heroically endeavoring to divert the attention of the Iroquois from the laborers, whose work he had been directing, was slain, and his head carried off into the Iroquois country.

In October of the same year, M. Guillaume Vignal, also of St. Sulpice, was killed by the Iroquois at Isle St. Pierre, to the regret of the inhabitants of Ville Marie, by whom he had been greatly esteemed.

During all these troublous times, Maisonneuve had his moments of despondency, such as that, wherein, going to Europe to seek for aid for the colony, he declared that he would never return unless he could bring it relief. While in France he applied for aid to the munificent Duchesse de Bouillon, who had been already the patroness of the Hôtel-Dieu and other holy foundations in New France. Maisonneuve gives the following account of the colony. Here are his own expressive words:—

“The country,” he says, “is a great one, and Montreal a strong island, suitable to be a frontier. It would be a deplorable necessity for us to be compelled to abandon these extensive countries, leaving none there to proclaim the praises of Him who is their Creator. However, that land is a place of benediction for all who go there. Its solitude combined with the peril of death, where war is ever imminent, causes even the greatest sinners to live there in a manner most edifying, being models of virtue.”

Ville Marie was, in fact, on the testimony of the Recollet Father Leclerc, called “the holy colony.” By the wise and prudent regulations of the Governor, which he drew up in ten ordinances, the good dispositions of the inhabitants and the unremitting labors of the clergy, vice was almost entirely banished thence, and men and women lived with monastic fervor.

"The Governor," says Father Rousseau, "ever ready to take the initiative, responded to every fresh evidence of growth by new institutions, encouraging progress, vigilantly preserving the purity of morals, rigorously repressing scandals which proceeded from without. An upright judge, he regulated disputes, maintained peace and concord, watched over the honor of families, and by his wisdom and the impartiality of his judgment making exception of none."

His visit to France was so successful, that he returned with a contingent of eight hundred men, at a time when the country at large was reduced to the last extremity, by the fury of the Iroquois. His arrival was made the occasion of public rejoicings at Quebec, where he was hailed as the "liberator of the country."

He continued thenceforth to pursue his policy of internal improvements, devoting attention to agriculture and husbandry. By his wise and conciliatory tactics he strove to maintain good relations with the savages, particularly the Algonquins and other tribes, who were amenable to kind and generous treatment.

In 1657 the Sulpicians first came to Montreal, four of them accompanying De Maisonneuve on his return from France, whither he had gone once again in the interests of the Colony. The vexed question of spiritual jurisdiction was brought to a happy conclusion by the letters patent of the Archbishop of Rouen, dated March 30, 1658. He recognized both the Abbé de Queylus and the Superior of the Jesuits as his Vicars General. To the former he allotted the Island of Montreal, the Superior to retain the city of Quebec and the Missions as previously.

Father Chaumonot of the Society of Jesus established the confraternity of the Holy Family, which has since spread over the whole of Canada. Such was one of the works accomplished by this veteran laborer in the evan

gelical vineyard. He died at the age of eighty-two, having spent fifty-four years of his life as missionary to the savages of Canada.

Very early in the history of Ville Marie the existence of the town was threatened by floods, which continued with increasing violence, until the Governor made a vow that if the waters subsided he would plant the cross on the summit of Mount Royal. His prayer being heard, he prepared to carry out his promise with religious ceremonies. The whole town being assembled, it was on the Feast of the Epiphany, following the arrival of the colonists, Maisonneuve was solemnly installed as "first Soldier of the Cross." He took upon his own shoulders the heavy Cross, and whilst a band of pioneers cleared the way, he proceeded, followed by the clergy and almost all the inhabitants, the latter bearing an altar and other articles necessary for divine worship, to the very summit of the mountain. Hymns and canticles were heard as the procession passed along. On the heights Father du Perron, the Jesuit, said Mass, and all received Communion. The Cross was planted upon the summit, and there remained until it was torn down by the Iroquois. It was a darling project of M. de Maisonneuve to build a chapel afterwards upon this site, to replace that Cross, so long a place of pilgrimage, and to be dedicated to Our Lady, to whom "these countries belonged."

This is an instance of the picturesque incidents which abounded in those days so full of faith, and in a career so replete with heroic detail as that of de Maisonneuve. Not the least glorious page in his own personal history is that of his withdrawal from the post of Governor. Through blind and unreasoning prejudice, as it now appears, he was retired, as incapable of commanding at Montreal. He never questioned the rigor of the sentence nor the terms in which it was couched. He regarded it

as an indication of the will of God, and retired to France, where he lived, obscurely, for eleven years, in a modest dwelling in the Parish of St. Etienne du Mont, Paris. He took nothing with him, even making over to the Hôtel-Dieu a debt which was owing to him. At first, he accepted a modest stipend from the Seminary of St. Sulpice, but shortly devoted this likewise to charity. Once, when Canada was in dire distress, he raised one hundred men at his own expense, who, on the testimony of the Marquis de Denonville, proved the salvation of the country. This was his final service to the colony to which he had rendered so many services. The news of his death soon after went over the seas to his beloved Ville Marie. His mission as "founder of Montreal" ended with his seventy-five years of devoted labor, but the historian remarks, that "it is difficult to understand how the Marquis de Tracy could have deprived himself of his enlightenment, his experience and intelligent and intrepid co-operation on the very eve of an expedition against the Iroquois." For he possessed, in truth, all the finest qualities of the soldier, with the prudence and wisdom of the tactician.

A model of disinterested virtue, Maisonneuve was worthy to have belonged to the knightliest age of Christian chivalry. Having, under the direction of Father Lalemant, S.J., and, it is said, by the advice of the inspired Marguerite Bourgeoys, taken a vow of perpetual chastity, he gave his whole life, with all its aims, its interests and its powers, to the noble end of serving God and country, and of aiding in the evangelization of the natives. The twenty-five years of his rule have been happily called "the golden age" of Ville Marie. Well may the inhabitants of Montreal raise a monument to the first, as he was the greatest, and holiest of all its Governors, "the knight without fear and without reproach," Paul de Chomodey de Maisonneuve.

A. T. S.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Catholics of Winnipeg presented an address to the bishops who were on their way to the Pacific coast. In his answer, His Grace Archbishop Duhamel congratulated them on their courageous assertion of their rights, and informed them that the University of Ottawa had conferred the degree of LL. D. on Mr. J. E. Barrett, as a grateful acknowledgment for the services he had rendered to the Catholic cause.

The new edition of St. Ignatius Loyola and the Early Jesuits, by Stewart Rose, is a sumptuous book. The illustrations have been made especially for this work. They are an integral and beautiful part of a beautiful book, and merit a special study as they give a special delight of their own. Perhaps no better estimate could be made on the text than that which came from the critic of the *Times*, who seems to have read the work conscientiously. He declared it was not a life of St. Ignatius at all, but a piece of fiction in which a beautiful and powerful man was put forward in place of the diabolical genius known to Protestants as the first Jesuit. It never occurred to the critic that perhaps the Protestant conception of Loyola is the wrong one.—*Cath. Review*, N.Y.

The "Freedom of Worship Bill," which was passed lately by the New York legislature, will prove an inestimable boon for the poor little Catholic waifs picked up by the proselytizing sects, and hurried off to Randall's Island, there to be brought up as Protestants. Children of even well-to-do Catholics were sometimes kidnapped, and for years lost sight of by their sorrowing parents. When once committed, they were denied the help of the

sacraments, as no priest was allowed to perform any distinctive Catholic function within the precincts of that bigoted institution. As far back as the beginning of the seventies, upwards of 900 Catholic children were there incarcerated. The New York Catholic Union thereupon commenced its agitation in view of their emancipation. Year after year bills were presented at Albany, but without success until the present session of 1892. This tardy act of justice puts an end to a great iniquity; though the defeated bigots have declared their intention of carrying the case into court. The prayers of the League are asked for most earnestly that their discomfiture may be complete, so that the Sacred Heart may find grateful worshippers among these poor little persecuted Catholics.

THE LEAGUE'S PROGRESS.

Dartmouth, N.S.

The Holy League was recently established in Dartmouth, N.S., at the close of a mission given by the Jesuit Fathers. About forty ladies of the parish were enrolled as promoters. The preliminary meeting was held in St. Peter's Church, on Sunday, May 22nd. The pastor, Rev. Chas. Underwood, presided. The election for officers took place with the following results:—Mrs. Paul Farrell, President; Miss Maggie Downey, Secretary; and Mrs. Durney, Treasurer. No better choice could have been made. The well-known devotedness of these ladies to every good work, the untiring zeal of the pastor, who since his advent to Dartmouth has worked such wonders for religion in this important parish, are the best guarantees for the spread of the devotion of the Sacred Heart and for the ultimate success of the work of the League.

St. Patrick's, Montreal.

As an outcome of the great Paulist mission held during the last weeks of Lent, the League of the Sacred Heart was introduced into this parish. The enthusiasm with which it was received proves how happily inspired were the reverend Sulpician Fathers. They have taken the best means to keep up the spirit of piety in their flock revived during the magnificent lenten mission. Father McCallen's zeal is producing excellent results; and the *Messenger* extends felicitations.

Brighton and Wooler, Ont.

The League found its way into these two parishes during the month just past. Wooler took advantage of the establishment to make a General Communion, and thus inaugurated with unusual pomp the Third Degree of the Apostleship. The zeal of the pastor, Father McCloskey, is responsible for this happy state of things.

Moncton, N.B.

On Tuesday, May 29th, at the close of the Jesuit mission, the first meeting of the promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart was held in Moncton. Rev. Henry Meahan, the zealous pastor, took the chair, and about thirty-five ladies expressed the desire of becoming promoters. The following ladies were elected officers of the Moncton Branch: President, Miss Hamilton; Secretary, Miss Lottie O'Neill; Treasurer, Miss Annie Hamilton. The League material was distributed, and the good work of enrolling associates begun.

Everything augurs well for this enterprising centre. Fruits of zeal and piety shall soon gladden the hearts of both pastor and people.

St. Michael's, Toronto.

There was a very impressive ceremony at St. Michael's Cathedral last evening. In spite of the hot weather, the church was crowded, and his Grace the Archbishop presided at the ceremony. Fifty promoters of the Men's League of the Sacred Heart received diplomas of office and crosses of honor at the hands of Archbishop Walsh. Each of these promoters presides over a band of fifteen members, thus making the Men's League a very strong Catholic organization.

Father Ryan preached the sermon of the evening, and the Archbishop, who had already held two confirmation services in the city during the day, after blessing and conferring the crosses and diplomas, delivered a most impressive and eloquent address to the officers and members of the League. "This is the age of organizations," the Archbishop said; "the various classes, professions and trades combine for their respective ends. All such combinations are legitimate and praiseworthy when their objects and their means are lawful; but even the best of such organizations aim only at things of earth, and end with time. This magnificent Catholic organization of the League of the Sacred Heart is united for the greatest cause that can enlist the thoughts and sympathies of men—the salvation of souls and of society. Two great powers contend for the mastership on earth—Satan seeks the ruin of souls and of society, whilst Christ the King sets His Heart on the resurrection and the salvation of both. United with that Sacred Heart of the Saviour of men, this organization of the League in its glorious apostolate continues the work that the Master began." The Archbishop hoped to see this great society of the League established in every city and parish of the diocese. Vicar-General McCann and Father Ryan assisted the Archbishop at the ceremony of blessing and conferring the diplomas and crosses.—*Toronto Globe*, June 13.



IN THANKSGIVING.

ACTON.—A lady thanks the Sacred Heart, according to promise, for the recovery of a mother and brother.

BRANTFORD.—In fulfillment of a promise made, I desire to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a special favor received.

FALLS VIEW.—Special thanksgiving for a lawsuit settled and a position obtained.

KINGSTON.—Thanks returned to the Sacred Heart for a special favor obtained.

LONDON.—Thanks, according to promise, are returned to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of a person who was dangerously ill.

- MONTREAL.—Special thanksgiving for the conversion of a young man who was addicted to drink.—I wish to thank the Sacred Heart through the *Messenger* for a brother's recovery from a serious illness.—Also for the grace given to two young men to make the Mission.—Thanks through the *Messenger* for having sent my brother a better situation.—Thanks for the recovery of a valuable document.—A lady Promoter thanks the Sacred Heart for three very special favors received, with promise to publish in the *Messenger* if granted.

ST. THOMAS.—Thanksgiving for a great favor received, with promise to acknowledge it in the *Messenger*.

POINT ST. CHARLES.—I promised, if I obtained a situ-

ation, I would publish a thanksgiving in the *Messenger*. I began a novena to the Sacred Heart; on the sixth day I got what I was looking for.

WINNIPEG.—Thanks for five favors received.

SWANTON, Vt.—In token of our gratitude and fulfillment of a promise, we desire to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a Protestant brother-in-law, after twenty-five years of seemingly unanswered prayers and three years of monthly recommendations to the prayers of the League.

He was attacked by a serious illness, and we made a Novena of Reparation of daily Communions for his conversion, promising another of thanksgiving of Nine First Fridays, and to publish it in the *Messenger*. Before the end of the Novena he made his profession of Faith, and received the Sacraments of Holy Church. He is now a fervent Catholic, thanking the Sacred Heart for the inestimable graces conferred upon him.

Urgent requests for prayers for special favors have been addressed to the Central Director from Swanton, St. Thomas, Quebec, Parkdale, Windsor Mills, Burlington, Almonte, Owen Sound, Kingston, Toronto, Granite, Mont., Montreal, Penetanguishene, and Prince Albert.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

PETERBORO.—Holy Angels, Brighton, Ont.

“ St. Alphonsus', Wooler, Ont.

HALIFAX.—St. Peter's, Dartmouth, N.S.

ST. JOHN.—St. Bernard's, Moncton, N.B.

TORONTO.—Precious Blood Monastery, Toronto, Ont.

INTENTIONS FOR JULY

RECOMMENDED TO THE PRAYERS OF THE LEAGUE BY
THE CANADIAN ASSOCIATES.

- 1.—**F.**—*The High Priest Aaron.* Seek God Always. 21,196 Thanksgivings.
- 2.—**S.**—*Visitation B.V.M.* Care in choice of Companions. 12,546 Afflicted.
- 3.—**S.**—*The Most Precious Blood.* a.† g.† r.† Value your Soul. 7,933 dead associates.
- 4.—**M.**—*S. Valentine, C.* Freedom from sin. 13,166 special intentions.
- 5.—**T.**—*S. Michel de Sanctis.* Pray for Schismatics. 1,788 communities.
- 6.—**W.**—*S. Isaias, Prophet.* Love of Candor. 19,742 1st communions.
- 7.—**T.**—*SS. Cyril and Methodius, Bp.* MM. h.† Horror of worldliness.
- 8.—**F.**—*St. Elizabeth, Queen.* Love the poor. 9,744 Employment and means.
- 9.—**S.**—*SS. Zeno and Comp.* MM. Guard the Tongue. 3,814 Clergy.
- 10.—**S.**—*Seven Brothers, MM.* Pray for Piety. 45,700 Children.
- 11.—**M.**—*St. Pius I, Pope, M.* Spirit of Sacrifice. 22,446 Families.
- 12.—**T.**—*St. John Gualbertus, Abbott.* Love your enemies. 16,395 perseverance.
- 13.—**W.**—*St. Anacletus, Pope, M.* Loyalty to the Holy See. 6,553 Reconciliations.
- 14.—**T.**—*St. Bonaventure, Bp. D.* h.† Love of Jesus. 31,404 Spiritual Favors.
- 15.—**F.**—*St. Henry, Conf.* Trust in prayer. 15,755 Temporal Favors.
- 16.—**S.**—*Our Lady of M. Carmel.* Wear the Scapular. 12,168 Conversions to the Faith.
- 17.—**S.**—*St. Alexius, Recluse.* Shun boasting. 26,923 Youth.
- 18.—**M.**—*St. Camillus of Lellis.* Pity the Sick. 6,180 Schools.
- 19.—**T.**—*St. Vincent of Paul,* Charity in all. 11,650 sick or infirm.
- 20.—**W.**—*St. Jerome Emilian, C.* Fear the Judgment of God. 34 Missions.
- 21.—**T.**—*St. Praxèdes, V.* h.† By God's Mercy. 75 Spiritual Work.
- 22.—**F.**—*St. Mary Magdalen.* 2† Sorrow for Sin. 1,519 Parishes.
- 23.—**S.**—*St. Apollinaris, Bp. M.* Renew the Morning Offering. 34,879 Sinners.
- 24.—**S.**—*St. Christina, V.M.* Pray for Canada. 20,838 Parents.
- 25.—**M.**—*St. James, Great Ap.* b.† Love of our Lady. 4821 Religious.
- 26.—**T.**—*St. Ann, Mother B.V.M.* Pray for Christian Mothers. 1,927 Church Students.
- 27.—**W.**—*St. Pantaleon, M.* Frequent the Sacraments. 1,549 Superiors.
- 28.—**T.**—*St. Nazarius and Celsus, MM.* h.† The Daily Decade. 5,679 Vocations.
- 29.—**F.**—*St. Martha, V.* Help pious Works. 10,009 Promoters.
- 30.—**S.**—*SS. Abdon and Sennen.* Love the Sacred Heart. 29,940 Special Intentions.
- 31.—**S.**—*St. Ignatius, F. S. I.* 2† Seek the Great Glory of God. The Directors.

†=Plenary Indulg.; a=1st Degree; b=2d Degree; g=Guard of Honor or Roman Archconfraternity; h=Holy Hour; m=Bona Mors; p=Promoters; r=Rosary Sodality; s=Sodality B. V.

Associates may gain 100 days Indulgence for each action offered for these Intentions.



THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

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In the interests of the League of the Sacred Heart.

VOL. II.

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No. 8.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR AUGUST.

*Named by the Cardinal Protector and blessed by the Pope
for all the Associates.*

The Church in the two Americas.

THE FOURTH CENTENARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF
THE NEW WORLD.

IN his Brief of February 27, Leo XIII had remarked, that on all sides preparations were going on for the grand celebration in honor of the memory of the great man who had so well deserved of all Christendom and of the whole world in opening a new continent to the missionaries of the true God. It was indeed on October 12, 1492, that Christopher Columbus, after sailing from Palos, on August 3 of the same year, planted the Cross, the banner of Christ, on a prominence of the Island of San Salvador, that banner which later on was to shelter under its protecting folds the vast continent of the two Americas.

By this discovery of a New World, the fame of which will be handed down to the remotest of coming ages, Christopher Columbus, adds the Holy Father, united, as it were, the two portions into which the human race had been sundered from time immemorial ; and thus bestowed on both halves of humanity so extraordinary a boon, that among all the benefactors of mankind he has few peers, and not one who can justly claim superiority over him.

From the first moment when the news of this glorious centenary was heralded abroad to the world, two distinct phases in the conceptions of men, two modes of yearning and endeavor, wholly antagonistic to each other, were made manifest in Europe and America.

The Catholic world girded itself in preparation to honor becomingly the illustrious servant of God and of His Church. On the other hand, Free Masonry, so prolific of unprincipled evil-doers, at least on the European Continent, and so poor in heroes, would claim for itself the great Genoese navigator, as it had striven so long but so unsuccessfully to lay claim to St. Vincent of Paul, whom it ostentatiously hailed as the "great philanthropist."

The present is an attempt not less silly than offensive, for the whole life of Columbus is a reminder "that if he undertook such perilous voyages, if he encountered excessive hardships and inconceivable dangers, he did so to open out new highways to the propagation of the Gospel, to bring numerous nations to the knowledge of the true God, and to win them to Christ." (Brief of Leo XIII to a South American Society of Buenos Ayres.)

And God, during the lapse of these last four centuries, has bountifully blest the prophetic yearnings of His devoted servant. America, at that time wholly merged in the shadow of death, and peopled, for the most part, with savage hordes who devoured each other, is peopled to-day with nigh on to a hundred millions of civilized

beings, and this number goes on swelling from day to day.

Among the various forms of worship which portion off these millions of human souls, the Catholic Church, Roman and Apostolic, stands out in bold relief. She holds by long odds and without dispute the foremost place; and this, even in the great Protestant Republic of the United States, which could boast, a hundred years ago, of but one Catholic bishop. That country alone now claims one cardinal, thirteen archbishops, seventy-six bishops, five vicars apostolic, one arch abbot, nine mitred abbots, six thousand seven hundred and twelve secular, and two thousand three hundred and fifty regular clergy, and finally, in round numbers, NINE MILLIONS of Catholics under one head, the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

Within the boundaries of our own Dominion and Newfoundland we can count one cardinal, seven archbishops, twenty-five bishops, two prefects apostolic, one mitred abbot, one abbot, about two thousand four hundred and seventy-eight secular and regular clergy, and by the last census one million nine hundred and ninety thousand four hundred and sixty-five members of the Church.

In South America, we see, in the bosom of several of the Spanish republics, a consoling movement of revival in progress, which is impelling them mildly but irresistibly towards a thorough social renovation through the benign sway of the Heart of Jesus.

However, if in this fourth centenary magnificent hopes are to be entertained, serious forebodings for the future of the New World are not entirely dispelled. In the United States, side by side with the glorious conquests of Holy Church, religious indifference, begot of Protestantism and godless schools, makes daily sad havoc among the unwary. And South America, where we find the principles of the Revolution worked out to their logical

conclusion, is rent with periodical upheavals; while the people is too often the prey of Free Masons and other baneful sects, those relentless "rodents who," as the famous Bolivar energetically expresses it, "gnaw away at its vitals without pity and without remorse."

Lét us therefore applaud to our heart's content, and emulate, if possible, those who, in America as in Europe, contribute to increase the splendor of the coming festivals. But above all, to render this centenary truly fruitful, according to the spirit and yearnings of the immortal Columbus, let us address to the Divine Heart of Jesus our fervent supplications and our sacrifices for the triumph in all its fulness of His Church on the continent of America.

Then shall we be able to hail from afar and with confidence that blessed dawn when the New World, with all its energy and immense resources, will become the finest jewel in the crown of Christ's mystic bride upon earth, our Mother Holy Church.

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sins and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular for Thy Holy Catholic Church in America, which vouchsafe to pacify, preserve, unite and govern. Amen.



OUR CANADIAN MARTYRS.

An unexpected cure effected by the application of their relics.

(Translation)

FORT WILLIAM, May 30, 1892.

REVEREND FATHER—, P.C.,

I thank you for the relics of our martyrs, Jean de Brebeuf and Gabriel Lalemant, which you were so kind as to send me. The day after I received them, I gave one like ours to Mrs. M— of Port Arthur. I have not yet heard whether the prayers of that good lady have been granted, but I am glad to be able to inform you of the result brought about by the intercession of our holy martyrs in our behalf.

It is now a good many years that our Brother Timmons has been suffering from an ulcer on his leg, and it was becoming more and more troublesome. The good brother is not in the habit of complaining, it might ever be added with reason that he takes too little care of his health; but his leg refusing to do further service, we placed him under the care of Dr. Macdonell, with whom you are acquainted.

The confidence of physicians resembles, exteriorly at least, that of Abraham,—they hope against hope; and

though the Doctor had formerly expressed doubts as to the result, this time at least he encouraged the Brother. The latter, however, in three weeks' time experienced no amelioration. Last night I asked him how he was getting on. "It is worse," he answered; "the instep is beginning to swell." Upon examination I found that it was in fact the case. When I reached my room I began a letter to Dr. Macdonell, begging him to tell me candidly what he thought of the case, so that I might notify Reverend Father Superior, who no doubt would find for the brother some occupation which would require less moving about than the one he was engaged in here, unless perchance the poor old man were to be condemned to absolute repose. Having written my letter, I returned to the Brother with the relics of Jean de Brebeuf.

This morning I was hurrying off to carry the letter myself to the post office, when the Brother met me, and, with joy beaming on his face, told me that he felt completely cured. He has been working to-day as if he had never suffered the least indisposition. Thank our blessed martyrs for this favor. Please advise Reverend Father of this providential change.

In union with your prayers and Holy Sacrifices,

Rae. Vae. inf. in Xo. servus,

A. BAUDIN, S.J.

In answer to a request for further particulars, the following letter was received:—

(Translation.)

FORT WILLIAM, June 9, 1892.

REVEREND FATHER—, P.C.,

I am happy to be able to give you immediately some information relative to the really marvellous cure of good Brother Timmons.

The swelling and ulcer, or rather the ulcers, have disappeared. The Brother has just shown me his leg. Previously, and that immediately before the application of the relic, the sores—for they were numerous—were gaping wounds, and were in constant suppuration; they are at present healed, the incrustations alone remain. There is no longer the slightest indication of pain, but as the skin is newly formed it is a little sensitive to the touch. The Brother continues his work, which he resumed the very day of his cure, without experiencing the least inconvenience.

Last Thursday I saw the doctor, and without breathing a word of the Brother's cure, I asked him to tell me frankly what he thought of the condition of his leg. "The brother," he said, "is a worn-out man, fit to be placed on the retired list. His ailment," the doctor added, "proceeds from general debility. For that," he said, "there is no cure."

My precaution in concealing from him the Brother's recovery was owing to the fact that the Brother is hard on himself and unsparing, and he might have fancied he was cured, when perhaps it might have been only a transient improvement in his condition. The swelling, moreover, had not quite subsided the few first days, but to-day, as I verify with my own eyes, there is not a trace of it left.

We are actually so hurried with our seeding that I could not think of sending the Brother to Port Arthur. If later on it should still be deemed necessary, I can have his cure attested by the doctor who was attending him.

In union with your prayers and Holy Sacrifices,

Rae. Vae. inf. in Xo. servus,

A. BAUDIN, S.J.

The foregoing correspondence speaks for itself. Relics of Fathers Brebeuf and Lalemant may be had by applying to the Sacred Heart offices, The Gesu, Bleury street, Montreal. Send stamps to defray postage.



A TRYST IN THE SACRED HEART.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

I.

THE pallid sun of early November was shining its brightest on the gray walls and vine-wreathed windows of a southern convent some years ago in the tender radiance of the fair Indian summer. The girls of the school were in the full enjoyment of holiday leisure, for it was Reverend Mother's feast, and everything that loving kindness could dictate was done by the dear Sisters of the community to make it a bright and happy day for their pupils.

Yet the light-hearted gaiety of the hour was not without a cloud to dim its brightness. That very day,—nay, in a little while, the best loved of all the graduating class, Helena Weston, was to leave the abode of four happy years for her far-off home away north in the old Granite State. And the cause of her going made it all the sadder. Early that morning had come a telegram announcing that her father had been suddenly stricken with apoplexy, and lay, it was feared, at the point of death.

At this sad news all her girlish ambition to win the honors of the school, all her eager desire to attain proficiency in the several branches of study, all her bright hopes of success,—all vanished like the morning dew.

The one thought of her father's danger, the one fear that he might die without her seeing him, hearing his dying words, or receiving his last blessing, took entire possession of her loving heart. To get away—even from that peaceful convent-home, so justly dear,—to find herself on the way to that still dearer home where her beloved father might even then be passing away; where her mother and sister and brother were counting the hours till she should join the anxious group of watchers around the bed whereon the head of the family lay, perhaps unconscious, or, it might be, asking faintly for her, the absent one;—that was all she thought of.

Her few preparations were quickly made by the Sisters, and after a hasty meal—at which poor Helena could only be persuaded to take a biscuit and a cup of tea,—the little convent rockaway was brought round, and while her trunk was being carried out and her other little “belongings” disposed of in the carriage, the last farewells were exchanged with her fellow-pupils and then with her beloved teachers where they stood, a dark-robed, sympathetic group, on the broad verandah in front of the convent.

Helena was already descending the steps when the Mother Superior detained her a moment while she said: “Helena, my poor child, a word before you go! A thought has just come to me. It is a long and perilous journey you have before you. You are going all alone, without any earthly protector. Now, I want to place you specially under the loving care of the Sacred Heart, and this I do most earnestly and confidently. This evening, just before the Angelus, we here will say the Rosary of the Sacred Heart for your intention, and you will join us in it. Remember—before the Angelus!”

In a voice choked with tears Helena promised. She entered the carriage and was driven rapidly towards the

Railway station some two miles away. Many a loving prayer went up for her at that sad moment from those she left behind—for how long, no one knew.

II.

Meanwhile, the hours passed slowly and sadly in the northern home of Helena. The last sacraments had been administered to the father and husband of the Weston family, a man who but two days before was in the flower of his years, a successful merchant who had done well for his family, and a fervent convert from some one of the many sects to the Catholic faith. He was still conscious and fully resigned to die, but yearning for the sight of his eldest and best-beloved daughter before he closed his eyes in death. His voice, but late so full and sonorous, was already growing faint and feeble, and it was only by leaning over him and listening intently that his sorrow-stricken wife could catch his words :

“I am willing to die,” he murmured, “if God so pleases—I have tried to serve Him—I leave you all to His holy keeping—but I want to see—Helena—I want to hear her voice.”

“She is on her way now, Richard!—she left in the 10 o’clock train and it is now 2 o’clock. We may look for her about 7.”

The sick man heaved a weary sigh—“So long,” he said, “so long—my God! let her come in time! Oh! if she were—too late!”

Oh! how earnestly the watchers looked and prayed for the absent one’s speedy return! Many an anxious glance was cast at the clock on the mantel-shelf and thence to the pallid face among the white pillows on the bed. He was holding out wonderfully, everyone said. God was dealing tenderly with him in giving him so many hours of life contrary to all expectation. But as the time of

Helena's arrival drew near, his anxiety seemed to increase and his failing eyes were ever and anon turned to the time-piece.

At last the hand on the dial reached 7, and yet Helena came not.

"There—it is 7 o'clock—and she is not here. Must I go without seeing her?"

"Be patient, Richard, be patient!" whispered his wife. "You know it takes ten minutes to get here from the station."

But ten minutes passed—twenty—and still she came not. Then young Weston stepped softly to the door whence some one without had beckoned to him. Before he could close the door after him, his sister followed him and heard him say to their own coachman who stood there with a scared look on his white face—"What did you say, Peter?—an accident to the Baltimore Express. Many people killed? My God! did you say that?"

"I did, Master William!—the Lord help us all this day!—I did say just that!" Miss Weston clung to her brother in speechless terror.

"You went to the train to meet my sister?"

"I did, sir, and waited till after 7, but there was no train there, only crowds of people waiting, everyone wondering at the delay. Then news came in all of a sudden that the bridge at N— was open and no lights up and—and——"

"And what—can't you go on?" cried the young man, excitedly.

"And then—the cars went right down in the middle of the river."

"Is the carriage at the door?"

"It is, sir, it is!"

"Well! I'll go at once to the *depot* and see what can be done. Not a word now, Carrie, not a word! and

mind!—no screaming or crying if you would not kill father instantly. Say nothing to mother—if—if the worst has happened, she will know it too soon. Go in now, and try to look as if nothing were wrong. If mother asks why I came out, say I went to meet Helena. That's all!"

"Oh! William, is there any hope?—do you think there is?" and the poor girl grasped her brother's arm and looked up into his face with a look that wrung his heart.

"How can I tell, Carrie?—You have heard what Peter said. We can say that God is good, and pray that—that we may still have a sister! Go in now to poor mother." And he hurried away after the faithful Irish servant who had already gone back to his horses.

Within the room there was solemn silence. The shadow of the death-angel's wing seemed already falling over the sick bed and its scarcely breathing occupant. Even the one last lingering trouble, the one last feverish desire, had wellnigh disappeared at the near approach of death. The mother raised her head as her daughter entered and cast a look of eager inquiry on her face; startled by what she saw there she could hardly repress the cry of terror that rose to her blanched lips. But knowing well what the consequence of any sudden alarm might be, she mastered her emotion, bent her head again over her husband's face, and said within herself: "Thy will, not ours, be done!" Her hope now was that *he* might die without knowing.

III.

Two hours later, while the desolate mother and daughter were prostrate in silent prayer beside the bed whereon lay the motionless form of him who seemed already dead to all the world, steps were heard on the stairs, the door

was gently opened, and young Weston entered. He glanced at the bed, then inquiringly at his mother, who shook her head sorrowfully.

"O mother, is he gone?" broke from the young man's lips in a half-stifled cry. At the sound, the father opened his languid eyes and looked up at his son. His lips moved, and he spoke more audibly than before.

"Is she dead?"—he faintly articulated—"I know—what—happened?"

"No, father, not dead—but safe and well!" cried Helena herself, who, left by her brother at the door, could bear it no longer. In her delight at finding her father still alive and hearing his dear voice again, she forgot the possible danger to him of the sudden shock, and rushing in she threw herself on her knees beside the bed, and seizing the cold, clammy hand her father tried to hold out, she bedewed it with her tears. The others waited in silence, fearing the worst result from Helena's indiscretion. It was very different from what they sadly expected. Mr. Weston's eyes grew brighter and his voice stronger, while words of joy and gratitude came from his lips, so lately colorless. "Thank God! oh! thank God!"

Just then the priest entered the room. Having so lately prepared Mr. Weston for death, his first glance was at him, whom he expected to find dead,—then his eye fell on Helena, and he exclaimed—

"How is this?—Mr. Weston still alive and better, I see, than when I left him; and you here, Helena! I heard of the terrible accident to the Baltimore Express, and knowing that you were coming by this train, I feared the worst, and—in fact, I came here expressly to break the news to some of the family and keep it from your father, in case he still lived."

"Accident!—what accident? I thought something—had happened!"

It was Mr. Weston who spoke, and the others shrank from telling him—all but Father Casey, who said cheerily :

“ You may tell him, Helena !—joy will not kill him—I verily believe it has brought him back to life. But let your father rest a little while—he will be all the better for it, and when you have had your tea come in again and tell us all. Go to tea, all of you, and I will stay with Mr. Weston till your return. I have some of my office to say yet, and he will keep quiet and try to sleep while I say it. No, thank you, Mrs. Weston,” in answer to a whispered request from that lady to go and have tea with the family ; she would remain with her husband,—“ No, thank you, I have had tea hours ago. Do not mind me ! I will wait, for I want to hear about the accident and how Helena escaped unhurt.”

IV.

In the silence of the sick-room Mr. Weston slept a refreshing sleep while Father Casey read his breviary, the light of the lamp carefully shaded from the patient's eyes.

A very little while and the small family were again assembled round Mr. Weston's bed. All were eager to hear what Helena had to tell, and when she said to Father Casey in a hesitating voice—“ Do you think it will do father any harm to hear it ? ” the patient smiled as he looked at his daughter, saying in a whisper—“ Good, not harm, my child.” The priest nodded encouragingly, and Helena began her account. She told of her departure from the convent in the early afternoon, of what the Mother Superior had said to her the last thing, and how her fear of the long railroad journey all alone and its possible dangers all disappeared from her mind, and she began to look forward hopefully to reaching home in time to see her father alive and perhaps not so low after all.

The dear Sisters had provided her with a book, in case she felt inclined to read, and in her more hopeful state of mind she gladly beguiled the tedium of the way by reading. It was Miss Starr's beautiful volume "Patron Saints," and she soon became so deeply interested in its pages that the hours passed almost unnoticed. The short November day passed—night fell, and the lamps were lit in the Pullman car; laying down her book, Helena began to think of her sick father and all the dear ones at home whom she was so soon to see. Then her thoughts went back to the scarcely less dear ones she had left behind, and the parting words of Mother Augusta stood out in strong relief from all the rest: "We will say the Rosary of the Sacred Heart for you just before the Angelus—and you will join us in it."

She looked at her watch, and started to find that it wanted but twenty minutes of the time. Instantly taking out her beads she crossed herself with them, to the evident amusement of the few other passengers in the drawing-room car who were chatting away merrily at the other end. Helena, little heeding their derisive remarks or amused glances, began low to herself the beautiful prayer of St. Ignatius, usually prefixed to the Rosary of the Sacred Heart—"O good Jesus, hear me; within Thy wounds, hide me!" She had reached the last invocations of the Rosary—"Sacred Heart of Jesus! have mercy on us!—Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us!" when a tremendous crash was heard; it seemed, as Helena described it, as though heaven and earth were coming together—a sound of crashing timbers,—the roof above was rent asunder as were both sides to the car, and in the twinkling of an eye that half in which the merry party of travellers were seated disappeared from Helena's horror-stricken gaze, while their despairing cries made her heart stand still. Wonderful to relate, the portion of

the car in which Helena sat remained firm on the edge of the yawning chasm where the black river rolled far below.*

On the instant, and while Helena, stunned and bewildered, could scarcely articulate a prayer, and unable to realize what had happened, the Angelus rang out from the tower of a neighboring church. The Sacred Heart whose tryst she had kept with her far off teachers had saved her from a fearful death where so many others had perished !

Helena could tell nothing more, and never knew how she found herself in her father's carriage supported by the strong arm of her delighted brother who had just reached the scene of the disaster.

But the Sacred Heart had done more than save Helena. From that happy hour Mr. Weston began to recover, and was soon restored to his former health and strength.

Next day a telegram from the Maryland convent asked —“ Was Helena saved ? ”

“ Saved by a miracle,” was the reply—“ *just before the Angelus !* ”

* This incident is literally true. Many still living will remember reading the account in the journals of the time. Indeed, the major part of the story is all true, including the spiritual tryst mentioned.



MESSENGER ITEMS.

A little girl writes us from Galt as follows : "Will you please be so kind as to put in our dear little MESSENGER these few verses in honor of our dear Lord's Precious Blood. It took me so long to compose them that I fear I am too late ; but, kind Father, if I am too late this time, put them in the next MESSENGER. They will not take up much room. You will favor a little girl if you do this, and I will pray for you."

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

O the Blood of Christ !
It soothes the Father's ire,
Opes the gate of heaven,
Quells eternal fire.

Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs.

Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Hell with terror trembles,
Heaven is filled with joy.

Lift ye then your voices,
Swell the mighty flood :
Louder still and louder
Praise the Precious Blood.

B.

We have certainly a weakness for prayers in our behalf from little children ; but our little "B" of Galt should know that it is a rule with the MESSENGER never to take notice of anonymous communications. The real name and address should always accompany the *nom de plume*. If we have made an exception on this occasion, it is that we may take advantage of it to remind all that in future we intend to adhere strictly to this wise regulation. We can hazard no conjecture as to the age of little "B," but there is a maturity in the choice of words in her simple little ode which augurs well for the future. May the Blood of our dear Lord be to her a flood of grace ; though, as she surmised, her verses reached the MESSENGER too late for the Month of the Precious Blood.

On this occasion, also, we would beg contributors to remember that no purely literary production, be its merit ever so much superior to what generally appears in our pages, can find place in the MESSENGER. Nor is piety of sentiment alone the only qualification required. Simplicity of thought without triteness, correctness of expression, and, when there is question of poetry, strict adherence to the rules of prosody, and finally a probability of the theme being acceptable to the general run of readers, are so many conditions, the absence of which is quite sufficient to determine us to do violence to our good nature, at the risk no doubt sometimes of wounding the feelings of the writer. It would be for us a cause of deep regret to learn that our declining to publish what may have cost the contributor much time and trouble has had the effect of estranging from the cause one single friend or well-wisher. We do not profess to be infallible, but we reserve to ourselves the privilege of determining, even at the risk of being mistaken, what may or may not be suitable for the MESSENGER.



A FAMOUS CANADIAN SHRINE.

MORE than two centuries ago, in the year 1671, Mother Mary of the Incarnation wrote to her son, that many wonders were being wrought in a church, seven leagues distant from Quebec, at Petit-Cap.

We of to-day can bear the same testimony, only the little chapel of 1671 is now a mighty Basilica, and a no less mighty throng of human beings come year after year, from the great centres of life upon this continent, to pray there at the feet of St. Anne.

Tradition asserts that a few Breton sailors, in fulfillment of a vow made when threatened with shipwreck, raised upon the shore, so justly called Beaupré, a little wooden temple to the mother of our Blessed Lady. The date of this event is not preserved, but it is supposed to have been but a few years previous to the erection of the second church in 1660. Land was given upon that occasion for the purpose, by the generosity of a then prominent citizen of Petit-Cap, a certain M. Étienne Lesard, as it was again given for the same pious purpose, two centuries later, by one of his descendants.

It is unnecessary here to follow the history of this structure, which was improved, enlarged, rebuilt, and finally attained the magnificent proportions now so universally admired.

In October, 1876, the shrine was solemnly blessed, and the Archbishop of Quebec, accompanied by a large assemblage of clergy and laity and the whole population of

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Petit-Cap, went in procession to the ancient chapel, bearing there the relics. The church-wardens carried a pyramid, upon which were displayed the golden hearts offered by the Bishops of the Province of Quebec. The elders of the parish bore the celebrated altar-piece, the picture of St. Anne, to which reference will presently be made. Old and young vied with each other for the honor of carrying a crutch, or a staff, or any one of the numerous ex-votos which from time immemorial had accumulated at the shrine of the good Saint as silent witnesses of prayers answered and of faith rewarded.

The church was erected into a Basilica by our late Holy Father, Pius IX, and a crown of gold was placed upon the statue for the present Pontiff, Leo XIII,—the crown placed as it were upon all those years grown into centuries, during which St. Anne had hearkened to the people's prayers ;—all those years since Mgr. de Laval, the first Bishop of Quebec, approved the miracles already in his day become so numerous, and declared that devotion to St. Anne aided him so powerfully in his pastoral duties ;—all those years since the bark canoes of the Indians were gathered upon the shore, where now the steamers land. For we read that the various tribes evinced a remarkable love for the great Saint, and were known to proceed upon their knees from the landing place to the church.

The Basilica has become so familiar as to require but little description. Of massive gray stone dug from the quarries of St. Alban de Portneuf, it is one hundred and fifty-two feet in length to sixty-four in breadth. It is surmounted by a steeple, which dominates the landscape for many a mile. The interior of the edifice is strikingly beautiful. Its rich and variegated coloring is softened by the light of many painted windows ; it has numerous and ornate altars ; and, above all, it has

a majestic statue of St. Anne, standing almost in the centre of the principal nave. A strange and impressive character is given to this interior by the pyramids of crutches, by the spectacles, the staffs, symbols of human infirmity, here made whole, as well as by hearts of gold or silver, jewellery and other offerings, which each tells its own tale of gratitude. Around this statue of St. Anne are often to be seen still more impressive figures : the dumb and the blind and the lame and the paralytic, with hands of supplication raised upwards, praying with an unspeakable fervor, and frequently laying a life-long burden down forever at the feet of their gracious intercessor. Many scenes are here witnessed which recall the Apostolic days of Holy Church, when Christ himself made the dumb to speak, and the blind to see, and the deaf to hear, and transmitted such power to the Apostles that the very shadow of St. Peter effected cures. As he by the beautiful gate, so St. Anne in this beautiful church on the banks of the beautiful river, broadest and fairest here, shows forth once more how wonderful is God in His saints, and links once more heaven and earth, in a striking and palpable manner. Even the sceptic disconcerted seeks to find some reason for the wonders he beholds, and talks incoherently of faith-cures and of impressionable nerves. But calmly the work of God goes on ; and through His great servant, St. Anne, He confounds this false wisdom of these sophists by the cure of infants in arms, who know nothing of nerves nor of faith-cures. They are made whole before even their tiny voices can swell the mighty canticle of thanksgiving which goes up from the Beupré shore, in which join with one voice the young and the old, the lettered and the unlettered, who have been recipients of the favors of St. Anne.

Every year numberless pilgrimages hasten to the

shrine, and at almost all of them miracles are wrought. Within the past month of July a large Irish pilgrimage went down from St. Patrick's, Montreal, under the direction of the Rev. James Callaghan, P.S.S., of that Church, assisted in the musical part of the ceremonies by Rev. L. J. Callaghan. Father Doyle, the eloquent Paulist from New York, so favorably remembered by the people of Montreal since the great Mission given at St. Patrick's during the Lenten season past, accompanied the pilgrimage, which was, in all respects, a wonderful success.

During its progress, a number of remarkable cures were effected, of which it will doubtless interest our readers to give a brief account. A Mr. Milloy from Ardee in Ireland, and later of Downeyville, Ont., accompanied the pilgrimage. He was in a most infirm condition, being actually bent in two, suffering from an incurable malady; he was unable to walk without the help of two canes and the further assistance of his son. During the Mass at St. Anne de Beaupré, after the Elevation, he threw up his hands in the air, and the canes dropped from them; he was able to walk unsupported to the boat, and has ever since given evidence of a complete recovery.

A dressmaker from Montreal was suffering from a nervous affection which deprived her of the use of her right arm, and which the highest medical authority declared to be incurable. But her visit to the shrine resulted in a cure which enabled her to begin work vigorously upon her return to Montreal.

A boy who had been much disfigured by a defect in both eyes had his eyes most wonderfully straightened, and the squint entirely removed. One young girl was cured of long-standing deafness, another of cerebral catarrh, a third of a painful rheumatic affection which had crippled her left hand, and a fourth of defective sight. The latter had worn glasses for a period of fifteen

years. But the spectacles remained at St. Anne's, a witness of the cure that had been wrought. Two boys, brothers, from the Scotch settlement of Alexandria, respectively twelve and fourteen years of age, deaf mutes from infancy, were cured on approaching the shrine. They made signs to their mother that they heard the bells, the bells of St. Anne ringing out over the glorious St. Lawrence. What a moment of delight for the poor mother! What a strange, new sensation for these hapless ones so long afflicted!

A married woman, a consumptive from Montreal, found her long feeble health so much improved by the pilgrimage to St. Anne, that she was enabled, immediately upon her return home, to resume long interrupted household duties.* And so the Parish of St. Patrick's has established in this last successful pilgrimage a new link in the chain of God's mercy, a new and striking proof of the power of the Mother of God's mother. Such favors are of constant occurrence, as is to be seen in the Annals of St. Anne published monthly by the Redemptorist Fathers, and it is a noteworthy fact that miracles are more numerous and more striking upon the occasion of pilgrimages. No doubt because they are a public profession of faith, and in direct opposition to the hard, unbelieving and materialistic spirit of our age.

The Church at St. Anne's possessed until this summer two authentic relics of the Saint. It has been now enriched with a third, consisting of a portion of the arm of St. Anne, brought from Rome by Mgr. Marquis. It was exposed to the veneration of the faithful in New York, when on the way to Beaupré, and was visited, as it is stated, by five hundred thousand people.

* I have given these details with the kind approval and upon the authority of the Rev. Director of the Pilgrimage.

Amongst the chief ex-voto or thanks-offerings at St. Anne's is a superb set of vestments, worked by the royal hands of Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV, the great king of France. Another is the altar-piece before mentioned, a picture of the Saint, donated far back in the early French days of Canada by the Marquis de Tracy, Viceroy of New France. It was given in fulfillment of a vow, made when he and his family were in danger of shipwreck ; it is from the pencil of Lebrun, and is intrinsically the best of the many pictures which adorn the walls of the church, and which are likewise ex-votos. A massive crucifix of silver stands upon the high altar, and was an offering from the famous Le Moyne d'Iberville, called, on account of his noble and adventurous deeds, "The Cid of New France." He was, moreover, like the original Cid, a devout Christian, and presented the beautiful emblem of our faith to the altar of St. Anne, where it has ever since remained, though a century and more has passed since the donor returned to dust.

The altars at St. Anne's have been donated by the Canadian Bishops, and by the various religious orders, and merit a detailed examination. The windows and the Stations are the gifts of parishioners, and will long remain a monument of their zeal and generosity.

Much more might be said about the beautiful church, which is under the care of the Redemptorist Fathers. It would be idle to dwell here upon the zeal and devotedness with which they fulfill the arduous duties of their post, and upon the unflinching courtesy for which pilgrims are so largely indebted. To them is mainly due the new impetus which has been given to this devotion during the past years, as well as the embellishment of the stately Basilica and the general improvement of the village of Beaupré. Space prevents a detailed account of the

ancient chapel, so quaint and interesting with its Scala Sancta; of the splendid Fountain before the Church, whence the afflicted draw water as healing in many cases as that of the Bethesda Pool; of the Redemptorist Monastery; of the Grey Nunnery, so delightfully situated high above the village.

The village itself, built principally upon the slope of the hill, presents many curious features. It has, in point of situation, an array of natural advantages seldom surpassed. For St. Anne has chosen a fair shore, indeed, for her shrine. The wooded slopes of the Laurentians are a background to the picture, while stretching out and away in the foreground is the swift and silent river, the great artery, as it were, of Canada. Here to-day the passing tourist hears, as he remarks upon the beauty of the shore, those self-same bells of St. Anne, which the voyageur heard long ago as he swept down the current in his frail canoe, which the Indians heard with reverence as a message from the unseen world. To the pilgrim of single heart, of unerring faith, who goes thither, this sound is frequently the herald of a mercy to come. And if those who are cured in body at St. Anne's are numerous, the writer was assured, by a member of the Redemptorist order, that even through the confessional, they become aware that spiritual miracles are of still more frequent occurrence. The eyes of the soul long blind, its ears long deaf to the things of eternity, regain their faculties, in the shadow of that mighty church, under the gracious patronage of her, who seems to look down from that noble statue upon them—the glorious and powerful St. Anne.

A. T. S.



THE PLEA OF A DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.



O, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne ;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And all the cold world's scorn.
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall,
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness changed to gall ;
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt—
Implore, beseech and pray ;
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay :
Be cast with bitter curse aside,
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand as I have stood,
And see the strong man bow,
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow.
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard :
The sobs of wild despair,
As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to my mother's side
And her crushed spirit cheer ;
Thine own deep anguish from her hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear ;
Mark her dimmed eye and furrowed brow
The grey that streaks her dark hair now—

Her toil-worn frame and trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth
Promised eternal love and truth ;
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
That promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there 'mid want and strife—
That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife !
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild
That withering blight—" a drunkard's child !"

Go, hear and see, and feel, and know,
All that my soul hath felt and known :
Then see within the wine-cup's glow—
For this and more, can it atone ?
Think if its flavor you would try
If all proclaimed : " This drink and die !"

Tell me I hate the bowl !
 Hate is a feeble word—
 I loathe, abhor—my very soul
 By strong disgust is stirred
 Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
 Of the dark beverage of hell.

ANON.

OBITUARY.

The prayers of our Associates are requested for the repose of the soul of Sister Meunier, of Hotel-Dieu, Montreal. She was an ardent promoter of the devotion to the Sacred Heart in that venerable institution.

Prayers are also asked for the soul of Percy Madden, one of the Associates attached to the Gesu Centre, Montreal, who was accidentally drowned with five others in the St. Lawrence, in the first days of July.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

OTTAWA.—Parish of St. Gabriel, Bouchette, Que.

PETERBOROUGH.—Parish of the Sacred Heart, Sturgeon Falls, Ont.

OTTAWA.—Parish of St. John Evangelist, Thurso, Que.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—Parish of the Immaculate Conception, Willington, P.E.I.

MONTREAL.—Parish of St. Henry, Mascouche, Que.



UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS

RELATING TO CATHOLIC CANADIAN HISTORY

THE AULNEAU LETTERS.

1734-1745.

UNTIL 1890 little or nothing was known of Father Jean (?) Pierre Aulneau, even among the few who devote their time to Canadian or American historical researches, save that a Jesuit of the name of Aulneau was massacred in company with De LaVerendrye's son, at the Lake of The Woods, in the beginning of June, 1736. The unexpected discovery of a number of letters written by or relating to the Father has awakened a new interest in the matter.

During the Advent of 1889, Fathers Dauchez, Lallemant and Legall, of the Society of Jesus, were engaged giving a mission in Vendée, France. The result was very consoling. About six hundred men, a large number for the place, received on Christmas morning at the close of the exercises. Among the latter was the venerable descendant of the ancient family of the Aulneaus. Previous to this he had never had any intercourse with the members of the Jesuit order. He informed them, however, that a bundle of old letters had been passed down as an heirloom in the family from father to son. They dated

over 150 years back. From them it appeared that formerly a member of his family had been put to death by the Indians in the wilds of North America. He kindly allowed them to be copied, and moreover furnished several interesting details relating to Father Aulneau hitherto unknown.

The present representative of the Aulneau family, and possessor of these letters, resides at his country seat at Bournezeau, Vendée. He explains that this historical treasure escaped destruction during the Vendean wars, when so many other historical relics were pillaged or destroyed by the revolutionary hordes, owing to the fact that the Aulneau manor was the head-quarters of the Vendean staff. His son, Monsieur Paul Aulneau, is at present "Conseiller Général de Vendée."

It is the translation of this collection which we purpose publishing for the benefit of the readers of the CANADIAN MESSENGER; and it should be borne in mind that these letters have not yet appeared in print even in the original French.

Father Aulneau was born April 21, 1705, at Moutiers-sur-le-Hay, in Vendée, for it was there that the manor of the Aulneaus or Seigneurs de la Touche was situated. His brother Jean Baptiste was born December 15, 1709. His brother Charles was also a Jesuit, and his sister Thérèse was a nun of the "Union Chrétienne de Fontenoy." She entered religion in 1730 and died in 1779. He had still another brother, Michael, whose health was always weak. He became a Sulpician, and entered at Angers in 1734. He was born in 1716 and died at Autun in 1752.

Our missionary embarked at La Rochelle, May 29, 1734, on board the "Ruby," commanded by the chevalier Chaon. Mgr. Dosquet, fourth Bishop of Quebec, had taken passage on the same vessel with a number of recruits to fill vacancies in the ranks of his diocesan clergy.

There were also on board three priests of St. Sulpice, whose names are not given, but who, we have reason to believe, were Jean Charles Chevalier, François Piquet and Pierre Sartelon.

Several other Jesuit missionaries sailed for Canada with Father Aulneau. Father Pierre de Lauzon, superior general of the Canadian missions, who had gone to France in quest of new evangelical laborers, was returning with Luc Francois Nau, Jean de La Pierre and, in all probability, also, with Barthelemi Galpin, priests of the Society of Jesus. Besides these there was a large number of sailors and soldiers, for the "Ruby" was a man-of-war, one hundred new recruits for the King's posts in the colony, and eighty smugglers, who had already languished a year in prison, but of whom, no doubt, the colonial authorities were expected to make honest citizens. The latter were in a semi-nude and filthy condition; and if the vessel's gun-room, which served as a sleeping cabin for all, was crowded to suffocation, its living cargo was as nothing when compared to the parasitical stow-aways which swarmed on the limbs and clothing of this motley crew of contrabandists. Little wonder then if after forty-seven days of a rough navigation the pest should break out among the passengers and sailors huddled together as they were within the stifling hold. Father Aulneau, in his letters, is silent on his own self-sacrifice in laboring among the sick to alleviate their bodily sufferings and in bringing peace to their souls; but Father Nau tells us how the future victim of Indian cruelty devoted himself without intermission to so repulsive a duty.

He escaped, however, serious illness until he reached Quebec. Brother Jean Jard Boispineau came down as far as Cape Maillard in a launch to meet the ship, and took on board Father Aulneau, who already showed the pre-

monitory symptoms of the dread disease. After three days he was prostrated with the fever, and twice was at the point of death. God reserved him, however, for a different kind of sacrifice. Brother Boispineau, the skillful infirmarian, who according to the records of the time saved on different occasions so many other precious lives, treated him successfully, and by careful nursing, restored him to perfect health.

Father Aulneau had landed on the 12th of August. The man-of-war, with the other passengers on board, reached Quebec only on the 16th, after a disastrous passage of eighty days, twenty men having been carried off by the contagion.

As soon as he had regained sufficient strength he began his fourth year of theology, and he was very likely directed in his studies by Father François Bertin Guesnier, whose health, never robust, was fast giving away under his many duties self-imposed and allotted by obedience. He was a man of about forty, but deeply versed in theological science, which he had taught since his arrival in Quebec in the summer of 1732. But what was of far more importance to Father Aulneau, he was eminently a man of prayer, animated with an untiring zeal in God's service and relentless in the practice of self-denial and mortification.

The young missionary found in him a kindred spirit ; and though he saw much to admire in the other more venerable missionaries around him, he nevertheless took Father Guesnier more especially as his model. He was indeed an example to him in the perfect observance of all religious practices, but he was to set him the example in that all-important act, which saints make their study throughout a lifetime, that of passing from time to eternity.

Father Guesnier's obituary, written in October, 1735,

by his superior, Father Pierre de Lauzon, is the true delineation of a saint. It will be reproduced in its proper place. We shall quote here but one passage: "He employed his last days in continually uniting his own dispositions with those of Our Saviour during His agony and while on the cross. The morning of his demise he had the office of the dead recited for him, and he passed to a better life tenderly kissing the crucifix and with his dying lips pressed to the wound of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for which he had a particular devotion." This death, precious in the sight of God, took place on December 18, 1734.

Father Aulneau counted it a happiness to have been called upon to watch during two nights at the bedside of his fellow-religious, and the sight of his holy death encouraged him to give himself up still more unreservedly to the service of his Master.

Winter at last wore away, and with the opening of navigation he set out for Montreal. On the 13th of June, he left the latter town, to spend a few days at Sault St. Louis; and finally on the 21st of the same month, three weeks after Pentecost, he began his long journey towards Fort St. Charles and the Lake of the Woods. On July 27, 1735, he wrote to Father Nau from Michilimackinac, but the letter is missing from the collection. He reached Fort St. Charles on October 23, whence he wrote his last letter to Father Bonin, in France, and in it he sets forth his projected plans for the exploration of the regions still further west. They were never carried out; God had ordained it otherwise.

No. 1.

(Translation.)

FATHER AULNEAU TO HIS MOTHER.

Quebec, October 10, 1734

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

On taking leave of you I promised to write to you as often as it would be possible for me, and to inform you of whatever would take place during my journey, and even of what might happen later on. It is with pleasure that I now begin to fulfill my promise, and this is the first letter I write since my arrival in Canada.

We embarked on the 29th of May, at two in the afternoon. Adverse winds obliged us to lie in the roadstead the 30th, so that it was only on the 31st, at three o'clock in the morning, the wind having become favorable, that we weighed anchor and set sail. We lost sight of the shores of France that same day, and we made such headway that all on board began already to congratulate themselves at the prospect of a short voyage across. Their satisfaction was but short-lived, as contrary winds soon set in; we consoled ourselves, however, with the hope that they would not last. The sequel convinced us but too well that our hopes were vain. We took forty-seven days to reach the great Banks of Newfoundland, and during that long run, with the exception of a few days of calm, we encountered fierce head winds from the northwest, which more than once forced us to let the vessel scud before the gale. Mass was not celebrated on board either on Pentecost, or the Octave, or on Saint Peter and Saint Paul's days, as the storm was so violent and the rolling and pitching of the ship so heavy that it was impossible to stand. Our rations on those days were biscuits and dry bread, of which each one secured a supply as best he could.

The pleasure we experienced the morrow of our arrival on the Great Banks, watching the sailors fishing for cod, compensated us for our late fatigues. In less than two hours the crew caught more than two hundred. Some were salted and the remainder distributed amongst those on board. That same day they were served up at table, and were much relished by some, others found them very insipid, myself amongst the number.

Once on the Banks, we began to catch sight of different varieties of birds which I do not think are to be seen in Europe. The kind of most frequent occurrence the sailors called "Tomgeux"; it is a bird shaped somewhat like a goose, and nearly as large. Its breast is pure white, and the tips of the wings black. We saw also numbers of "Happefoix," "Godes" and "Pelyngoins." They are kinds of small duck which never abandon the vicinity of the Grand Bank.

There arose, during the night which followed our catch of codfish, a dense fog, accompanied by a breeze strong enough to enable us to set sail. We therefore got under way, and began beating about as we had done heretofore. We sailed at haphazard; and if the fog had held on an hour or two longer, a misfortune would have befallen us, for after tacking about for twenty-four hours in the darkness we were surprised when the mist cleared away to see land about a league and a half distant. It was the island of Newfoundland whose coasts loomed up high before us. We had drifted imperceptibly with the current towards the island, and found ourselves at the entrance of Placencia Bay, an English settlement and the capital of the island. We immediately put about and took a whole day to beat out from land. As soon as we thought that we were at a safe distance we continued our run along "Cavert" Bank.* It is a bank of sand about fifteen

* Cap Vert, at present Green Bank.

leagues long, where also large quantities of codfish are caught. We did not stop, however, to fish for any; but what delayed us was another fog which rose, and forced us for three entire days to beat about Cavert Bank.

Meanwhile a great many on board had fallen sick, and seeing the winds always unfavorable, our officers began to grow despondent, and thought seriously of putting in to Louisburg, a town on "Ile Royale" (Cape Breton), which belongs to the French, and is situated at the entrance of the Gulf of the River St. Lawrence. Had they done so we should have been obliged to take shipping in some smaller craft to make the two hundred leagues which yet remained to cover before we could reach Quebec. Providentially, the winds having become a little more favorable, the officers abandoned the project, and finally determined to go as far as that port. We consequently entered the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, leaving on our left Ile Royale and St. Paul's, and on our right the islands of St. Pierre.

It was at about this date that we began to notice frequently on our masts and yard arms a kind of bird called the Cardinal, very likely because its plumage is red with the exception of the tail and the tips of the wings. It is about as large as a chaffinch, but its beak resembles that of a parrot. Several were captured by the sailors, and caged.

It was also about this time that we had to change our fore-top-mast, which was split in the late gales. In spite of these delays we made some headway towards the mouth of the St. Lawrence, but before reaching it we witnessed a spectacle which, I am sure, many in Europe would set down as a pure invention. In the middle of the Gulf are two small islands, the larger of which might be about a half league in circumference. They

are not named without reason Bird Islands. Never in all my life did I see as great a number as was to be seen on these islands, though they are completely denuded of trees. The ground was actually alive with them and the sky darkened. It was one of the kinds of bird of which I spoke to you above. Our captain fired a cannon ball twice in their direction as we passed, but as we were not near enough both fell short of their mark. During the remainder of our journey up the Gulf we caught sight of Brion and Magdalen Islands (to the southwest of the Bird Islands). Porpoises of a prodigious size, whales, blowers and sea-cows awakened if they did not entirely satisfy our curiosity. Finally we reached the mouth of the river two months after leaving France. We entered it on the south side, with the Island of Anticosti on our right. The river here is more than 40 leagues wide, and is one of the greatest and most beautiful of the world. The wind soon obliged us to bear away from the southern towards the northern shore, which is of the two the less dangerous. Both are formed of very lofty mountains which extend along the river almost as far as Quebec. For several days we struggled on against the violence of the winds, which tossed us about even more boisterously than they had done heretofore, but finally made an island lying midway in the stream and which bears the name of Isle Verte. A dead calm succeeded when we were abreast of the island, and this gave us an opportunity of sending a boat ashore in quest of refreshments of which we stood in great need, as for many days we had lived on nothing but salt beef, while the number on the sick list had considerably increased. Since we left the Grand Bank, five had died and were buried at sea. The boat which we had despatched to the southern shore,—for the settlements begin about here,—took a day and a half to make her little trip, and when she again joined us we had already been

two or three hours under sail, the wind having sprung up again while she was away seeking fresh provisions. She brought back but a small supply, but what little she did bring was received with satisfaction by all on board. We proceeded on our way with more caution and dread than ever, for, though we had escaped many dangers already, we had still greater ones to guard against.

We shortly made for another island which bears the name of Ile-aux-Coudres. Near this island there is a whirlpool which makes it the most dangerous spot throughout all the passage from France to Canada. It was there that we realized for the first time that we were in summer, for since our departure from France we had experienced all along wintry weather. The sick aboard had suffered much from it. I can say that in all my experience I never endured such intense heat.

We rode at anchor two days near the whirlpool without being able to pass it, as we were wind-bound. This delay brought us a further supply of fresh provisions; it gave us also a chance to admire at our leisure the snow-white porpoises and numbers of seal. At last a northeast wind sprung up about two o'clock in the afternoon, and we successfully cleared the whirlpool, but again cast anchor two or three leagues beyond.

On the morrow we proceeded as far as the cape called Maillard, and there I left the King's vessel. From the time we reached the whirlpool I had suffered from violent headaches, and this led Father Superior to apprehend that I had caught the ship-fever. He therefore bade me take to the launch which a Jesuit had brought down from Quebec to receive those among us who might be ailing. But fifteen leagues remained to reach that port. The evening of the day on which I left the ship I supped at the Island of Orleans, and travelling all night I arrived the following morning at six o'clock in the bark canoe

which, to journey more expeditiously, we had taken at the Island of Orleans. I had up to this enjoyed good health, I had not even been seasick during the passage across, though it had taken us seventy-five days. Three days after landing at Quebec I was taken down with ship-fever. Twice did it bring me to death's door, but, thank God, I have now quite recovered.

Beg the Father of Mercy, my dear mother, to grant me the grace of devoting to His service my health and my life which He has restored to me, and that I may bring the poor Indians also to serve and love Him. I have already seen a few of almost all the tribes, and there is no more repulsive sight, but they have been ransomed by the blood of a God. How happy shall I be if He deigns to make use of so unworthy an instrument as myself to bring them to love and adore Him in spirit and in truth.

I am to spend the winter in Quebec. It is a town perched on the top of a mountain. There are houses pretty enough, but they are built, to some extent at least, as necessity required, without order or symmetry. The Island of Orleans, the environs of Quebec, and either shore, for a stretch of more than a hundred leagues beyond, are under very good cultivation, and with the exception of wine everything that is found in France may be found here.

Once more, my dear Mother, implore Our Lord that I may have the grace to draw profit from the grand examples of virtue which I have before my eyes. I am here in a college made up of former missionaries who have sacrificed their health and strength to win for Him the love of souls. Father Nau, who is in excellent health, sends his compliments.

I am, my dear mother, with the tenderest affection for now and for life,

Your servant and son,

AULNEAU, J.



RECENT CONVERSIONS.

Archbishop Vaughan is arranging to confirm a considerable number of notable converts from Anglicanism. Amongst these may be mentioned Lady Somers, wife of Lord Somers (not the Countess of that ilk, as inaccurately stated by the *World*); the Baroness Sherborne; Lady Edith Cecilia Howe, daughter of Earl Howe, and sister of Lord Curzon, M.P.; Miss Evered, of Wadhurst Castle, Sussex; Mr. J. L. Pearson, the ecclesiastical architect; Mr. Paul Lawrence Huskisson, grandson of the well remembered economist and statesman of that name; Mr. Gilbert Firebrace Marshall, Furness Lodge, Southsea; Major Walter Cotton, R.A.; Mr. John Long, the Firs, Wilberton, Sussex (late 10th Hussars); Mr. Neville Taylor, of Rock Abbey; Mr. Laurence Kip, grandson of a Protestant Bishop; Mr. Waugh, son of the Rev. Benjamin Waugh; Messrs. Coleman and Durant, members of the Anglican brotherhood; and Mr. Donald Arbuthnot.

The two great universities have recently contributed some "recruits to Rome," one of whom has left the Isis to enter the novitiate of the learned order of St. Benedict. Seven or eight clergymen of the establishment who have been received into the Church are now preparing for the priesthood, but amongst recent accessions occur the names of the Rev. Howell Lloyd, M.A., a gifted member of the Cambrian Archæological Society; Rev. Howell Pattison Lewis Blood, M.A., rector Bergholt, Colchester; Rev. F. Besant, M.A., of St. Michael's, Shoreditch; Rev. Hugh Lean, M.A., a nephew of the Rev. Mr. Coles, chaplain of

Pusey House, Oxford ; the Rev. Dr. James Field Spalding ; the Rev. Herbert Boothy, M.A., etc.

Members of High Church sisterhoods figure, as frequently is the case, somewhat largely in the list. The Archbishop has received an entire community of these ladies into the Church.—London *Universe*.

IN THANKSGIVING.

CALGARY.—Thanksgiving for the return of a mother of a family to the frequentation of the Sacraments after having been careless for years.

CORNWALL.—Special thanksgiving by a lay-promoter for one spiritual favor and temporal favors obtained through the Sacred Heart.

HAMILTON.—For several favors received and for the recovery of a dear relative. I promised if she recovered I would publish it in the *Messenger*.

HAMILTON.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the restoration of hearing, recommended to the prayers of the League last month, also for a spiritual favor.—In accordance with a promise thanks returned for the recovery of a mother whose cure was very doubtful.—In accordance with a promise thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a splendid position obtained for my brother, also for an improvement in my own.

HAMILTON.—Thanks for the success of a special undertaking.

INGERSOLL.—Thanks, according to promise, are returned to the Sacred Heart for the success of a critical operation.

MELBOURNE.—Thanks for the cure of the eyes of an associate.

MONTRÉAL.—A promoter of the Gesu, her husband and

children, thank the Sacred Heart for having been all saved from sudden death in a recent collision.

MONTREAL.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for a favor obtained at the end of May through a novena to our Lady of the Sacred Heart, with promise to have it acknowledged in the *Messenger*.

MONTREAL.—According to promise, thanks returned through the *Messenger* for two special favors received from the Sacred Heart; also for two other favors obtained after a year, during which time prayers were constantly offered.

OAKVILLE.—Special thanksgiving for a situation unexpectedly obtained. For two temporal favors received.

ORILLIA.—A lady wishes to return thanks for a favor received.

POINT ST. CHARLES.—Sincere thanks tendered to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of my father and brother who were very ill; also for a temporal favor granted, with only a promise to publish in the *Messenger*.

QUEBEC.—A promoter of the Men's Branch wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for a great favor received.

SWANTON, VT.—Thanksgiving for three special favors received.

SAULT STE. MARIE.—A lady wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for a favor obtained.

WINDSOR.—According to promise thanks returned for a situation obtained at a difficult time, and seemingly through no human agency.

WINDSOR.—This is to thank the Sacred Heart for a very great temporal favor received, with promise to publish.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Georgetown College, the Jesuit University of the District of Columbia, has, as a mark of gratitude on the part of the Order, conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity on Rev. William Flannery, Pastor of St. Thomas, diocese of London, Ont. Father Flannery has deserved well of the Society of Jesus and of the Church, and the tribute is looked upon as but a weak expression of the grateful feelings of all the members of the Society for his able and persistent defence of their interests and good name. Some time before his death, Father Anderledy, the late General of the Society, had written to him from Fiesole to thank him in the name of all the members of the Order throughout the world. On the occasion of the conferring of the doctorate, addresses were presented to Father Flannery on behalf of the priests of London, on behalf of the parish of St. Thomas by the Sodality and by the school. We offer the Doctor the warmest congratulations of the *Messenger*, and the prayers of its readers, that God may prolong *ad multos annos* so useful a career.

* *

At a meeting of the New London (Conn.) Board of Trade, a very cordial feeling was shown towards the Catholic Summer Assembly. It was resolved to extend a hearty and cordial welcome to the members and visitors to the Assembly, and to aid in every way possible the local committee in making their visit pleasant and profitable. It is to be hoped that the idea of having their annual meeting somewhere among the Thousand Islands has not been definitely abandoned, so that it may partake of an international character as originally proposed by the organizers.

INTENTIONS FOR AUGUST

RECOMMENDED TO THE PRAYERS OF THE HOLY LEAGUE
BY CANADIAN ASSOCIATES.

- 1.—**M.**—*St. Peter in chains.* Love of the Holy See. 25,129 Thanksgiving.
- 2.—**T.**—*St. Alphonsus Ligouri.* Founder. Use time well. 12,886 in affliction.
- 3.—**W.**—*Finding of St. Stephen's Relics.* Love your enemies. 8613 dead associates.
- 4.—**T.**—*St. Dominic, founder,* h.† p.† Devotion to the Rosary. 107,985 special intentions.
- 5.—**F.**—*First Friday. Our Lady of Snows.* a.† g.† Trust in Mary. 590 communities.
- 6.—**S.**—*Transfiguration of Our Lord.* Renewal of Purpose. 19,300 1st communions.
- 7.—**S.**—*St. Cajetan Founder,* a.† g.† r.† Love of Labor. 32,971 departed souls.
- 8.—**M.**—*Bl. Peter Faber, S. J.* Revere the Angels. 8,135 Employment and means.
- 9.—**T.**—*St. Romanus.* Good resolutions. 1,250 Priests.
- 10.—**W.**—*St. Lawrence, M.* Love God's poor. 155,744 Children.
- 11.—**T.**—*St. Philomena,* h.† Fly dangerous occasions. 29,619 Families.
- 12.—**F.**—*St. Clara,* Foundress. Seek the friendship of Jesus. 6,612 Reconciliations.
- 13.—**S.**—*St. John Buckman, S. J.* Fidelity in little things. 26,322 Spiritual Favors.
- 14.—**S.**—*St. Hermisdas, Pope.* Prepare for to-morrow. 13,844 Temporal Favors.
- 15.—**M.**—*ASSUMPTION B.V. MARY,* a.† b.† g.† m.† r.† s.† Joy in our Mother's Glory. 13,341 Conversions to the Faith.
- 16.—**T.**—*St. Roch, Conf.* The Morning Offering. 17,063 Young persons.
- 17.—**W.**—*St. Liberatus, Martyr.* Give good example. 1,141 Schools.
- 18.—**T.**—*St. Hyacinth, C.* Charity for poor children. 10,645 Sick.
- 19.—**F.**—*St. Helen Empress.* Patience in trial. 371 Missions.
- 20.—**S.**—*St. Bernard, Doctor.* Love Our Lady. 4,794 Works of Zeal.
- 21.—**S.**—*St. Jane Frances de Chantal.* Encourage Good Works. 7,723 Parishes.
- 22.—**M.**—*SS. Timothy and Companions.* Christian fortitude. 54,708 Sinners.
- 23.—**T.**—*St. Philip Beniti Servite.* Humility of Heart. 15,746 Parents.
- 24.—**W.**—*St. Bartholomew Apostle.* Zeal for Souls. b.† 44,131 Religious.
- 25.—**T.**—*St. Louis, King of France,* h.† Horror of Sin. 10,996 Church Students.
- 26.—**F.**—*St. Zephyrinus, P. M.* Unselfishness. 1,120 Superiors.
- 27.—**S.**—*St. Joseph Calasanctius.* Help our Catholic Schools. 13,688 Vocations.
- 28.—**S.**—*THE MOST PURE HEART OF MARY,* b.† Love holy purity. 38,551 Perseverance.
- 29.—**M.**—*Beheading of St. John Baptiste.* Shun egotism. 6,564 Promoters.
- 30.—**T.**—*St. Rose of Lima, V.* Avoid Sadness. MESSENGER Readers.
- 31.—**W.**—*St. Raymond Nonnatus.* Do not worry. The Directors.

†=Plenary Indulg.; a=1st Degree; b=2d Degree; g=Guard of Honor or Roman Archconfraternity; h=Holy Hour; m=Bona Mors; p=Promoters; r=Rosary Sodality; s=Sodality B. V.

Associates may gain 100 days Indulgence for each action offered for these Intentions.



THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

In the interests of the League of the Sacred Heart.

VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1892.

No. 9.

MESSENGER ITEMS

Those who have sent in requests to the Sacred Heart offices for relics of our Canadian Martyrs will receive them, neatly set in a vignette, in a few days.

We again call the attention of Local Secretaries to what we said already in the July number: If they wish that we should acknowledge the receipt of intentions in the "Correspondence" columns, they must inscribe on the Intention sheet the name of the place, convent, school or parish, otherwise they will be disappointed. Many have been omitted this month from the list, as it was impossible to make out the place from which they were sent.

Some of our readers no doubt have been mildly shocked, like ourselves, at the discovery that the verses sent to the MESSENGER from Galt by little "B" were not original. The *work of composition* consisted in selecting

a few stanzas from the Hymn of the Precious Blood entitled "Viva, viva, Jesu," and beginning with the words "Glory be to Jesus," which may be found at page 470 of one of Eason's Dublin editions of the *Garden of the Soul*. The *maturity* displayed on this occasion was not, we are sorry to say, limited to the choice of words.

Our duty is to follow the Vicar of Christ wither he goeth, and never to desert him, however he may be tried but to defend him at all hazards and against all comers: as a son would a father, and as a wife a husband, knowing that his cause is the cause of God.—Card. Newman.

When you see anyone standing in need of your assistance, either for body or soul, do not ask yourself why some one else did not help him, but think to yourself that you have found a treasure.

Would you die the death of the just? there is only one way to secure the fulfilment of your wish. Live the life of the just. For it is impossible that one who has been faithful to God in life should make a bad or an unhappy end.

We admire the great actions and the glorious triumph of the Saints; yet it is not so much in these that their sanctity consisted, as in the constant habitual heroic disposition of their souls. There is no one who does not sometimes do good actions; but he can never be called virtuous who does well only by humour, or by fits and starts, not by steady habits.

"Answer me, O sinner," St. Thomas of Villanova would say, "what can you purchase with your money better or more necessary than the redemption of your sins?"



GENERAL INTENTION FOR SEPTEMBER.

*Named by the Cardinal Protector and blessed by the Pope
for all the Associates.*

THE EPISCOPAL JUBILEE OF HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII.

FIFTY years ago, on the 19th of February, 1843, in a little church in Rome, that of St. Lawrence, *in panisperna*, erected on the very spot where the renowned deacon underwent martyrdom, a priest yet young in years, but of more than ordinary merit, knelt at the feet of the consecrating Bishops, and received the holy unction which makes Pontiffs. Our readers are aware that that young priest was none other than he who, later on raised to the See of Peter, has shed around him for the last fourteen years so bright a lustre as to fully verify the motto of *Lumen in cælo*. Since it first appeared on the horizon, that light has gone on increasing in intensity; for, not to speak of the others, the late encyclical on the *Condition of Workmen* was but the crowning of the weighty and momentous lessons which His Holiness Leo XIII had already given to the world on the social question.

Scarcely had this new anniversary, more solemn even than that of his sacerdotal Jubilee, been announced, than

in Italy, as in many other countries, the clergy and the faithful began preparing for its celebration ; and no wonder, for the reasons which should prompt them to exert themselves to the utmost to impart an exceptional splendor to the event are numerous and cogent.

It will be in the first place a great family festival, and a most favorable opportunity for all the faithful to assert before the world their unshaken faith in the Papacy and their filial submission to its eminently prudent and Heaven-inspired utterances. Much more, as the Sovereign Pontiff is, like the Saviour whom he personifies, *the light of the World* ; the very unbelievers, as they have done so unmistakably on former occasions, will co-operate with good or bad grace, as circumstances may determine, in ensuring the success of the Jubilee of the Church's visible head.

It will, moreover, be for Catholics of every clime a fresh protest, more urgently called for now than ever, against a monstrous wrong which burdens the conscience of the present generation if it does not wring it with remorse : and that wrong is the sacrilegious usurpation of Rome. The longer the intolerable position of the Holy Father, as a consequence of this unatoned for crime, is maintained, the louder should be the protestations of Catholics and the more strenuous their endeavors.

The experience of the past few years has taught the faithful that pilgrimages to the shrine of the Apostles are not free from danger, and that any trumped up pretext is good enough for the enemies of the Papacy to palliate their acts of violence and even of bloodshed. In spite of these drawbacks, pilgrimages no doubt will continue to wend their way towards the Eternal City, but the splendor of former days, when Rome was free, will be wanting.

How few Canadian Catholics will be able to take part in the rejoicings in Rome itself! But all, according to their means, will be able to contribute towards the commemoration of the event. A sanctuary is to be erected commemorative of this Jubilee. It is to be reared in Rome, and dedicated to St. Joachim, the patron of the Holy Father. The great cathedrals in the ages of faith were built by the contributions of the poor, and they stand unrivalled in architectural beauty and grandeur to the present day. A penny from every Catholic in America would more than suffice to defray the cost of the edifice.

Catholics to whom God has given a fair share of the goods of this world will certainly not be backward in sending to the Holy Father a sum proportionate to what Heaven in its bounty has given them. And would not this be a fitting time to infuse a new life into the laudable undertaking of alleviating the daily wants of the Holy Father by means of what is known as the Fund of Peter's Pence?

There is a point, however, upon which we would insist more especially: We mean *spiritual offerings*, which, in the eyes of faith, are incomparably more precious. On similar occasions our Associates have themselves made and solicited these offerings from others with a praiseworthy alacrity. They were registered in richly embossed albums, and drew down upon our work of predilection the choicest blessings. On the present occasion, when matters concerning Holy Church in Rome are perhaps in a more critical state than ever, let all our Promotors, for the honor of the Sacred Heart, set bravely to work with renewed activity. Their filial devotedness will prove a source of consolation for the heart of His beloved Vicar upon earth.

It would not be out of place here to recall to mind some

of the admirable manifestations of filial love occasioned by the last Jubilee of Leo XIII.

That sacerdotal Jubilee of the common Father of the faithful enkindled an unwonted enthusiasm throughout the Catholic world: we would remain within the bounds of truth if we said that this enthusiasm was without precedent. On October 1, 1887, His Holiness thus gave expression to his satisfaction:

"From every people upon earth and from every class of society we are receiving tokens which assume a variety of exquisite forms, solemn testimonials of fealty, attachment, respect and felicitation."

Not only every nation but every sovereign also (save the King of Italy, the sacrilegious spoliator of the Papal States) held it a great honor to take part in Leo XIII's festival. Presents from nations and from kings literally poured in upon him. The following lines, clipped from a paper published at the time, will give us an idea of the nature and number of these gifts:

"There are at present in the court-yards of the Vatican more than 4,000 boxes not yet opened. Other cases are announced, which will probably swell the number to 6,000.

"The quantity of objects contained in these cases is inconceivable. The number of chasubles, stoles, albs and other sacred vestments is estimated at over 50,000; that of the chalices and crucifixes at not less than 30,000; that of pendant lamps, candelabra, ciboria and monstrances at more than 40,000, to say nothing of the paintings, statues and the ordinary apparel of the Pontiff. What a magnificent manifestation of filial attachment! The gifts of reigning monarchs and governments will be placed on exhibition in a special hall. There will be one place vacant, that of Italy!

"Among the Jubilee offerings there is a very touching

tribute from the poor old creatures who have found a shelter with the Little Sisters of the Poor. Thirty thousand decrepit men and women, inmates of the two hundred and fifty-one asylums reared by these humble heroines of charity, made up from their penny savings the sum of 12,000 francs.

"To this alms from the poor the four hundred members of the same religious congregation added, from their own savings, 10,000 francs."

It is to be hoped that on this occasion the generosity of the valiant soldiers of the Church will show no signs of a decrease.

Already, in the matter of spiritual offerings, noble examples are proposed to us for imitation. Thus, in the diocese of Castellaneta alone, for several months past, every priest without exception has bound himself to celebrate mass every Saturday for the intentions of His Holiness Leo XIII, and for the success of his episcopal Jubilee. The faithful flock to these Saturday masses in great numbers, recite the Rosary and receive communion for the same intentions, whilst all the religious congregations of the diocese receive on the same day for our Holy Father the Pope.

Let our own Associates of the Sacred Heart imitate such examples, and the coming Jubilee will be before God and even before the world a complete success.

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in particular for the venerable Head upon earth of your Church, that at the Jubilee of his episcopate he may see united in an equal submission of mind and heart all the children of the great family of which he is the Teacher, the Pastor and the Father. Amen.

ENTERING IN.

THE church was dim and silent
With the hush before the prayer ;
Only the solemn trembling
Of the organ stirred the air.
Without the sweet pale sunshine :
Within, the holy calm,
Where priest and people waited
For the swelling of the psalm.

Slowly the door swung open,
And a little baby girl,
Brown-eyed, with brown hair falling
In many a wavy curl,
With soft cheeks flushing hotly,
Sly glances downward thrown,
And small hands clasped before her,
Stood in the aisle alone.

Stood half abashed, half frightened,
Unknowing where to go,
While like a wind-rocked flower
Her form swayed to and fro :
And the changing color fluttered
In the little troubled face,
As from side to side she wavered
With a mute, imploring grace.

It was but for a moment :

What wonder that we smiled,
By such a strange, sweet picture
From holy thoughts beguiled ?
Up, then, rose some one softly,
And many an eye grew dim,
As through the tender silence
He bore the child with him.

And long I wondered, losing
The sermon and the prayer,
If when some time I enter
The many mansions fair,
And stand abashed and drooping
In the portal's golden glow,
Our Lord will send an angel
To show me where to go ?

ANON.



JUBILEE ALBUM OF SPIRITUAL OFFERINGS.

AFTER having invited the Associates of the Canadian League of the Sacred Heart, when speaking of the intention for September, to form a spiritual treasure of good works for presentation to the Holy Father, on the occasion of his episcopal jubilee, it would scarcely be fair to throw all the burden of organization on local Directors and Promoters. On the other hand, all our individual efforts would be of little use without their active co operation. The suggestions we here throw out are subject to future modification, but will, we are sure, be of some assistance to those who would enter upon the work immediately.

It is our desire to facilitate this work for all, for we have no doubt but that all will be anxious to contribute their share so as to swell the sum of good works as much as possible. Therefore we invite all Directors, Promoters, seminarians, students of colleges and convents, members of religious communities, orphans, the sick in hospitals, etc., to let no occasion pass of rendering our offerings more worthy of acceptance. It will be a consolation for the beloved Pontiff who now governs the

Church, when so many events are for him a constant cause of anxiety and anguish.

We propose that all the meritorious acts offered to the Sacred Heart for the special intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff, and which go to make up the ordinary Treasure of the Sacred Heart, recorded monthly on the third page of the cover of the MESSENGER, form, at least in part, this *Spiritual Offering*. But naturally enough all will expect to see it greatly increased. That the ordinary leaflets of the Treasury, with which every Promoter is well supplied, may serve on this occasion, we shall adopt the same titles or headings as given on the sheets of the daily treasury, and it will be according to that schedule that the offerings will be classed, viz.: Prayers, Masses, Sacramental and Spiritual Communions, Beads, Hours of work, of silence, of recreation, Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, Ways of the Cross, Victories won or Temptations overcome, and sundry other good works. The latter heading will comprise every other meritorious act not specified under the preceding headings.

Our intention is not to send, in the Jubilee Album, a bare record of the sum total of the good works of each Centre, but to afford each Associate the opportunity and consolation of transmitting to the Holy Father his name, and, if he will, even his signature, together with the detail of the works accomplished through his devotion to the Holy See and the grateful promptings of his heart, for the welfare and prosperity of him whom he venerates and holds dearest upon earth.

It seems to us that this will not furnish food for vanity or self-complacency, for these names and good works are not to be published, but are destined for the eye of the Holy Father only. It could not be made a matter of reproach for an affectionate child to let a cherished parent into the secret of all that his loving heart had suggested

the better to show his love. However, if there be any sensitive natures who shrink from adopting this mode of manifesting their devotedness, we would respect their scruples and have them keep score of their spiritual earnings in the usual manner.

The Jubilee Album of Spiritual Offerings will contain :

I. An illuminated page representing a spiritual nosegay, the flowers of which will be laden respectively with the sum total of the acts of each category of good works performed.

II. A list of the parishes, communities, seminaries, colleges, convents, academies, schools, hospitals, asylums, working-rooms, sodalities, etc., which will have contributed their share to the Treasury.

III. A list of the Associates who will have exerted themselves to make this sympathetic demonstration a success.

This album, sumptuously bound and embossed, will be forwarded to Rome, to be presented to the Holy Father on the 11th of February next, the day set apart on the official programme for the offering of the Homage of Prayer by all the faithful.

That it may truly represent the sentiments of all Canadian Associates, the two Central Directors, French and English, will cordially co-operate in the work.

A few words now as to the organization, upon which the success of any undertaking depends.

I. The Directors or their Secretaries will be kind enough to transmit to every Associate a Treasury sheet in blank, monthly, until December inclusively.

II. The Director or Secretary will also be kind enough to carefully collect and keep the blanks filled in by the Associates.

III. These four sheets should be summed up during the first week of January next, and the totals inscribed on

special blanks which will be sent on in due time to all centres which have shown a readiness to co-operate in the making up of the Jubilee Album of Spiritual Offerings, for it must be understood that what we propose is devised for the occasion, and constitutes in no way an essential feature of the League.

IV. Individual Associates who reside in parishes where the Holy League has no canonical existence will kindly send on to the Central Director their Spiritual Offerings, together with their names and address.

V. Lists reaching us after January 8th will be too late for insertion in the Album.

In subsequent issues we intend to keep our readers advised as to the progress of the work. Meanwhile, it should be added, Secretaries are supposed to send on as usual for publication a copy of the good works which go to make up the Treasure of the month.

We are confident that our Directors, Promoters and Associates will become the earnest apostles of this generous undertaking ; it will be for them a favorable occasion of enrolling many new members in the ranks of the League, for none but members of the Apostleship of Prayer can enjoy the privilege of having their names inscribed on the pages of the Jubilee Album.

Four months of effort in unison will place the devoted children of the Sacred Heart and of the Holy Father in a position to offer the great Pontiff, now presiding over the destinies of the Church, with one of the most consoling tributes he will certainly receive on the occasion of his episcopal Jubilee.



TRUST IN GOD.

FATHER DE LA COLOMBIERE'S PRAYER.



Y Lord and my God, I know well that Thou watchest over those who centre their every hope in Thee, and that they can stand in need of nothing who look to Thee for their all. Wherefore am I resolved to live henceforth without dread, and to sink in Thy bosom all my cares and all my sorrows. Man may rise against me, sickness may rob me of strength and means to serve as I would wish, I may even forfeit Thy grace through sin ; but never shall I forego my trust in Thy mercy. I will cling to it with my life's last breath. The Evil One may endeavor in vain to wrest it from me ; but nothing shall avail to shake this my steadfast trust.

Let others look to creatures, to wealth and talent for happiness ; let them rely on the guiltlessness of their lives, the rigor of their penance, the number of their good works, or the earnestness of their prayers ; for me, Lord, my trust is my very trust itself. That trust in Thee has never, nor will it ever, deceive a soul. I am therefore assured that I shall enjoy eternal happiness, since I so steadfastly hope for it, and since I look to Thee for it, my God.

I am aware, and but too well aware, alas ! how weak and fickle I am ; I well know that temptation may wreck

the most sturdy virtue ; I have seen the stars of the heavens fall and the pillars of the firmament shaken ; but all that dismays me not, when Thou, my God, art with me ; and with me wilt Thou ever abide as long as I shall hope in Thee. In Thee shall I find shelter from every ill, nay, more, I am assured always to hope, since I hope even for this ever-enduring hope.

In fine, O my God, I am sure I cannot hope too much in Thee, nor receive less from Thee than that for which I hope. And so I hope that Thou wilt be my stay in the steepest pathways, that Thou wilt ward off from me the most dangerous thrusts, that Thou wilt so nerve my weakness that it triumph over my most redoubtable foes.

I hope, yes, I am certain, that Thou wilt ever love me. I hope also to love Thee with an undivided and a boundless love. And that my love, by one effort, may reach the supreme degree, I hope, O my God, for Thy very self and from Thyself alone.

I hope that after having loved, served and adored Thee while time lasts, I shall have the happiness of seeing and enjoying Thee throughout all eternity.

Thank God who has given you superabundant motives for your faith ; and pray for the spirit of the first Christians, the spirit which exults and rejoices in belief.

It is not enough to encounter dangers with resolution ; we must with equal courage and constancy vanquish pleasure and softer passions, or we possess not the virtue of true fortitude.

St. Wenceslas teaches us that the safest place to meet the trials of life, or to prepare for the stroke of death, is before Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.



POWERFUL INDUCEMENTS

To embrace the Devotion to the Sacred Heart.

I.

ARE YOU SOLICITOUS FOR YOUR OWN SPIRITUAL
INTERESTS ?

OUR Lord made known to me, said the Blessed Margaret Mary, that the intense desire He had of being perfectly loved by mankind had led Him to manifest to the faithful His Heart and to reveal to them in these latter days this supreme effort of His love, by setting before them an object and means so well calculated to induce them to love Him, and to love Him steadfastly. At the same time He would open to them all the treasures of His own love : treasures of grace, of mercy, of sanctification and salvation which His Heart contained, so that all who would strive to render to Him and to procure for Him all the love and honor they possibly could would be enriched beyond measure with the treasures of which this Divine Heart is the overflowing and inexhaustible fountain-head.

“I promise,” said our Lord to her, “that my Heart shall well over, and pour out in profusion the blessings

of its divine love on those who will thus honor cause or it to be honored," that is, by receiving Holy Communion and by making the act of atonement on the feast of the Sacred Heart.

"This loving Heart burns with an infinite desire to be known and loved by its creatures, over whom it would extend its benign sway, as the source of all good, so as to provide for all their wants. Hence, it is its wish that all should have recourse to it with unbounded confidence."

2. For those who live amidst the turmoil of the world, they will find in this genial devotion all the helps necessary to their state, namely : peace in the bosom of their families, alleviation in their toils, a blessing on their undertakings, and consolation in their misfortunes or afflictions.

3. As for the members of religious communities, they have but to recall the words of Blessed Margaret Mary writing to her director: "Endeavor to succeed in inducing religious to adopt this devotion, for they will find in it such a powerful help that they need not have recourse to any other means to rekindle their first fervor, or to restore perfect observance among the most imperfectly regulated communities, and finally to lead to the summit of perfection those who are already exact observers of religious discipline."

4. Persons who aspire to perfection, according to the same authority, will find that, "the wealth of blessings and of graces which this Heart contains is infinite ; I am not aware that, in the spiritual life, there is any other exercise of devotion which is better able, in a short lapse of time, to lead the soul on to the highest perfection, and to make it relish that unalloyed sweetness to be found only in the service of Jesus Christ."

5. It secures final repentance. A practice which was familiar to Blessed Margaret Mary, and which our Lord

himself had suggested, by holding out to her the hope of final repentance, and of receiving the help of the Sacraments of the Church before death, for those who should accomplish it, was that of making a novena of communions for that intention, in honor of the Sacred Heart, such communions to be made on the First Friday of every month for nine consecutive months.

6. It gives us the consoling assurance of a happy death. For she again tells us that "it is there properly, in the Sacred Heart, that a secure refuge is to be found during life, but principally at the hour of our death."

7. A merciful judgment will follow that death. Blessed Margaret Mary experienced it at that supreme hour when she exclaimed: "Oh, how sweet it is to die after having practised that constant devotion to the Sacred Heart of the One who is to be our Judge."

The ceremony of investing with the Pallium the Most Rev. William Vaughan, who succeeded the late Cardinal Manning as Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, took place at Brampton Oratory on the 16th of August. It was attended by a large number of the highest church dignitaries, and by several Roman Catholic peers. The ceremony was one of great pomp and impressiveness.

The *Standard* declares that a turning point in English Catholicism was reached to-day. "Time was," it says, "when it would have been impossible for special delegates of the Pope to have ventured into England openly to invest an Archbishop with the pallium."



OUR CANADIAN MARTYRS.



WE are in receipt of the following from the Sacred Heart Offices, Philadelphia :—
“I come to beg again ; all the souvenirs (of the martyrs) you so kindly sent me are gone, and a stock of unanswered letters stares me in the face. We have received one letter of thanksgiving for a cure wrought through the intercession of Fathers De Brebeuf and Lalemant.”

We hope later on to receive full particulars of this cure. Here is another more satisfactory on account of the particulars accompanying :

“ ST. PIERRE, Island of Orleans, July 18, 1892.

“ About four weeks ago, an honest farmer of this parish was almost killed by a fall. When the bystanders raised him he happily gave signs of life, but was so seriously injured that not only he could not walk but he could not even move a limb without suffering agony. He lay in this state for several days in spite of all the doctors could do.

“ This having come to my knowledge, I sent him some relics of Fathers de Brebeuf and Lalemant with a prayer, advising him to make a novena in their honor.

“ The next day, a Sunday, the man, who the very

evening before could not stir without suffering excruciating pain, rose and walked about the house with but little difficulty.

"The following Monday, to make a trial of his strength, he went on foot to the house of a relative, nearly a mile distant; and by the middle of the week he was able to reach good St. Ann's without pain or fatigue.

"He accepts this sudden cure as a great favor, which he ascribes to the intercession of our Canadian martyrs, and he wishes to express his heartfelt gratitude to God and to his heroic servants through the pages of your precious Messenger.

"The man who obtained this favor is named Joseph Gagnon, and is about 55 years old.

"VEUVE CYPRIEN PLANTE."

The foregoing letter was addressed to the French *Messenger*.

"My God and my all," St. Francis of Assisi's constant prayer, explains both his poverty and his wealth.

"O everlasting kingdom," said St. Augustine, "kingdom of endless ages, whereupon rests the untroubled light and the peace of God which passeth all understanding, where the souls of the Saints are in rest, and everlasting joy is about them, and sorrow and sighing have fled away. When shall I come and appear before God?"

King David longed to build a temple for God's service. Solomon deemed it his glory to accomplish the work.

But we, who have God made flesh dwelling in our tabernacles, ought to think no time, no zeal, no treasures too much to devote to the splendor and beauty of a Christian church.



CHRISTENING.

To-day I saw a little, calm eyed child—
 Where soft lights rippled and the shadows tarried
 Within the church's shelter arched and aisled—
 Peacefully wondering, to the altar carried ;

White-robed and sweet, in semblance of a flower,
 White as the daisies that adorned the chancel ;
 Borne like a gift—the young wife's natural dower—
 Offered to God as her most precious hansom.

Then ceased the music, and the little one
 Was silent ; and the multitude assembled
 Harkened ; and when of Father and of Son
 He spoke, the pastor's deep voice broke and trem-
 bled.

But she, the child, knew not the solemn words,
 And suddenly yielded to a troubled wailing
 As helpless as the cry of frightened birds,
 Whose untried wings for flight are unavailing.

How like in this, I thought, to older folk !
 The blessing falls : we call it tribulation,
 And fancy that we wear a sorrow's yoke
 Even at the moment of our consecration.

Pure daisy-child ! Whatever be the form
Of dream or doctrine—or of unbelieving—
A hand may touch our heads, amid the storm
Of grief and doubt, to bless beyond bereaving.

A voice may sound, in measured holy rite :
The words we know not, though their solemn
meaning
Be clear as dew, and sure as starry night
Scattered afar from some celestial gleanings.

Wise is the ancient sacrament that blends
This weakling cry of children, in our churches,
With strength of prayer or anthem that ascends
To Him who hearts of men and children searches.

We are alike the babe who, soothed by song again,
Within her mother's cradling arm lay nested,
Bright as a new bud, now, refreshed by rain :
And on her hair, it seemed, Heaven's radiance
rested.

—GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

God never fails those who trust in Him ; He guides them through darkness and through trials secretly and surely to their end, and in the evening time there is light.

True zeal has its root in the love of God. It can never be idle ; it must labor, toil, be doing great things. It glows as fire ; it is, like fire, insatiable. See if this spirit be in us.

Devotion to the blessed Mother of God is the sure protection of faith in her Divine Son. Every time that we invoke her, we renew our faith in the Incarnate God ; we take our part with her who was blessed because she believed.



"A LITTLE ANGEL."

TWO gentleman friends, who had been parted for years, met in Montreal near the corner of Craig and Bleury. The one who lived in the city was on his way to meet a pressing engagement. After a few expressions of delight, he said :

"Well, I'm off. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I will look for you to-morrow at dinner. Remember, 2 o'clock sharp. I'm anxious for you to see my wife and child."

"Only one child?" asked the other.

"Only one," came the answer, tenderly—"a daughter. She's a little angel, I do assure you."

And then they parted, the stranger in the city getting into a street-car bound for Mount Royal Park, whither he desired to go to enjoy that incomparable view from the summit, of which he had heard so much.

At the corner of St. Catherine, a group of five girls were transferred from a west-end car. They were all young, and evidently belonged to families of wealth and culture—that is, intellectual culture—as they conversed well. Each carried a very elaborately decorated lunch-basket; each was attired in a very becoming spring suit. Doubtless, they, too, were going to the park for a spring picnic. They seemed very happy and amiable, until the car again stopped near the corner of Mignonne, this time letting in a pale-faced girl of about 11 and a sick boy of

4. These children were shabbily dressed, and upon their faces there were signs of distress mingled with some expectancy. Were they, too, on their way to the park? The gentleman thought so; so did the group of girls, for he heard one of them say, with a look of disdain:

"I suppose these ragamuffins are on an excursion, too."

"I shouldn't want to leave my door if I had to look like that. Would you?" This from another girl.

"No, indeed! But there is no accounting for tastes. I think there ought to be a special line of cars for the lower classes."

All this conversation went on in a low tone, but the gentleman had heard it. Had the child, too? He glanced at the pale face and saw tears glistening in the eyes. Then he looked at the group of finely dressed girls, who had moved as far away from the plebeian as the limits of the car would allow. He was angry. He longed to tell them that they were vain and heartless, as they drew their costly wraps closer about them, as if fearful of contact with poverty's children.

Just then an exclamation—they had reached Sherbrooke street—"Why, there is Ruth. Wonder where she is going?"—caused him to look out upon the corner, where a sweet-faced young girl stood beckoning to the car-driver. She, too, evidently belonged to the favored ones of fortune. Her dress was all that the most exacting votaries of fashion could require, but it was a marvel of grace and simplicity combined, and on her breast glistened the little cross of the Promoters of the Sacred Heart. When she entered the car she was warmly greeted by the five, who made room for her beside them. They were profuse in their exclamations and questions.

"Where are you going?" asked one.

"Oh, what lovely flowers! Who are they for?" questioned another.

"I'm on my way to Clare Dean's. She's sick, you know, and the flowers are for her."

She answered both questions at once, and then, glancing toward the door of the car, she saw the pale girl looking wistfully at her. She smiled at the child, a tender look beaming from her beautiful eyes; and then, forgetting that she, too, wore a handsome velvet skirt and a costly jacket, and that her shapely hands were covered with well-fitting gloves, she left her seat and crossed over to the little ones. She laid one hand carelessly on the boy's thin cheek as she asked interestedly of his sister:

"The little boy is sick, is he not? and he is your brother, I am sure; he clings so to you."

It seemed hard for the girl to answer, but finally she said:

"Yes, miss; he is sick. Dan has never been well. Yes, miss; he is my brother. We're going to the mountain to see if it won't make Danny better."

"I'm glad you are going," the young lady replied, in a low voice, meant for no one's ears except those of the child addressed. "I feel sure it will do him good; it's lovely there, with the spring flowers all in bloom. But where is your lunch? You ought to have a lunch after so long a drive."

Over the little girl's face came a flush.

"Yes, miss; mebbe we ought to for Danny's sake; but, you see, we didn't have any lunch to bring. Joe—he's our brother—he saved these pennies purpose so as Danny could ride to the park and back. I guess mebbe Danny will forget about being hungry when he gets to the mountain."

Were there tears in the lovely girl's eyes? Yes, there certainly were; and very soon she asked the girl where she lived, and wrote the address down in a tablet, which she took from a beaded bag on her arm.

Above Roy street the pretty girl left the car, but she had not left the little ones comfortless. Half the bouquet of violets and hyacinths was clasped in the sister's hand, while the sick boy, with radiant face, held in his hand a precious 'package, from which he helped himself now and then, saying to his sister, in a jubilant whisper :

"She said we could eat 'em all—every one—when we got to the park. What made her so sweet and good to me? She didn't call us ragamuffins and wasn't 'fraid to have her dress touch ours, and she called me 'a dear', she did. What made her?"

"I guess it's 'cause she's beautiful as well as her clothes—beautiful inside, you know. Didn't you see that little cross she wore? She's a *Permotor* of the Sacred Heart League, for I saw the Bishop giving little crosses just like it to the *Permoters* last Sunday."

The gentleman's ears served him well. He heard Katy's whisper, and thought :

"Yes, the child is right; the lovely young girl is beautiful inside—beautiful in spirit. She is one of the loved ones of the Sacred Heart, developing in Christian holiness. Bless her! She is a *Permotor*!"

And the five girls wondered what he was smiling at.

When Fletcher's Field was reached they hurried out with laughter and merry talk. Then the gentleman lifted the little boy in his arms and carried him out of the car, across to the foot of the inclined railway and into the sweet smelling orchard, now in full blossom, the sister with heart full of gratitude, following. It was he who paid for the ride up the mountain elevator; he also who treated them to good warm soup at the park restaurant. He was a *Permotor*, too, for didn't Katy catch a glimpse

of the dear little cross pinned to his vest when he set Dan on the ground and when he paid for their treat?

At 2 o'clock sharp the next day the two gentlemen met again.

"This is my wife," the host said proudly, introducing a comely lady; "and this," as a young girl of 15 entered the parlour, "is my daughter Ruth."

"Ah," thought the guest, as he extended his hand in cordial greeting, "this is the dear girl whom I met yesterday in the street-car. I don't wonder her father calls her a little angel. She is an angel, and no mistake, bless her!"—*Adapted.*

St. Peter Nolasco and his knights were laymen, not priests, and yet they considered the salvation of their neighbor intrusted to them. We can each of us by counsel, by prayer, but above all by holy example, assist the salvation of our brethren, and thus secure our own.

We may sanctify our labor or industry, if actuated by the motive of charity toward others, even whilst we fulfil the obligation we owe to ourselves and our families of procuring an honest and necessary subsistence, which of itself is no less noble a virtue, if founded in motives equally pure and perfect.



UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS
RELATING TO CATHOLIC CANADIAN HISTORY
THE AULNEAU LETTERS.

1734-1745.

No. 2.*

(Translation.)

QUEBEC, Oct. 10, 1734.

Reverend Father,—Pax Christi—

I received your letter of June 21st, and I could have experienced no pleasure greater than that which it caused me. But as you give me in it so many proofs of affection, so much practical spiritual advice, and impart such good news, that I really think any other, even less attached to your person than I am, would not have experienced less pleasure than I did.

I can assure you that I am determined to neglect nothing which might induce you to continue your correspondence.

* Draught of an unfinished letter, without address, which Father Aulneau evidently intended for Father Charles Aulneau, S.J., his brother, completing the narrative of his passage across the Atlantic.

You wish me to give you a detailed account of the incidents of my voyage. There is nothing I can refuse my elder brother, but you will find in it very little to interest you. One point may perhaps excite your sympathy and affect you : and that is, that it was near proving fatal to me and near being my last.

We had no mass on board on Whitsunday, nor on the octave, nor on the feast of St. Peter, for the storm was so violent that it was not possible to keep our feet on the vessel, or to take two steps without serious risk for life or limb.

You can easily imagine that under similar circumstances no fire was lit in the galley, and our repast was limited to a few slices of bread, of which luckily we had laid by a provision. We did not enjoy even this frugal fare without being rudely shaken, or without danger of being thrown against each other, in spite of every possible precaution.

It was about the time when we reached the Grand Bank that our desire to see extraordinary creatures, not to be met with in Europe, was in part gratified.....

Meanwhile we had more than sixty suffering from sickness, while our officers were fairly wearied out struggling against headwinds. We had scarcely any water or provisions left. All that, was a cause of worry to Mr. de Chaon, our captain, and he was nearly giving up all hope even this time of reaching Canada. A stiff wind, which sprang up the day after our fishing incident, and which was not more favorable than the winds which had preceded it, gave him further matter for reflection. To cap the climax, this wind was accompanied by a fog so dense that we could not see each other the length of the ship.

It finally cleared away, and providentially for us, for, carried out of our course by the currents, we were on the point of being dashed upon the Newfoundland coast. We

were but a league and a half away when we caught sight of land, a huge cape at the entrance of Placentia Bay, and which is called "Chapeau Rouge" (Red Cap).

Our officers were now more worried than ever, and seriously contemplated abandoning their voyage to Quebec, and of putting in rather at Louisburg, a town on Ile Royale (Cape Breton) at no great distance. This gave us great concern, as we would have been obliged to wait a long time at the island before finding a vessel to take us as far as Quebec. Providence permitted that we should experience no greater inconvenience than our apprehension, as a favorable wind which sprang up put an end to the project of landing at Louisburg.

We were none the less forced to beat about (on Cavert Bank) for two days on account of a fog even denser than the former which prevented our knowing whither we were going. All this useless tacking about was the occasion of a visit which kept alive our curiosity for a few moments : it was of a bird from Newfoundland, called the Cardinal ; one of the sailors captured it on the main-yard and brought it to Mr. de Chaon.

We entered at last the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, leaving on our right the islands of St. Peter, and on our left Ile Royale and the islands of St. Paul and St. John. Four days were spent in traversing it, for the wind soon ceased to be favorable.

When we had left Bird Island astern, we descried two others, one named Brion and the other Magdalen Island. They tell me that every year several small craft from Quebec resort thither to capture "loup-marin" (a kind of seal) and sea-cows to be found there in great numbers. On the evening of the fourth day after entering the Gulf, we came in sight of the "Table-à-Rolland" and Gaspé. The former is a cape and the latter a rather commodious bay on the southern shore of the River St. Lawrence. We

entered the river on the morrow, sailing along the South shore with a good wind, and having on our right the Island of Anticosti. Our course along this shore of the river was of no great duration. A gale from the north-west, and more violent than anything we had experienced since the beginning of our voyage, forced us to beat across to the north shore, which is less dangerous, affording us an opportunity of reconnoitring the Seven Islands, whither the members of the Beaver Company send every year an agent to traffic with the Indians. We had a chance also of seeing the Ile-aux-Œufs (Egg Island) on which the English fleet was stranded.*

All this was not of a nature to console us much, and we would much rather have had a favorable wind to help us along a little faster, and enable us to pass the "Battures de la Trinité" (Trinity Shoals) and those of Manikoagan, not very far off, which are two dangerous passages. But we were doomed to reach Quebec only by dint of hard tacking, and after having covered twice the distance we should have sailed had we met with less unfavorable winds.

It was therefore after repeated stretches only that we weathered these two shoals and made once more for the south shore. The worst of it was, and it worried us more than all the rest, there were no longer men enough to work the ship. Sailors and soldiers were nearly all down with the fever and unable to do duty. However, the ship had to be put about and the belaying shifted from side to side nearly every hour of the day. In the sad plight in

* An English admiral, Sir Hovenden Walker, in 1711, sailed from Boston with eighty-four vessels and 9,500 men, with the intention of wresting Quebec from the French. On August 11, 1711, part of his fleet was wrecked off Ile-aux-Œufs, he returning with the remaining vessels, and in 1715 was dismissed the service. He prepared a report of his expedition in 1720, and died in 1725.

which we were you may conjecture that the passengers did what they could, and that we were not the most backward in hauling taut and bracing the sheets. The officers themselves set us more than once the example, and we willingly lent them a hand as we best knew how.

Finally after endless toil, ranging along the southern shore, we made the anchorage at Ile-Verte. It was about a league from this island that we cast anchor for the first time. A day of calm which succeeded enabled us to make a study of the "loups-marins" and white porpoises, and especially of the awe-inspiring mountain ranges which flank both the north and south shore of the river, stretching from its mouth far away towards Quebec.

We here received the visit of two Micmac Indians from Father Laure's mission.* Our captain kindly greeted and feasted them, and made them a present of a supply of powder and shot before taking leave of them.

You may suppose that I scanned them with attention; they were the first of the aborigines I had set eyes on, and I assure you I hoped never to meet with more un-

* In 1889, Father Peter Laure's hitherto unpublished *Relation* appeared in print. It covers about forty-five closely printed octavo pages, and extends from the year 1720 to 1730. A short biography of the missionary serves as an introduction. F. Laure was born at Orleans, France, Sept. 17, 1688, and entered the Society of Jesus, Oct. 29, 1707. He was a simple scholastic when he landed in Canada in 1711, and taught in the Jesuit college at Quebec until 1717, when he entered upon his theological course. Mgr. St. Valier ordained him a priest, at the General Hospital, Quebec, June 23, 1719. In 1720, he was assigned by his superior, Father de la Chasse, to the Saguenay missions. The field of his missionary labor extended from the Ile-aux-Coudres downwards along the north shore of the St. Lawrence to beyond the Seven Islands, and northward to the region about Lake St. John. The Micmac Indians, mentioned by Father Aulneau, did not properly belong to Father Laure's mission; but detached parties landed sometimes at the stations belonging to it.

Father Laure died at the "Eboulements," Nov. 23, 1737.

cleanly specimens. The great number I met with afterwards at Quebec undeceived me.

Ile-Verte is uninhabited, but on the mainland to the south there are one or two French families. M. de Chaon sent a launch to their settlements for meat and other fresh provisions. It did not return before we had set sail, wishing to take advantage of a favourable breeze which had sprung up and make the Ile-aux-Coudres. We did not succeed that day in accomplishing this, as the wind fell, so we anchored off Ile-aux-Lièvres (Hare Island), a little to the east of several large rocks which form as many islands midway in the river, and which are called the Pilgrims. The delay enabled the launch to overtake us. Its supply of fresh provisions was scanty, but what little it did bring was hailed with satisfaction by all, and gave some relief to the sick, whose number had considerably increased.

On the morrow we took advantage of a few puffs of wind to reach Ile-aux-Coudres, where we cast anchor a few hundred yards from the famous whirlpool, the most dangerous pass in all the river.

Here again we had an opportunity of adding to our stock of fresh provisions, for we were weather-bound for two days at our moorings. Towards evening, on the third day from our arrival, we managed to pass the whirlpool without mishap, and the next day we succeeded in reaching Cape Maillard.

We were now but fourteen or fifteen leagues from Quebec. By order of Father de Lauzon * I completed my

* Counting Father Pierre Biard's administration from 1611 to 1614 at Port-Royal and St. Sauveur, and the two administrations respectively of Fathers Jerome Lalemant, François Le Mercier and Claude Dablon, Father Pierre de Lauzon was the 21st General Superior of the Jesuit Missions within the present limits of the Dominion. His term of office extended from September, 1732 to 1739. He was a native

journey partly in a launch Brother Boispineau * had come down in, and partly in a bark canoe.

I finally landed in Quebec at six in the morning of the 12th of August, seventy-five days from the time I embarked. There, Reverend Father, you have the rather prosy particulars of my voyage. As for incidents between decks, neither did I nor my brother Jesuits meet with any but agreeable ones. All the officers showed us marked attention and even real friendship, and with the exception of Father de La Pierre, † we all enjoyed good health, though we moved about among two hundred fever-stricken or convalescent patients. From time to time, it is true, a few little stirring events took place in the gun-room, where we were all huddled together, but as we took no active part in them, but treated them as so many jokes, I shall not speak of them.

We helped the sick as best we could, and always lived in perfect good-fellowship with the other passengers, especially with the three gentlemen of St. Sulpice, who edified us extremely by their 'zeal and care of the sick ; this act of charity was the cause of all but the death of two of them.

of Poitiers, France, and was born Sept. 26, 1687. He entered the Society of Jesus, Nov. 24, 1702, and came to Canada in 1716. He died at Quebec, Sept. 5, 1742, and belonged to the Province of Aquitaine.

* There were two coadjutor brothers of the name, both infirmarians, attached to the college in Quebec. Jean Jard Boispineau, born at Lamothe, diocese of Poitiers, Sept. 10, 1689. He entered the Society, Aug. 10, 1711, and took his first vows at Quebec, Nov. 4, 1713, and his last, Feb. 2, 1721. He died at Quebec in 1744.

Charles was the name of the younger. Born also at Lamothe, he entered the Society Sept. 14, 1719, and took his first vows at Quebec, Sept. 14, 1721, and his last Feb. 2, 1730. He died Jan. 30, 1760.

† Father Jean de La Pierre was born at Vannes, France, Feb. 18, 1704 ; he entered the Society, March 20, 1724, as a member of the Province of France, and landed in Canada, as we have seen, Aug. 16, 1734. He returned to France in 1747.

I was in hopes that once we had reached Quebec I should be rid of the headaches which began troubling me shortly before I left the vessel, and which had determined Father de Lauzon to make me take to the launch ; but the day after the feast of the Assumption (Notre Dame d'Août), date of the arrival of the ship before Quebec with the other Jesuits who had remained on board, I was taken down with the fever, and in less than five days was at death's door. Thanks to Brother Boispineau's treatment, and more than all else thanks to the prayers of our Fathers who made a novena for me, I escaped. I had a relapse, however, eight days after, which last attack was more serious than the former. I am at last, thank God, once more in the enjoyment of good health. Beg our Lord that I may expend that health and strength He has restored to me in making the poor Indians love and serve Him.

I am to pass the winter here in Quebec, and in the spring am to set out, they say, for the Sioux, provided....

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Montreal *Star* published on June 15 a despatch from Paris, stating that in the Chamber of Deputies, the previous day, Mr. Moreau, Radical, had made a strong attack upon the Association of *Notre Dame de l'Usine*, established by manufacturers in the Department *du Nord*. Moreau declared that the Association was controlled by the clergy, and that it was illegal inasmuch as the masters compelled their workmen to join the Association, though its aims were purely religious and in no way connected with trade ! Mr. Richard, Minister of Justice and Public Worship, amidst a storm of protests from the Right and


cheers from the Left, declared that the Association was illegal, and said the Government had given instructions that the directors of the movement be arraigned at Lille. Mr. Lafregue, Socialist, maintained that a similar state of things prevailed throughout France, and demanded an inquiry into the matter. The Chamber, by a vote of 306 to 148, approved a motion demanding the energetic application of the existing law dealing with associations.

The readers of the MESSENGER will easily understand that this denunciation and these measures are directed against Catholic guilds of Workmen and Masters. No workman is forced to join them; but if Catholic employers refuse to accept the services of irreligious and unbelieving mechanics, for the sake of religion and morality, they are acting strictly within the limits of their rights. This is another instance of the view Masons take of the liberty of association; for unfortunately poor France is bound hand and foot, and tyrannized over by a Masonic government whose sole aim is the destruction of religion in what was once the most Catholic of Catholic nations.

* * *

A statue of Columbus is to be erected in Central Park, by the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society. It is to be made by Sunol, and is to be a copy of his famous Columbus now in Paris. Among the subscribers to the fund for it are Archbishop Corrigan, John D. Crimmins, William R. Grace, Alfonse de Navarro, and other Catholic citizens. It will be unveiled in April, 1893. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew will deliver the oration, and Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman will read the poem for the occasion.

THE LEAGUE AT GALT.

 N Sunday evening, July 3rd, a most interesting event took place at St. Patrick's Church, it being the day set apart by the Director, Rev. Father Slaven, for the presentation of Diplomas and Crosses to the Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart. The Promoters, who have for the past year, under the guidance of their most zealous Director, strenuously worked for the furtherance of the objects of the Holy League, now have the great satisfaction of having the entire congregation enrolled as members, and of witnessing the many benefits the parish has derived from its establishment. The ceremony was performed by His Lordship Rt. Rev. T. J. Dowling, D.D., Bishop of Hamilton, assisted by Rev. Fathers Slaven and Cotey. After the Act of Consecration had been read by the Secretary, His Lordship made a few well-chosen and impressive remarks, stating the objects of the League and the many graces and advantages which flow from the devotion, and exhorted the Promoters to continue with increased earnestness in this laudable work, and made a very forcible appeal to the immense congregation present for their co-operation. His Lordship then proceeded to distribute the Crosses and Diplomas to about twenty Promoters, after which the ceremony closed with the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

AN ASSOCIATE.

IN THANKSGIVING.

BELLE RIVER.—Thanksgiving for the conversion of three persons who had not approached the Sacraments for many years.

COMPTON.—Thanksgiving, according to promise, for the recovery of a friend from a severe illness. For the safe accomplishment of a journey, through a dangerous country, by some relatives and a dear friend.

GUELPH.—For a favor received on the third day of a novena to St. Ann, with promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

HAMILTON.—A lady Promoter returns thanks for two temporal favors obtained through a novena to the Sacred Heart, with promise to publish. For three requests granted through the prayers of the League. Also for an examination successfully undergone, after promise to publish.

KENTVILLE.—For three favors received.

MONTREAL.—For the recovery of a father and sister. For the threatened loss of a situation averted. For work lightened. For two favorable answers. For two temporal favors. Thanks from a member of the Sacred Heart Union for a very great temporal favor received.

OTTAWA.—Thanksgiving for a situation secured unexpectedly after a second novena to the Sacred Heart.

PENETANGUISHENE.—For a spiritual favor asked of the Sacred Heart, with promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

QUEBEC.—A member of the League returns thanks for the cure of a pain in the side which had lasted for two years. Relief obtained after applying the badge, and promise given to make known.

RENFREW.—For temporal favor received after promise to publish.

STE. ANNE DE BELLEVUE.—For a special favor received after promise to publish.

ST. CATHARINES.—For four very great favors obtained and for two spiritual favors.

TORONTO.—Friends of the Sacred Heart at Loretto Abbey and Novitiate return thanks for three requests granted.—Thanks also for a spiritual favor received after promise to give public thanks.

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Urgent requests for prayers for special temporal and spiritual favors have been addressed to the Central Director from Ottawa; St. Joseph's convent, Hamilton; St. Ann's convent, Renfrew; Montreal, Kingston, Kentville, Streetsville, Cushendall; St. Joseph's convent, London; St. Patrick's Parish, Ottawa; Antigonish and Almonte.

In reply to a telegram from Count Leo, in behalf of the Catholic Congress at Fulda, assuring the Pope that they would strive by prayer and by every legal means to obtain for the Holy See the recovery of its inalienable prerogatives and territorial independence, the Pope has sent a message expressing his thanks, and adding: "We cannot omit to praise the zeal with which you endeavor to establish complete freedom in the exercise of the Catholic religion on a firm legal basis. That we are particularly concerned with this subject we showed repeatedly at the time when the Catholic religion was attacked in Germany on the pretext of defending the rights of the State."

According to the Berlin press, Count Leo said: "The Italian occupation of Rome was the disgraceful result of a revolution, which ought never to have been acknowledged. A sacrilegious government continues to rule at the Quirinal, and Christian powers maintain representatives there. All this must be changed."



ST. ROSE OF VITERBO.

ST. Rose of Viterbo, whose feast we celebrate on the same day as that of St. Rosalia of Palermo, September the 4th, was born in the spring of 1240, a time when Frederick II. was oppressing the Church, and many were faithless to the Holy See. The infant at once seemed filled with grace ; with tottering steps she sought Jesus in His tabernacle, she knelt before sacred images, she listened to pious talk, retaining all she heard, and this when she was scarcely three years old.

One coarse habit covered her flesh ; fast and disciplines were her delight. To defend the Church's rights was her burning wish, and for this she received her mission from the Mother of God, who gave her the Franciscan habit, with the command to go forth and preach.

When hardly ten years old, Rose went down to the public square at Viterbo, called upon the inhabitants to be faithful to the Sovereign Pontiff, and vehemently denounced all his opponents.

So great was the power of her word, and the miracles which accompanied it, that the Imperial party, in fear

and anger, drove her from the city, but she continued to preach till Innocent IV. was brought back in triumph to Rome and the cause of God was won. Then she retired to a little cell at Viterbo, and prepared in solitude for her end.

She died in her eighteenth year. Not long after, she appeared in glory to Alexander IV., and bade him translate her body. He found it as the vision had said, but fragrant and beautiful, as if still in life.

Rose lived but seventeen years, saved the Church's cause, and died a saint. We have lived, perhaps, much longer, and yet with what result? Every minute something can be done for God. Let us be up and doing.


A Christian ought to be afraid of no enemy more than himself, whom he carries always about with him, and from whom he is not able to flee. He should therefore never cease to cry out to God : " Unless Thou, O Lord, art my light and support, I watch in vain."

The Saints fasted, toiled and wept, not only for love of God, but for fear of damnation. How shall we, with our self-indulgent lives and unexamined consciences, face the judgment seat of Christ ?

To look towards Rome is an instinct planted in us for the preservation of the faith : Trust in the Vicar of Christ necessarily results from the reign of His love in our hearts.

Zeal is an ardent love which makes a man fearless in defence of God's honor, and earnest at all costs to make known the truth. If we would be children of the Saints, we must be zealous for the faith.

ST. RAYMUND NONNATUS.

T. Raymund Nonnatus was born in Catalonia, in the year 1204, and was descended from a gentleman's family of a small fortune. In his childhood he seemed to find pleasure only in his devotions and serious duties. His father, perceiving in him an inclination to a religious state, took him from school, and sent him to take care of a farm which he had in the country. Raymund readily obeyed, and, in order to enjoy the opportunity of holy solitude, kept the sheep himself, and spent the time in the mountains and forests in holy meditation and prayer,

Some time after he joined the new order of Our Lady of Mercy for the redemption of captives, and was admitted to his profession at Barcelona by the holy founder, St. Peter Nolasco.

Within two or three years after his profession, he was sent into Barbary with a considerable sum of money, where he purchased at Algiers the liberty of a great number of slaves.

When all this treasure was exhausted, he gave himself up as a hostage for the ransom of certain others. This magnanimous sacrifice served only to exasperate the Mohammedans, who treated him with uncommon barbarity, till, fearing lest if he died in their hands, they should lose the ransom which was to be paid for the slaves for whom he remained a hostage, they gave orders that he should be treated with more humanity.

Hereupon he was permitted to go abroad about the streets, which liberty he made use of to comfort and encourage the Christians in their chains, and he converted and baptized some Mohammedans. For this the governor condemned him to be put to death by thrusting a

stake into his body, but this punishment was commuted, and he underwent a cruel bastinado.

This torment did not daunt his courage. So long as he saw souls in danger of perishing eternally, he thought he had yet done nothing.

St. Raymund had no more money to employ in releasing poor captives, and to speak to the Mohammedans upon the subject of religion was death. He could, however, still exert his endeavors with hopes of some success, or of dying a martyr of charity.

He therefore resumed his former method of instructing and exhorting both the Christians and the infidels. The governor, who was enraged, ordered our Saint to be barbarously tortured and imprisoned till his ransom was brought by some religious men of his order, who were sent with it by St. Peter Nolasco.

Upon his return to Spain, he was nominated cardinal by Pope Gregory IX, and the Pope, being desirous to have so holy a man about his person, called him to Rome.

The Saint obeyed, but went no further than Cardona, where he was seized by a violent fever, which proved mortal. He died on the 31st of August, in the year 1240, the thirty-seventh of his age.

Of how many it may be said that "they labor in vain," since God is not the end and purpose that inspires the labor.

INTENTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER

RECOMMENDED TO THE PRAYERS OF THE HOLY LEAGUE
BY CANADIAN ASSOCIATES.

- 1.—**T.**—*St. Augustine, Bp. D. h.†* Humility of Heart. 9,865 Thanks-giving.
- 2.—**F.**—*St. Stephen, Conf. a.†g.†* Help Christ's Poor. 17,466 in affliction.
- 3.—**S.**—*Bl. Anthony and Comp. MM.* Courage in Trial. 29,657 Associates departed.
- 4.—**S.**—*St. Rose of Viterbo, Virgin. a.†g.†r.†* Sanctify Daily Duties. 7,658 Special.
- 5.—**M.**—*St. Lawrence Justinian, Bp.* Trust in the Sacred Heart. 2,523 Communities.
- 6.—**T.**—*St. Onesiphorus, Martyr.* Judge not Others. 15,405 First Communions.
- 7.—**W.**—*Bl. Thomas and Comp., MM., S. J.* Fervent Zeal. 26,947 Departed.
- 8.—**T.**—*NATIVITY OF B.V.M. b.† g.†h.†m.†r.†.* Devoted Love of Our Mother. 5,293 Means.
- 9.—**F.**—*St. Peter Claver, Conf., S. J.* Aid the Negroes. 6,022 Clergy.
- 10.—**S.**—*St. Nicholas Tolentino, C.* Fidelity to Grace. 11,992 Children.
- 11.—**S.**—*HOLY NAME OF MARY.* Be Loyal to Our Queen. 8,511 Families.
- 12.—**M.**—*St. Juventius, Bishop.* Charity in Word. 41,391 Perseverance.
- 13.—**T.**—*St. Eulogius, Bp.* Be Truthful. 5,840 Reconciliations.
- 14.—**W.**—*Exaltation of Holy Cross.* Love Christ's Cross. 10,188 Spiritual Favors.
- 15.—**T.**—*St. Catherine of Genoa. W. h.† p.†* Pray for the Holy Souls. 10,097 Temporal Favors.
- 16.—**F.**—*SS. Cornelius and Cyprrian, M.M.* Visit Our Blessed Lord. 46,376 Conversions to the Faith.
- 17.—**S.**—*Stigmata of St. Francis.* Make the Stations. 13,565 Youth.
- 18.—**S.**—*SEVEN SORROWS B.V.M.* Compassion with Our Lady. 3,328 Schools.
- 19.—**M.**—*St. Januarius and Companions, Martyrs.* Lively Faith. 6,102 Sick.
- 20.—**T.**—*St. Eustace and Companions, Martyrs.* Firm Hope. 90 Missions.
- 21.—**W.**—*St. Matthew, Apostle. b.† m.†* Ardent Charity. 668 Works, Societies.
- 22.—**T.**—*St. Thomas Villanova, Bishop. h.†* Obedience. 3,067 Parish.
- 23.—**F.**—*St. Linus, P.M.* Loyalty to the Pope. 18,203 Sinners.
- 24.—**S.**—*OUR LADY OF MERCY.* Trust in Our Lady. 11,052 Parents.
- 25.—**S.**—*St. Firminus, Bp.* Answer God's Call. 3,148 Religious.
- 26.—**M.**—*SS. Cyprrian and Justina Martyrs.* Purity of Intention. 1,731 Novices.
- 27.—**T.**—*SS. Cosmas and Damian, Martyrs.* Reparation. 2,076 Superiors.
- 28.—**W.**—*St. Wenceslas, Martyr.* Zealous Love of Jesus. 8,203 Vocations.
- 29.—**T.**—*St. Michael, Archangel.* Fidelity to God. 6,344 Promoters.
- 30.—**F.**—*St. Jerome, Conf. and Doctor.* Revere the Holy Scriptures. 45,293 Various.

†=Plenary Indulg.; a=1st Degree; b=2d Degree; g=Guard of Honor or Roman Archconfraternity; h=Holy Hour; m=Bona Mors; p=Promoters; r=Rosary Sodality; s=Sodality B. V.

Associates may gain 100 days Indulgence for each action offered for these Intentions.



THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

In the interests of the League of the Sacred Heart.

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1892.

No. 10.

MESSENGER ITEMS.

Some promoters are still unmindful of the necessity of inscribing *on the Intention Sheets* the name of the parish or institution they represent.

We would call the attention of Associates to the notice on another page, of the Life of Blessed Margaret Mary. All the good we have said of it might, though in a lesser degree, be said of the Life of Father de La Colombière, her spiritual director.

All correspondents will be kind enough to give in full their address in every communication they send. If this little formality be not observed, it is scarcely fair to express astonishment when answers are delayed. This address should be given just as it is to appear on the envelop of the letter, or on the wrapper of the MESSENGER to be sent them.

As previously stated, no new orders for beads are received at the Sacred Heart Offices. The last supply

ordered reached us on August 31 only. If, through some oversight, some should not have received what they had ordered, they will have the goodness to inform us at once.

New subscriptions to the MESSENGER are always dated from January or July, and back numbers are sent. To adopt any other system would require a larger staff of clerks than the MESSENGER, yet in its infancy, can afford to keep. On the other hand, even *individual* subscriptions of fifty cents yearly can scarcely be much of a drain on resources the most limited.

We have in preparation a map, to appear in the MESSENGER, of that part of Simcoe county which more than a hundred and fifty years ago was the country of the Huron nation. The object proposed is to determine the sites of the different Indian villages mentioned in the *Relations*. If this can be accomplished satisfactorily, we shall be able to point out the exact spots where Antoine Daniel, Jean de Brebœuf and Gabriel Lalemant suffered martyrdom.

Later on, if leisure permit, a similar work will be undertaken for the remainder of the great Ontario peninsula, comprising what was then the region occupied by the Petun and Neutral nations, where Charles Garnier and Noël Chabanel, other missionary priests, met with a glorious death at the hands of the savages.

Let those who wish to see this project carried out encourage the MESSENGER by securing for it a still larger circulation. Its prosperous financial condition will be an important factor when this and other contemplated improvements are taken into consideration.

Masters, do to your servants that which is just and equitable, knowing that you also have a Master in Heaven.



GENERAL INTENTION FOR OCTOBER.

*Named by the Cardinal Protector and blessed by the Pope
for all the Associates.*

POPULARIZING OF THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES AMONG THE
FAITHFUL.

The *Exercises* of St. Ignatius are not only a series of pious reflections collected together in one book, from which each individual may learn how to commune humbly with his own heart, and to hold holy converse with God. Were they no more than this, they could not with propriety be called the *Exercises* of the Saint whose name they bear.

Long before St. Ignatius was born, men knew for what end God had created them ; they knew the malice of sin, and that its punishment was hell ; the necessity for the examination of conscience, for confession, the mysteries of the life of Christ, etc.

But to reduce to an art the knowledge of our spiritual maladies ; to discover the efficacy of certain considerations in remedying these maladies ; in short, to form as it were a code wherein the different means of purifying, consoling and fortifying the soul, should be re-united ; by which it may be led first to a perfect disengagement from all worldly things, and then to an intimate union

with God ; this certainly did not exist until the unlettered soldier of Pampeluna, with supernatural assistance, combined these disjointed elements into a perfect whole.

That this work was not the outcome of his own unassisted natural powers, may be gleaned from a declaration embodied in his process of canonization.

The members of the Congregation of the Rota expressed themselves thus : " The said Exercises were composed at a time when the blessed Father (Ignatius) was still an illiterate man, we are therefore constrained to acknowledge that such understanding and light came to him rather as supernatural acquirements."

Paul III, on the 31st of July, 1548, published a bull approving the *Exercises* in the most formal manner. The following is but one phrase taken from that document :

" Considering, moreover, as we ought to do, the abundant fruits which Ignatius, and the Society founded by him, have produced in the Church of God throughout the world, and to which these same Exercises have so much contributed ; we declare by the present bull, that we praise and approve of the said Documents or Exercises, and all and each of those things which they contain ; we earnestly exhort the faithful of both sexes throughout the world to make use of these pious *Exercises*, and to endeavor to profit by them, so as to increase in piety."

Not to speak of the marvelous conversions wrought in individuals, within the pale of the Church, who abandoned a life of sensual and voluptuous ease to embrace the cross of Christ with its accompanying self-denial and suffering, it may be safely affirmed that if the great intellectual and religious revolt of the sixteenth century was checked, it was mainly due to the Exercises, which, in the hands of zealous preachers, were used as a weapon against Satan.

We are all familiar from boyhood with the remarkable essay of Lord Macaulay on Ranke's History of the Popes. The bitterness of the vein in which he wrote cannot prevent us from detecting the real reason he invokes to explain the discomfiture of the Reformers. He may style it the fanaticism of an Ignatius or a Theresa, but it remains true that that fanaticism was naught else than the religious fervor infused into souls by the Spiritual Exercises.

The result he describes as follows: "The history of the two succeeding generations is the history of the struggle between Protestantism possessed of the North of Europe and Catholicism possessed of the South, for the doubtful territory which lay between. All the weapons of carnal and spiritual warfare were employed. Both sides may boast of great talents and of great virtues. Both have to blush for many follies and crimes. At first the chances seemed to be decidedly in favor of Protestantism; but the victory remained with the Church of Rome. On every point she was successful.

"If we overleap another half century, we find her victorious and dominant in France, Belgium, Bavaria, Bohemia, Austria, Poland and Hungary. Nor has Protestantism, in the course of two hundred years, been able to reconquer any portion of what was then lost."

".... Fifty years after the Lutheran separation, Catholicism could scarcely maintain itself on the shores of the Mediterranean. A hundred years after the separation, Protestantism could scarcely maintain itself on the shores of the Baltic. The causes of this memorable turn in human affairs well deserve to be investigated."

And the great essayist proceeds to investigate them in the ten following pages to the best of his ability. He catches here and there a glimpse of the truth, but being

purblind to the supernatural, his misnomers are numerous. He sums up in the following passage:

"We have dwelt long on this subject, because we believe that of the many causes to which the Church of Rome owed her safety and her triumph at the close of the sixteenth century, the chief was the profound policy with which she used the fanaticism of such persons as St. Ignatius and St. Theresa. The Protestant party was now indeed vanquished and humbled, etc."

That fanaticism was the fruit of the Exercises, and its nature is not hard for the children of the Church to understand when we are told by our common Father, Leo XIII, that these Exercises constitute "an enterprise of regeneration directed with wisdom and zeal for the good of souls and the salvation of society."

PRAAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sins and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular that the practice of the Spiritual Exercises may become general among the faithful.—Amen.

Live in the world, said St. John of the Cross, as if God and your soul only were in it; so shall your heart never be made captive by any earthly thing.

The constancy displayed by the Saints in their glorious martyrdom cannot be isolated from their previous lives, but is their natural sequence. If we wish to emulate their perseverance, let us first imitate their fide'ity to grace.

VIA CRUCIS.

There are wrongs that cannot be righted ;
There are crosses that must be borne ;
There are duties so sacred they cannot be slighted ;
There are thorn-crowns that must be worn.

There are griefs that cannot find comfort,
And wounds that cannot be healed ;
There are sorrows so deep in the human heart,
They cannot be half revealed.

But, oh ! let us carry our crosses—
We carry them not alone ;
Let us thread our way over earth's rough places,
Even as Christ has done.

Let us bury our bitter sorrow
Deep in His Sacred Heart,
And think what a blessed thing it is
To have in His sorrows a part.

Let us think of the wrongs He suffered,
Let us think of the Cross He bore ;
Let us think of His many and weary journeys,
Let us think of the crown He wore.

Surely the pain and the sorrow
Christ chose for Himself must be best ;
Let us follow Him, then, in the way of the Cross ;
It will lead to eternal rest.

ANON.



THE PERFUME OF THE CUBAN LOTUS.

I. THE BEGINNING OF THE EXPERIMENT.

MISS Gardiner's two sisters had married Catholics,—Dermot Riordan and Richard Hackett, and they had adopted the Faith of their husbands. Miss Gardiner had disapproved of this at first ; but when she found that her sisters were no less sisterly and that their husbands were honest and honorable men, she ceased to regret the marriages. She was a quiet young woman when they married, possessed of a fair income and a number of prejudices which were only to be removed by actual experience that they were prejudices and not principles. She read much, and she fancied that she was an impartial observer. Her sisters, who had both become enthusiastic converts, plied her with books, from Milner's *End of Controversy* to the *Faith of Our Fathers*. She had great respect for the Catholic Church, but she had formed the opinion that "broad" Christianity was enough. She was opposed to the Catholic idea of religious education. It was her opinion that the world had grown so much better

and kindlier since dogmas had ceased to hold its people, that orthodox religion was really not at all necessary.

Her nephew, Carroll Riordan, often said that this belief was easy enough for a woman who had merely to draw her income every quarter. If she had to struggle with the world, things would no doubt assume a very different aspect. At any rate, it was Miss Gardiner's impression that Catholics in practical life were no better than other people. And she said many times that a religion which made such claims ought to produce better results in everyday life. She never took the trouble to inquire into the workings of the magnificent works of Catholic Charity in New York ; she expected her servants—she would employ none but Catholics who attended to their duties—to be models of good temper. "Sarah," she would say, "I know I lose *my* temper sometimes, but then I am not expected to be good all the time. But it is different with you ; you're a Catholic, and your Church ought to keep you straight." There was no replying to this. As to honesty, Miss Gardiner believed that most people were honest, but at the same time she took good care to see that her bolts and bars were staunch.

The two sisters died young. Carroll Riordan was her favorite nephew. His father went to Cuba to look after certain sugar interests at Matanzas, and remained there, leaving Carroll, a lad of eighteen, in the care of his aunt. Her other nephew, whose father had died, was at a preparatory school under the charge of a community of priests. Here Carroll had likewise been until Miss Gardiner sent for him. She did not like Cyril Hackett ; he was not handsome ; he was blunt in speech ; he had light eyebrows and blue eyes,—she detested both,—and he never said a polite thing merely for the sake of politeness ; he was a bear, she said.

Carroll, on the other hand, was tall and elegant, olive-complexioned and dark eyed ; he wore a most interesting "bang," and Miss Gardiner regretted that he was too large to dress up as Little Lord Fauntleroy and to pose as an ornament at five o'clock teas. Both he and Cyril were well instructed in their religion. In addition to his other good qualities, Carroll was clever, and showed it. Cyril was clever, but, as a rule, he did not show it.

Miss Gardiner, who was growing richer year by year, came to the conclusion that she would bear the expenses of her nephews' college course. She did this partly out of good nature, partly from a desire to make an experiment which she felt sure would prove her theory that a "broad" education produced just as good results as the religious kind. She could not send Cyril to a "broad" college ; she had promised his parents to the contrary. She was not sorry for this ; Cyril was unpromising, while Carroll was, in her opinion, charming and brilliant.

Carroll's father was dazzled by the prospect of having his son's named enrolled on the list of one of the most noted and notorious colleges in the country. This college was noted for its age and for the standing of its faculty, and notorious for the wild and barbarous conduct of some of its students.

Miss Gardiner smiled at the faint objection of Carroll's father that he might lose his faith. What if he did ? she said to herself. He would mingle with the world at Warward College and gain great culture. Mr. Riordan's conscience troubled him a little. But, after all, he said to himself, he had been sent to a National school in Ireland and not lost *his* faith. He forgot the difference between a country in which religion fills the very air and one in which the atmosphere is entirely irreligious. Miss Gardiner had her way. Carroll went to Warward College

and Cyril to the Jesuits'—Miss Gardiner paying with great satisfaction for both.

"The Jesuits will have the worst of it," she said, with a ladylike chuckle, "for Cyril is as obstinate and hot-tempered as he is ugly, while Carroll is as amiable as he is handsome."

She made no secret of the fact that she had made Carroll her heir, while Cyril was to have five hundred dollars a year for life.

II. HOW IT SUCCEEDED.

As the years went on Miss Gardiner grew richer through lucky investments. She bought a place at Newport, and presented Carroll to society during the vacations Cyril was with her, too, during these times of rest, but he was always in the background. He stuck to his work. He knew that he must work for a living; he had chosen to be a civil engineer; and he kept hard to his books. Sometimes he was tempted to envy, sometimes to anger; it was hard that all the roses of life should be for his cousin and none for him. Cyril had inherited a hot temper from his father; he was obstinate and, worst fault of all, naturally inclined to be envious.

If Miss Gardiner—now become a gentle-looking, graceful old lady,—wanted an attendant, she asked for Carroll. He might be seen every day sitting opposite to her in her victoria, admired and willing to be admired, dressed in the latest fashion prescribed by the English tailors, and adorned with a button-hole of his aunt's choicest orchids; and he was a prominent object in all the important entertainments. Miss Gardiner was quite proud of him. Cyril was entirely neglected. He had his breakfast alone, he dined alone whenever there was a dinner party, for his aunt said that he "did not know how to wear an evening coat."

Of course Cyril Hackett resented this. He was often tempted to envy and anger,—two passions to which he seemed particularly open. He had inherited this susceptibility from his father ; but he had learned, too, that his father had overcome one of the most diabolical tempers that ever cursed a man by the means of grace which the Church freely offers to her children ; consequently, Cyril did not attempt to excuse himself for indulging in his predominant passions because he had inherited them. He fought, he struggled, he fell, he rose again, and the good Jesuit, his confessor, knew best how hard his life was.

Miss Gardiner watched her two nephews closely. She saw the flash in Cyril's eye and the curl of his lip when Carroll was lavishly praised or pointedly favored, and in her heart she said that her scheme had succeeded ; it corroborated her belief in the uselessness of religious education. Certainly Carroll was a very charming person. He fitted himself admirably to the butterfly life of Newport ; he was always amiable, always willing to amuse or be amused. At Warward, too, he was a favorite ; his aunt had given him an ample allowance ; but she had refused to increase it, although Carroll insinuated several times that he would find it very agreeable if she would do so.

One afternoon towards the end of the summer, Carroll found Cyril under a rock near the ocean, reading.

"We haven't seen much of each other this year," Carroll said, "and we used to be such good friends."

"It hasn't been my fault," answered Cyril ; "you've been too much engaged with other people," he added, with some bitterness in his tone.

"I couldn't help it," Carroll said, with a laugh. "I really couldn't,—people like me, and I am fond of society ; besides, my aunt insists that I must be with her a great deal."

A gloom seemed to settle on Cyril's heart at these words,—he hardly needed to be reminded that Carroll was the preferred one. The sense of Carroll's superiority filled him with such envy that he had an impulse to seize his cousin and toss him into the waves, which were beginning to come in upon the beach like a crowd of wild horses with tossing white manes.

"You must be very happy," he said, saying a prayer and striving to suppress the temptation. "Life is very bright for you."

Carroll Riordan shook his head and drew figures in the sand with his cane.

"No, Cyril," he said, "I am very miserable. If it were not for your narrow life in that Jesuit College,—which I never could stand,—I should almost envy you."

"Why should you be miserable?" asked Cyril; "you have friends, prospects,—your father is living, my aunt loves you as if you were her son——"

"Oh, yes," said Carroll, impatiently, "I know all that."

There was silence. The waves continued to come in with a force that boded a storm, and their spray almost touched the feet of the two young men. Cyril's white flannel shirt and soft slouch hat were very much of a contrast to his cousin's correct attire. From the glossy silk hat to the brilliant patent leather shoes, Carroll Riordan was what Shakespeare calls "point device in his accoutrements." His nails were delicately pink and carefully cut, his slight moustache was trimmed fashionably, and he wore a bunch of carnations in his buttonhole. Cyril, looking at him, felt half admiration, half contempt. Suddenly a most delightful perfume filled the air, overcoming the smell of the salt and seaweed.

"What is that?" asked Cyril. "Was there ever such a delicious odor? Does it come from the flowers in your buttonhole?"

"From carnations?" laughed Carroll. "How ignorant you are! One might as well expect to get wine from turnips as the scent of the Cuban lotus from carnations." And Carroll fluttered his handkerchief in his gloved hands. "Cordovas, who left to-day, had just a few drops of this perfume left in a glass vial. He dropped it on my handkerchief at parting and threw the bottle into the sea. Everybody is wild over new perfumes just now, and it will make a great sensation to-night at my aunt's dinner party. If I can only keep the scent from going off entirely." He thrust the hankerchief into his pocket.

"It is very strong," said Cyril; "I have never taken any interest in the present passion for scents,—against which, as an evidence of corrupt and enervating luxury, my Latin teacher would probably quote Juvenal; but it is certainly most delicious."

"I suppose they don't encourage æsthetic tastes of that kind at your college," said Carroll, with a half sneer.

"They don't encourage us to be dudes," said Cyril, hotly.

Carroll shrugged his shoulders.

"You should see some of the men's rooms at Warward, rugs, antique lamps, perfumes burning in censurs, statuettes,—all kinds of beautiful things are in them. In fact, as our professor of Arts says,—beauty is religion, and it's about the only religion I believe in."

Cyril raised his face, with a shocked look on it; he came out from under the rock and stood beside his cousin.

"You don't mean to say that you are not a Catholic any more!"

Carroll's eyes fell before the earnestness of the other; he recovered himself quickly.

"What's the use? People don't trouble themselves about old-fashioned religious forms any more——"

"You mean *your* people at Warward," interrupted Cyril, shrugging his shoulders; "people who believe that science can work miracles and that God cannot! I am not good, though God knows I want to be!—but I would rather die this moment than honestly admit what you have admitted."

"I haven't been at Mass for a year," said Carroll flippantly; "in fact, I've taken so little care of my faith that I am afraid I have lost it altogether,—and yet I fancy I'm just as well conducted as you are, Cyril, and as virtuous."

The rustling of a gown was heard, and Miss Gardiner came from behind the rock. She wore a white-brimmed hat, carried a lace-draped parasol and a large pocket-book.

"I agree with you there, Carroll," she said with a grave and reproachable look at Cyril. "I just happened to hear your last words, and I *quite* agree with you. In spite of all Cyril's high *Christian* education, he is frequently envious of you. I have read that many times in his eyes when you have been praised."

Cyril turned his face away from her, and asked for strength to control his anger.

"Is this not true?" Miss Gardiner asked.

Cyril made no reply.

"Sulky, as usual," said his aunt; "for Heaven's sake, control your temper and talk less about your Faith!"

Carroll good-naturedly floated his handkerchief in front of the old lady. Her attention was diverted at once.

"Where did you get that perfume," she said, taking the handkerchief. "It is rare, it is exquisite! You will give me some, of course,—new and rare perfumes are all the fashion."

"I wish I could give you some, aunt," said Carroll; "but young Cordovas gave me the last drop he had, and

then he left for New York. It is the scent of the Cuban lotus,—a magnificent pink flower, they say.”

“Too bad, too bad! I wish I could have had some,” said Miss Gardiner, smelling the perfume and giving the handkerchief back to her nephew. “Oh, dear, isn’t it hot?” she broke off. “I toiled up to the bank only to find it closed. My attorney paid me a thousand dollars in one hundred dollar notes this morning, and I wanted to deposit the money,—but it’s a legal holiday or something,—it’s quite too vexatious,—that’s all I know! Now I’ll have to keep it in my desk all night, and run the risk of finding it gone in the morning.” The old lady passed on, with a smile for Carroll and rather a grim look for her other nephew.

“Ah, that perfume!” she said. “It is very delicious. I shall always associate it with you, Carroll.”

“I am sorry Cordovas is gone,—he’s a jolly fellow, and fond of fun, like all the Cubans; he is in my set at Warward,—but I’ve got to pay him five hundred dollars next week,” said Carroll, as his aunt disappeared.

“Five hundred dollars!” cried Cyril, aghast, “*five hundred dollars!*”

“A man must have a game of cards occasionally at college,” said Carroll, “and I lost the cash. What are you staring at?”

“Do they let you gamble at Warward?”

“Let us!” cried Carroll impatiently; “who is going to prevent it? But I know that my aunt would never forgive me if she thought I played cards. It’s the one thing she made me promise not to do. I’d give half my life for that thousand dollars she is hoarding away; for if I don’t pay him next week he’ll apply to her and raise an awful row.”

“I thought you said he was your friend.”

"No, I didn't,—I only said he is a jolly fellow, and of course he has to pay the five hundred dollars to other people. If my aunt finds this thing out, I am done for,—she always keeps her word. You'll be the favorite then," Carroll said with rather a hollow laugh.

Cyril could give him no consolation; he knew from experience that his aunt always did keep her word; she prided herself on it.

"It is awful!" Cyril said, much alarmed. At the same time a thrill of delight ran through his mind,—Carroll would be abased; his aunt would see that the paragon was not perfection! He crushed the thought with all his will. "I wish I could help you," he said, "but I have just ten dollars in the world."

"Do you know," Carroll said, as they strolled up to the house, "that if I can't pay Cordovas I think I'll kill myself. What are you staring at now? It's the only way out,—two students at Warward committed suicide last session."

"You're a fool!" exclaimed Cyril, losing his temper. "I beg your pardon, cousin," he added, "but you are!"

There was a gleam in Carroll's eye, as he looked back longingly at the sea, that frightened Cyril. He went up to his room, sad at heart, all his envy and bitterness gone. He knelt before his picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel in supplication for his cousin and in penitence for himself. He asked that the example of the Man of Sorrows might guide and strengthen him.

Miss Gardiner's guests left early that night, and she called her nephews into the drawing room to show them a new picture she had bought. Her study was at the back of this drawing room, shut off from it by curtains. Carroll was in the study when he was called; Cyril in his room.

After they had looked at the picture,—the study of a sunset at sea,—Carroll went to his room.

“Oh! by the way, Cyril,” Miss Gardiner said, sinking into a low chair, “I believe I left the key in my little desk in the study. Go and get it for me,—I am tired,—but before you lock the desk, see that the money is safe.”

Cyril went into the study. A very graceful little desk of Louis Seize period, painted with garlands of roses, stood in one corner under a drop light. The key was in the lock; Cyril raised the lid; the desk was empty; there was no money there! He looked and looked again. He could hear Miss Gardiner, in the drawing-room, humming an old song to herself. He turned cold and hot. A white handkerchief was all the interior of the desk contained. He became sick at heart as he recognized the perfume of the Cuban lotus; the handkerchief, which had evidently caught in the lid, was Carroll's. There was no initial on it; no other sign of ownership; but there was the fatal scent of the Cuban lotus streaming richly from it.

Here was Cyril's chance to drag down the curled darling from his place. Left to his own natural impulses, he would have done so; and the temptation was strong upon him. But his education had been, since his earliest infancy, against the indulgence of bad natural impulses. He took the handkerchief,—with a prayer in his heart and Miss Gardiner's plaintive song sounding in his ears,—up to Carroll's room. He entered it, a slight knock barely warning Carroll that he was coming. Carroll, who was standing at the window, turned; his cheeks were flushed and his eyes glittered. “You took my aunt's money,” Cyril said, throwing the handkerchief on the bed, “give it to me; she has asked for it,—give it to me, and I will return it before she discovers the loss. Do not hesitate. I know it was you.”

Carroll glanced at the handkerchief, and defiance faded

from his eyes. He drew his aunt's pocket-book from the breast of his coat and handed it to his cousin.

"You will not ruin me?" he said piteously.

Cyril snatched the pocket-book and dashed downstairs. He could replace it in an instant. But he was too late. Miss Gardiner had become impatient and gone herself to the desk. She turned, her face as white as death, as Cyril entered the room.

"So you are a thief, sir," she said, with a sneer. "Give me that pocket-book! I knew you were evil-minded, but I never dreamed you would steal!"

Carroll in the door-way behind Cyril heard these words, and a great weight lifted from his heart.

"For heaven's sake," he whispered to Cyril, "let her think it was you; *you* have nothing to lose."

"No," Cyril said bitterly to himself, he had nothing to lose. He had no father to suffer from his disgrace; his aunt could not have a lower opinion of him than she had already; he would at once crush out all the envy in nature by making this great sacrifice; he would be silent. In a second all this flashed through his mind.

"You are a thief!" cried Miss Gardiner, shrilly. "Think of it, Carroll, *your* cousin is a thief!"

Carroll did not speak.

Suddenly Miss Gardiner bent her head under the up-raised lid of the desk,—the rich perfume of the Cuban lotus was still there. She had said that "she would always associate it with Carroll." She looked at the faces of the two young men with a keen glance; the truth dawned upon her; her intuition was not at fault.

There was a pause; Miss Gardiner suffered terribly for a moment, and Cyril suffered with her.

"God help me!" she said, covering her face with her

hand. "Go, Carroll Riordan, go!—and yet I have made you what you are!"

* * * * *

Miss Gardiner has been a changed woman since the failure of her experiment; she listens humbly to the religious instructions which Cyril Hackett—now a Jesuit scholastic—gives her. Carroll Riordan is in Cuba, an utterly spoiled and reckless pleasure-seeker, without hope and almost without Faith,—the despair of his father's life. — MAURICE F. EGAN, LL.D., in *Catholic Home Almanac*.

Leo XIII's Letter of Approval of the great Chicago Exhibition, commemorating the discovery of America by Columbus, is an unmistakable proof of the interest he takes in its success. But he did not limit himself to a manifestation of approval. As a further mark of his goodwill, he has consented to place, while the Exhibition lasts, at the disposal of its organizers the first map that was ever made of the New World. It belongs to the Vatican Library, and is known as the *Carte de Diego Ribera*. Commenced in 1494, it was completed in 1524, and was bequeathed by Cardinal Borgia to the library of the Sovereign Pontiffs.

Think how much, said St. John Chrysostom, and how often thy mouth has sinned, and thou wilt devote thyself entirely to the conversion of sinners. For by this one means thou wilt blot out all thy sins in that thy mouth will become the mouth of God.

God rewards a simple spirit of submission to the clergy, for the honor done to them is done to Him. Your virtue is unreal, your faith in danger, if you fail in this.

AN INVITATION.

come, when the toils of the day are all over,
And silence and twilight are reigning above ;
Come, bring all your crosses, your joys, and
your sorrows,

And bury them here in the Heart of your Love.
Come, whisper in secret the wrongs that oppress ye,
The doubts, the temptations, that loom in your way ;
Or, resting like John, your tired head on His bosom,
Attend in wrapt silence to all He may say.

Ye weary and way-worn, O, haste to come hither,
In Jesus' sweet Heart will ye surely find peace ;
For here there is calmness and joy beyond telling,
In this soothing Presence all sorrow must cease.
All ye who are tempted, and fearful of falling,
O come to this refuge and hide ye from harm ;
Come, drink of this fountain, whose wealth is unmeasured,
And worldly allurements no longer shall charm.

And ye who are toiling from dawn until sunset,
With head, or with hand, for the bread ye must eat,
Come hither at nightfall, and rest ye, and murmur
Your needs, as ye kneel at the dear Master's feet.
Doubt not, but each prayer in His Heart will find echo,
Each pain and each cross will meet sympathy there.
The Heart of the Saviour most tender and loving
But waits, in our joys and our sorrow to share.

Then come to His Heart when the day is declining,
And lean on its strength, be ye weary or weak.
Fear not, for your heart shall be filled to o'erflowing,
Be it sympathy, solace, or rest, that ye seek.
And, when from His Presence stern duties may call ye,
Enlightened, and strengthened, and joyful depart,
Remembering ever the pure crystal fountain
Of peace that wells forth from the sweet Sacred Heart.

DOLORES




POWERFUL INDUCEMENTS

To embrace the Devotion to the Sacred Heart.

II.

ARE YOU THIRSTING FOR THE SALVATION OF SOULS?
AND ARE YOU DESIROUS OF SAVING MANY?

“UR Lord disclosed to me,” says Blessed Margaret Mary, “the treasures of His love and grace, which He is ready to place at the disposal of those who consecrate and devote themselves, and lead others to render to His Heart all the honor, love and glory they can. But these treasures,” she adds, “are so great that it would be impossible to give adequate expression to them in words.”

2. “My Divine Saviour,” she elsewhere says, “gave me to understand that those who toil for the conversion of souls will possess the secret of softening the most obdurate and insensible, and will labor with most consummate success, if they themselves be penetrated with a tender devotion to His Sacred Heart.”

III.

IS IT THE LOVE OF JESUS CHRIST WHICH MAKES MOST
IMPRESSION ON YOUR HEART? DO YOU FEEL
YOURSELF IMPELLED TO MAKE SOME
AMENDS FOR THE INGRATITUDE
OF MANKIND.

1. "Jesus Christ assured me," writes the same blessed servant of the Sacred Heart, "that He looked with the greatest complacency on the honor paid to the interior affections of His Heart and of His love, figured by His Heart of flesh, as it was shown to me, and which He desired to have depicted and exposed to the gaze of the faithful, so that, He added, it might touch the callous hearts of men.

"He promised me that wherever that picture would be exposed with the intention of specially honoring it, the spot would be hallowed by all kinds of blessings.

"Behold," said that Divine Saviour to His servant, "behold my Heart which is burning with love for all mankind and for you in particular, which, no longer able to contain the flames of its charity, must by all means allow them to spread;" and again, "Behold this Heart which has so loved men. It has left nothing undone, even to the exhausting and consuming of Itself, so as to make manifest to them Its love."

2. "I receive in return from the greater number," was our Lord's complaint, "but ingratitude through their irreverence, their scorn, their sacrileges and the coldness with which they treat the Sacrament of my Love."

On another occasion He disclosed to Blessed Margaret Mary His Heart all torn and transpierced: "There," He said, "are the wounds I have received from my chosen people. Others are satisfied when they wound my

body, but these wound my very Heart, which has never ceased to loved them."

"What affects Me more than all the sufferings of my passion is the ingratitude of men. So much so that if they returned love for love I would think little of all I had done for them, and I would, were it possible, do even more. But they meet all my loving offers for their welfare with repulsive coldness."

"You, at least, become pleasing in my sight by making what amends you can for their ingratitude."

"In the spring they (Jolliet and Marquette) embarked at Makinaw in two frail bark canoes, each with his paddle in hand, and full of hope, they soon plied them merrily over the crystal waters of the lake. All was new to Marquette, and he describes as he went along the Menomies, Green Bay, and Maskoutens, which he reached on the 7th of June, 1673.

"He had now attained the limit of former discoveries, the new world was before them ; they looked back a last adieu to the waters, which, great as the distance was, connected them with Quebec and their countrymen ; they knelt on the shore to offer, by a new devotion, their lives, their honor and their undertaking, to their beloved mother the Virgin Mary Immaculate ; then launching on the broad Wisconsin, sailed slowly down its current amid its vine clad isles, and its countless sand-bars.

"No sound broke the stillness, no human form appeared, and at last, after sailing seven days, on the 17th of June, they happily glided into the great river. Joy that could find no utterance in words filled the grateful heart of Marquette. The broad river of the Conception, as he named it, now lay before them, stretching away hundreds of miles to an unknown sea."

*Shea's Discovery and Exploration
of the Mississippi Valley.*

BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

The feast of Blessed Margaret Mary falls on the 25th of October. Every Associate of the League of the Sacred Heart cannot fail to look forward to the coming of that day with devout expectancy. She it was to whom the Lover of mankind revealed the devotion to His loving and adorable Heart. She was the instrument, divinely chosen, to make known to men the unspeakable treasures of grace in store for them, if they would but join her in extolling the unfathomable depth of our Redeemer's love, and in atoning, by their own fervent communings with that Heart, for the indifference and slights of their fellow-men.

But much as we, who have experienced the sweets of this devotion, owe her, it must be said that many of us know little of her life. Some, on account of their many occupations, have no leisure to devote to the reading of a voluminous biography of the blessed servant of God ; others have as yet to acquire a taste for the reading of the lives of God's favored ones. We therefore draw the attention of both the former and the latter to the little life of Blessed Margaret Mary, translated by the Sisters of the Visitation, Roselands, and edited by Father Anderson.*

It is comprehensive but extremely attractive, suited for all, but more especially for the young. It is contained in a little pamphlet of 32 pages. In this small compass we find depicted the different stages of a soul, after Christ's own Heart, led on in the road to perfection.

We cannot forget the incidents of a life when they are impressed indelibly upon our memory by suitable illustrations. This the editor had in view when he placed at the head of every page a vignette, of real artistic merit,

* See last page of the cover of the October number of the MESSENGER.

thirty-two consequently in number, illustrative of various scenes relating to the Saint's earthly career.

Such is the short biography we would wish to see in the hands of every Associate. How many have not time to hasten the coming of our Lord's Kingdom upon earth by word of mouth, but who could work towards the accomplishment of this great end by distributing just such devotional and attractive little books as the one here mentioned.

Those who are interested in children, and who occasionally visit schools or asylums, are often at a loss to select a little keepsake to leave behind them. Here is one the possession of which would not only bring joy to the heart of every child, but would sow therein the seeds of piety to be developed later on and brought to maturity under the rays issuing from the Heart of Him whose delight it was to be with the children of men.

MATER DEI MEMENTO MEI.

The seventeenth of next June will be the 220th anniversary of the discovery of the Mississippi. The discoverers of "The Father of Waters" were two pious Catholics, the Sieur Jolliet and Father Jacques Marquette, the former a pupil, the latter a missionary priest of the Society of Jesus.

Marquette died Saturday, May 18th, 1675, at a lonely spot on the eastern shores of Lake Michigan, while returning from his second expedition. His last words were, "Mother of my God, be mindful of me."

His map of the Mississippi and the journal of his second expedition, both autographs, are preserved as precious souvenirs in the archives of St. Mary's College.



UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS

RELATING TO CATHOLIC CANADIAN HISTORY.
THE AULNEAU LETTERS.

1734-1745.

No. 3.*

(Translation.)

FATHER LUKE FRANCIS NAU TO REV. FATHER RICHARD,
PROV. OF THE PROVINCE OF GUYENNE,
AT BORDEAUX.

Reverend Father,—Pax Christi—

ME embarked, May 29, on the Ruby, under the command of Mons. le Chevalier de Chaon, and we remained two days in the harbor waiting for favorable winds. For that matter, these two days were quite sufficient to give us a foretaste of the tediousness of our voyage. The mere sight of the gun-room (la Ste. Barbe) was a revelation for all, but for me more than the others.

* Little is known of Father Luc François Nau, save what may be gleaned from the *Aulneau Collection*. His native place, the date of his birth and

It is a room about the size of the Rhetoric class-room at Bordeaux, where a double row of frames were swung up, and which were to serve as beds for the passengers, subaltern officers and the gunners.

We were packed into this dismal and noisome hold like so many sardines in a barrel. We could make our way to our hammocks only after sustaining sundry bumps and knocks on limbs and head.

A sense of delicacy forbade our disrobing, and our clothes, in time, made our backs ache. The rolling and pitching loosened the fastenings of our hammocks and hopelessly entangled them. On one occasion I was pitched out sprawling on a poor Canadian officer. It was quite a time before I could extricate myself from ropes and counterpane; meanwhile the officer had scarcely breath enough left to give vent to his profanity.

that of his entrance into the Society have not yet been determined; but he belonged to the province of Aquitaine. He reached Quebec on August 16, 1734, as he himself informs us. He toiled, as missionary, at Sault St. Louis (Caughnawaga), from 1735 to 1743. There he received from the Iroquois the name of *Hate riata*.

At Quebec, February 2, 1738, he took the four vows of the professed fathers. Father Lauzon officiated, and Father Barthélemi Galpin and Nicholas de Gonnor witnessed the act.

He was present at Quebec at the arrival of Father Pierre Potier, Oct. 1, 1743, and his last letter from Canada to Madame Aulneau was dated from that place on Oct. 17 of the same year. He was then completely broken down in health, almost helpless from gout and threatened with loss of sight. He mentions that he is to return to France as soon as other missionaries arrive. His name no longer appears in the catalogue of Canadian missionaries of 1746, while from a letter of Charles Aulneau to his mother,—Luçon, Apr. 4, 1745,—we learn that he was at Larochele at that date, and on the point of being named superior of the Seminary.

He returned, consequently, to France in the autumn either of 1743 or 1744. The place and date of his death are unknown.

Of the forty-eight letters which go to make up the *Aulneau Collection* eight were written by Father Nau.

After the very first day's experience of the *Ste. Barbe* (the gun-room) one of the missionaries broke down, and Reverend Father de Lauzon began to fear that if we were obliged, by the rough weather, to go ashore, the disconsolate man could never bring himself to set foot on board again.

Another disagreeable feature was the company we were thrown in with day and night..... We shunned them as much as possible, and banded together with three priests of St. Sulpice, men of intelligence and of rare piety.

The officers were very attentive. We were indeed bearers of many recommendations for them from Monsieur de Maurepas.

A third disagreeable feature was the stench and vermin. We had on board a hundred soldiers or so, freshly enrolled, each one of whom carried with him a whole regiment of "Picardie." In less than a week these ravenous "Picards" migrated in all directions. No one was free from their attacks, not even the Bishop nor the Captain. Every time we went on deck, we could see that we were covered with this vermin. We found them even in our shoes.

Another centre of infection were eighty smugglers who had already passed a twelvemonth in *durance vile*; they also sent out swarms of marauders. These wretched beings would have caused the heart of a Turk to melt with pity.

They were half-naked and covered with sores; some even were eaten alive with worms. We clubbed together and made a collection on board to buy them shirts from the sailors who had them to spare. All that we could do did not prevent the outbreak among them of a kind of pest, which spread throughout the ship, attacking all in-

discriminately, and which carried off twenty of our men at a stroke.

So those of the officers and passengers who were not down with it were obliged to work the ship instead of the sailors. Reverend Father de Lauzon was made boat-swain's mate for the ecclesiastics.

This sickness afforded a fine field for our zeal. Father Aulneau distinguished himself by his assiduity in serving the sick. God preserved him in health during the passage across, for the good of the ship, but scarcely had he set foot on shore, when in turn he was stricken down and brought by two different attacks to death's door. No one could tell now that he had been sick. I was the only Jesuit who had nothing to suffer, not even from seasickness.

We reached Quebec on the 16th of August, that is to say, the eightieth day from the time of our embarking. It is one of the longest trips on record from France to Canada.

What kept us so long at sea was that we always had contrary winds and so violent that we had to change our fore-top-mast when off shore near the Grand Banks. We were eight days tempest-tossed unable to carry a shred of sail; our ship, like a mere skiff, became the plaything of the billows, and the seas dashed over the gunwale as if it had been a shell. A pirate or an English man-of-war would have made short work with us, had they attacked us at the time we had so many sick on board.

We seemed, however, safe from alarms of that kind. The size of our ship struck fear into all whom we met; we frightened even one of the King's vessels we came across at the Grand Bank. They caught sight of us seven hours before we noticed them. They immediately bore away; but the wind was not to their liking, and as we

sailed faster we overhauled them about three in the afternoon, and relieved them of further apprehension.

Their ship was the *Charante*, commanded by M. de la Sauzaie. He sent an officer with "naval refreshments," that is *liqueurs*. We had a good laugh over their fright; but had they been enemies they would have had more reason to make fun of us, for they had the decks cleared for action since eight in the morning, and we had not a cannon in position to fire.

At last the fatigues and dangers of the sea are past, and nothing but what is pleasant awaits me. Reverend Father de Lauzon means to send me to the mission of Sault St. Louis, where he himself spent seventeen years. It is the most agreeable and flourishing mission of Canada. The number of Christian Indians there is nearly twelve hundred. I will be with Father la Bretonniere* and a brother.

Father de Gonnor† leaves the Sault, where his services

* Father Jacques Quintin de la Bretonnière was a native of Meaux, and born May 5, 1689. He entered the Society Sept. 20, 1710. He arrived in Canada in 1721 and was appointed to the Iroquois mission of Sault St. Louis, and made his profession of the four vows at that village, Feb. 2, 1726.

In 1728, he acted as chaplain of the Iroquois contingent in M. Marchand de Ligneris' expedition against the Foxes, passing over the present site of the city of Chicago, Aug. 14, 1728. Father Emmanuel Crespel, a Recollet, and a secular priest, François Michel Pellet, attended to the spiritual wants of the remainder of the force.

He acted in the same capacity for a body of 300 Iroquois, forming part of the expedition against the Chickasaws, in the spring of 1739. He died at Quebec, August 1, 1754. *Taorhensière* was the Indian name he bore.

† Father Nicolas de Gonnor belonged to the province of Aquitaine. Born Nov. 19, 1691, he entered the Society Sept. 11, 1710. He came to Canada, in 1725. In 1727, he was sent to the Sioux Mission, and afterwards he was stationed some time at Sault St. Louis. In 1749 he had returned to Quebec, thence he was once more sent to the Sault, where he was superior in 1752. There he remained until 1755, when he was transferred to Montreal, and the following year to Quebec, where he died, Dec. 16, 1759. His Indian name was *Sarenhds*.

are not of much use, as he has great difficulty in applying himself to the study of the Iroquois language.

Father Aulneau is to pass the winter at Quebec, there to prepare his examination of the fourth year (of theology). He may next spring set out with an expedition to discover the Western Sea, for the Court is absolutely determined to have concerning it more than mere conjecture.

The French who returned this year from the upper country have informed us that the Indians told them that, eleven hundred leagues from Quebec, there are white people wearing beards who are subjects of a king; that they had horses and other domestic animals. Would they not be Tartars or stragglers from Japan?

The Indians spoke about the French to these nations, and they were delighted to learn that in Canada there was a white nation bearded like themselves. "The French, to all appearance, are our brothers," they said, "and we would like to see them. Invite them to come here among us."

If this story be true, there is there another grand opening for the Gospel. But we cannot count much on the sincerity of the Canadians (Indians) who have spread this report, for there is no country in the world where more lying is done than in Canada.

The war is still carried on against what remains of the Fox nation, and against the other tribes which have taken them under their protection. Father Guignas* was not

* Father Michel Guignas was born at Condom in the present *département* of Gers, France, January 22, 1681. He entered the novitiate of Bordeaux, Dec. 9, 1702. He embarked for Canada in June, 1716. After spending one year at Quebec, he was sent to join Fathers Jean Baptiste Chardon and Joseph Marest, at the Ottawa mission on Lake Michigan. He made his solemn profession of the four vows at St. Ignace, Michilimakinac, on Feb. 2, 1718. Father Guignas accompanied Boucher de La Perrière's expedition to Lake Pepin, where Fort Beauharnois was commenced, May 17, 1727.

taken, as it was feared, but he has had much to suffer, for nothing can be sent him safely. For two consecutive years the provisions sent him have fallen into the enemy's hands.

Father Deblonfort, whom we expected from the province of Lyons, and who had set out from that city for La Rochelle, has not made his appearance in Canada. We do not know what has become of him. It is surmised that Father de Laneurville has enticed him away to the Mission of the Islands.

We stand, however, in much need of laborers: if a dozen came over next year, we would not have too many. I intend to stir them up in the home province by my letters, so as to have a good levy. I am writing to some of the willing ones among our Jesuits who formerly spoke to me about their vocation to the foreign missions. I am sure that they will have every facility with your Reverence in carrying out their design.

I stand as much in need of your fervent prayers as ever, and earnestly ask you for them. I beg you to believe that I will be for life, with the most profound respect,

Reverend Father, your Reverence's most humble and obedient servant,

NAU, of the Society of Jesus.

Quebec, October 20, 1734.

This was the first post established in Minnesota. The mission bore the name of St. Michael the Archangel. The unsatisfactory issue of the expedition against the Foxes caused it to be abandoned, and while returning with Boucher, the Father was taken by the Kikapous and Maskoutins, August 15, 1728. He was held captive for five months, and was at one time condemned to be burnt at the stake. Dakota and Michilimakinac were the scene of his labors until 1739, when he was transferred to the Saguenay missions in the lower St. Lawrence. From 1740 he resided in the College at Quebec until his death, which occurred on Feb. 6, 1752.



AN APOSTLE OF THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

THE historic village of Tadousac is built upon splendid heights, affording the most exquisite prospect. It overlooks the Bay of Tadousac, a safe and pleasant harbor, where ships anchor, even, during the winter months, as the ice rarely grows thick enough to prevent navigation. Into this Bay of Tadousac empties the lovely and mysterious River Saguenay, the deep and silent current of which is swollen by twenty-five streams.* It is guarded on either side by rocky mountain slopes. The rocks upon its shore have a fantastic character, being many-shaped and many-hued. Tadousac has preserved, with many varied memories, its ancient church of 1747. Time has dealt gently with the little edifice. It is in excellent condition so as scarcely to suggest that it has stood for a century and a half, overlooking the tranquil bay."

Its history was until 1782 to a great extent the history of the Jesuit missionaries who labored there, and amongst whom were numbered some of the most remarkable men of the Society of Jesus, in Canada. Amongst them all, perhaps the most romantic and picturesque figure is that of the saintly Father Jean Baptiste de La

* Balbi says it is 900 feet deep at its mouth.

Brosse. The charm of this exquisite region throws his fine and ascetic character into strong relief. Those deep and almost inaccessible woods, those mighty hills, the peculiar stillness, tinged with gloom, which overhangs the poetic Saguenay, form for it a fitting background.

Born at Magnat, a hamlet in the parish of Jauldes in Angoumois, April 29, 1724, he entered the Society of Jesus on the 9th October, 1740, in the French Province of Aquitaine. He was ordained February 2nd, 1753. His name first occurs on the catalogue of the French provinces as a Missionary to Canada in 1754. In 1755 he is catalogued as attached to the Abenaki Mission, probably at Riviere St. Jean, as there is no record of his having ministered during that year at St. François du Lac.

In the autumn of 1755, he went to Petcoudiac and performed the pastoral duties there and at Chipoudy until the following June. The ensuing letters show that Father La Brosse was really in Acadie during those troublous times which have been made the theme of song and story. Abbé Le Guerne, Cure of Acadie and Vicar General for the Bishop of Quebec, wrote as follows:—

“When I arrived at Three Rivers” (in Acadia) “about St. Andrew’s day (Nov. 30, 1755), orders from the General were already received. Each inhabitant was to remain half a league in the depth of the wood, opposite his dwelling. M. Boishebert was ordered to winter at Cocagne with the savages, to be in position to harass the enemy. Father Charles Germain went with him; and *Father La Brosse* went to Petcoudiac and relieved me of that River and of Chipoudy until Easter” (18th April, 1756), “at which time he returned to Quebec.” *

He added, moreover: “I wrote a very long letter to the

* Letter of Mgr. Le Guerne, 1757, published by Mgr. C. O. Gagnon, Quebec, 1889, page 42.

inhabitants of Chipoudy in which I warned them at length of the dangers they ran in remaining in their quarters, which *Father La Brosse* was to explain to them for me. They turned a deaf ear, and what I had predicted happened. The enemy coming at Pentecost, 1756, to Chipoudy, found a score of people working about their huts (their houses had been burnt as well as a beautiful church which I had built), killed two of them, took their scalps and carried off two young men with them whom they had overtaken in their flight." *

Records of baptisms and other documents also attest the presence of the celebrated missionary in those parts.

In an act of the 16th June, 1756, preserved in the Registry of Petcoudiac, Father La Brosse testifies that the above acts which had been drawn up between the 16th November, 1755, and the 16th March, 1756, are authentic and to be inserted in the registry of the parishes of Petcoudiac and Chipoudy; and he adds that he discharged the pastoral duties in those regions by the permission of M. Guerne, Curé of Petcoudiac and V. G. for the Bishop of Quebec. †

In fact he exercised the sacred ministry in the chapel at Petcoudiac or in private houses, which were converted into chapels during the war, and in a chapel built by the people of Petcoudiac, who had taken refuge in the woods. Father La Brosse also filled various offices in the famous Residence and College at Quebec, the home of many an illustrious confessor and martyr whose name adds a real glory to the annals of those primitive days. He also acted for a time as chaplain to the Hotel Dieu at Quebec, where some years after he reappears preaching at a profession.

There is a record of his own profession of the Four

* Ibid, p. 46.

† Notes by Mgr. Gagnon, p. 18

Vows, which took place on Thursday, Feast of the Purification of our Lady, 1758. At this ceremony the celebrated Father Coquart, his predecessor in the mission of Tadousac, presided as deputy for the superior, Father de Saint Pé.

The years that follow are one long record of missionary work, now at St. François du Lac, now at St. Henri de Mascouche, for a brief space at the Residence in Montreal, and again, according to his own description, as a "missionary priest, serving the parish of St. Laurent, Ile d'Orléans."

He went to Tadousac in 1766, and his name is connected with that interesting region until his death, which occurred there in 1782. Tadousac in the Algonquin language signifies Mamelon. "It is a place full of rocks" says the Jesuit Relation of 1646, "so high that one would say the giants of old who scaled the heavens planted here, their scaling ladders." But as it was full of rocks, it was also full, even at the date of the advent of Father La Brosse, of historic interest. It had been the theatre of many a stirring incident, famous as a trading post, the point of departure for celebrated exploring expeditions, the landing place of the great pioneers, Cartier, Champlain and their co-laborers. Thither as its pastor came Father La Brosse, of whom a Canadian author has thus written: "Father La Brosse, I really believe, was a missionary everywhere, for there is mention of his name on both sides of the Baie des Chaleurs, at Rimouski, on the South coast, at Ile d'Orléans, at Quebec, in the parishes above. He has baptised and confessed Frenchmen, Canadians, Acadians, Irish, English, Scotch, Abenakis, Hurons, Malechites, Micmacs, and above all Algonquins (Montagnais). It was Father La Brosse, again, who converted the first of the Napakis.*

* J. C. Taché, *Forestiers et Voyageurs*, pp. 116-117.

Such was the man, a missionary for thirty-five years in Canada and New Brunswick, whose name remains enshrined at Tadousac, in a halo of local traditions. Half fact, half fancy, numerous legends are told of him, which even when they lack historic truth, are evidence of how beautiful must have been the life which could so have inspired the imagination of the simple people amongst whom his lot was cast. His memory lives in these dim mountains of the Saguenay, on its lovely shore, one might say in the cry of the sea-birds, in the waves that break upon the shore, at Point Rouge, at the Moulin Baude, in the garden of the Jesuits, that once fertile region, now arid and desolate rock.

"The labors accomplished by this zealous missionary during the sixteen years of his apostolate in these remote regions," says the author of a work upon Tadousac,* "are so extraordinary that it might really be supposed that they partook of romance or legend, if the registers of the numerous parishes which he has traversed had not faithfully guarded the traces of his passage."

"If," says the same author, "the Micmacs of Acadia have faithfully preserved in everlasting remembrance the patriarch Maillard, if the ancient Abenaki tribes of Maine still remember the martyr Rasle—the strong race which inhabits the Lower St. Lawrence have not forgotten the Jesuit, Jean Baptiste de La Brosse. Of all the missionaries who have exercised the apostolate in the Saguenay district and the regions of the Gulf, his memory lives in the deepest veneration. His name is to be heard everywhere in the wilds of Lake St. John, on the desolate shores of Labrador, in the flourishing villages which line the river shores from Cacouna to the distant confines of Gaspé and of New Brunswick. The fisher as he mends

* J. E. Roy, *Voyage au Pays du Tadousac*

his nets, the shanty man resting from the hard labor of the day, the mother beside the cradle of her child, the hunter in the long evenings by the watch fire, recount the most marvelous tales of the good Father." In his day, the tribes still came to Tadousac, as Jacques Cartier had seen them there in 1535, and as a century later they had greeted Champlain, the women dancing upon the shore, with streaming hair. The Iroquois and Huron, the Micmac and Etchemen, the Nepakis and Porcupines, came thither to trade with the Algonquins or with the ships coming from France. And amongst these migratory tribes, as well as amongst those indigenous to the soil, Father La Brosse exercised his ministry with indescribable zeal and devotedness, and with a power and persuasiveness which were due to his attractive personality, combining with his saintliness.

Here, in this historic region, where Jacques Cartier had landed, despatching Roberval on his voyage of exploration up the Saguenay, where Champlain had combated the Iroquois, where English and French fleets had landed, whence missionaries and explorers had set out to the wilds of the North-West, Father La Brosse dwelt winter and summer. But far from confining his ministrations to this little village of Tadousac, he ministered at the Islets de Jeremie, where he built a church; at Poquemouche, where he blessed one in honor of St. Michael; at Sept Isles and Ile Verte, where he founded schools; while Trois Pistoles, Cacouna, Rimouski, Baie des Chaleurs, Restigouche, Bonaventure, Caraquette, Nipissing, Niguaoak, Richibucto, Tracadie, Bergeron, Chicoutimi and Lake St. John, each preserve tokens of his presence. Baptismal records, certificates of marriage or of burial, are signed with his familiar name. At Ile aux Coudres a large white cross commemorates the first Mass said to have been celebrated there by Father La Brosse.

(To be continued.)

THE LEAGUE AT QUEBEC.



ON Sunday evening, September 4th, a very imposing scene was witnessed in St. Patrick's Church, when 70 new Promoters received the Cross and Diploma of the Holy League from his Grace Archbishop Begin. Before conferring the crosses upon the new Promoters his Grace preached a very eloquent and touching sermon on the League of the Sacred Heart. In choice and forcible language he explained how the Holy See had established a festival in honor of the Sacred Heart, and had also given a special Mass and an office for that feast.

He explained how the Holy League had for its object the perpetual adoration of the Sacred Heart wounded for men: the physical Heart of Jesus wounded on Calvary by the Centurion; and the Spiritual Heart constantly wounded by the sins and ingratitude of those for whose salvation He had suffered and died. "The motives," said his Grace, "which should incite us to devotion and love for this Treasure of treasures is in the first place that greatest of God's Commandments, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart. The ardent love of Jesus for us demands a return of love from us. Moreover, Jesus being our model we must imitate His infinite charity.

"The graces and blessings our Saviour has promised to bestow upon those who would strive to spread this devotion, and to make His Heart venerated, should urge us to practice and propagate this most beautiful devotion; which is really the substance of the worship of God.

"Finally, gratitude to that Sacred Heart for its innumerable proofs of charity, gratitude for the life of Christ upon earth, gratitude for His passion and death upon the cross, and gratitude for the institution of His Sacrament

of Love, the Holy Eucharist, should impel us to cherish a great love and devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and should urge us to make a return of love for love."

In conclusion, his Grace congratulated the people of St. Patrick's parish in having the League established among them, and exhorted them to be faithful in the practice of the virtues inculcated by the League, for by fidelity in this regard they would draw down upon themselves and their families the blessing of God. He expressed his pleasure in seeing so many of the parish enrolled in the League, and hoped that before long every individual member of St. Patrick's would belong to it.

After the sermon his Grace blessed the Crosses and presented them with the Diplomas to the new promoters, exhorting them at the same time to wear them upon their hearts, that it might ever remind them of the love of Jesus towards them, and of the love they owed to the Sacred Heart in return.

After the Crosses and Diplomas had been distributed, the most Blessed Sacrament was exposed and the act of consecration to the Sacred Heart pronounced by the Rev. Fr. Moloney, C.S.S.R.

His Grace closed the ceremony by giving the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The ceremony all through was very solemn and imposing. The choice and devotional music was excellently rendered by the members of St. Patrick's choir.

The memory of this imposing ceremony will not soon fade from the minds of those who had the pleasure and happiness of being present at it.

The League was inaugurated here about fifteen months ago, and now embraces almost every member of the parish, which is due to the indefatigable zeal and efforts of the Rev. Fr. Oates, and all the Rev. Fathers of St. Patrick's together with the deep interest which all the officers and promoters take in the good work.

IN THANKSGIVING.

GUELPH.—A member of the League wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for two special favors obtained by a promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

HAMILTON.—For a great favor for which the recipient is very grateful.—A Promoter thanks the Sacred Heart for a very special favor.

KINGSTON.—Thanks are returned for a very special temporal favor, after promise to publish if obtained.

MONTREAL.—A promoter tenders his sincere thanks to our dear Lord, through the MESSENGER, for having granted eight or more special favors.—Prayers of the League are requested in thanksgiving for a spiritual favor obtained through the prayers of the League.—For a position obtained for a brother through the Sacred Heart with a promise to acknowledge in the MESSENGER.—A lady thanks the Sacred Heart for the miraculous escape of a dear brother from a great accident.—Several other favours not specially determined.

OTTAWA.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the return of one to his religious duties who had been careless for years.

QUEBEC.—For the recovery of a person who had lost her reason.—For a spiritual and temporal favor asked and received, promising if obtained to acknowledge in the MESSENGER.—Another great temporal favor granted, it is believed, in consideration of the devotion of the person to the Sacred Heart.—Many other favors, spiritual and temporal.

RICHMOND.—A promise was made to acknowledge in the MESSENGER two positions obtained through the prayers of the League last July.

SAULT STE. MARIE.—Two special graces obtained with request to publish in the MESSENGER.

TORONTO.—Pupils of St. John's School thank the Sacred Heart for successful examinations and promotions.—Favors also obtained through the Sacred Heart are gratefully acknowledged by the pupils of St. Paul's School.

WINNIPEG.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for different favors received, with a prayer that many new members may be added to the League.

WOOLER.—A lady wishes to publish in the MESSENGER, according to promise to the Sacred Heart, the success of a critical surgical operation undergone by a friend.

BRIGHTON.—Thanksgiving, from a member of the League for a temporal favor received after a promise to make it known if granted.

Urgent requests for favors, both spiritual and temporal, have been received from Montreal, Cacouna, Ottawa, Richmond, Ste. Agathe, Monastery of O. L. of Charity, Parkdale, Kingston, Amherstburg, Penetanguishene, St. Bridget's, Montreal, Galt, St. Joseph's School, Burlington, Vt., Burlington, Ont., Bassin-du-Lievre, Antigonishe.

The *Liverpool Catholic Times* announces the conversion at Constantinople of the Nestorian patriarch with 5,000 of his flock. They have all been received into the Church. The Nestorian schism is the oldest which still counted followers in any considerable number.

INTENTIONS FOR OCTOBER

RECOMMENDED TO THE PRAYERS OF THE HOLY LEAGUE
BY CANADIAN ASSOCIATES.

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| <p>1.—S.—<i>St. Remigius, Bp.</i> Perseverance in good. 19,577 Thanksgivings.</p> <p>2.—S.—<i>HOLY ROSARY.</i> g.† r.†. Devotion to the Rosary. 8,162 in affliction.</p> <p>3.—M.—<i>HOLY GUARDIAN ANGELS.</i> Honor the Angels. 5,559 Deceased Associates.</p> <p>4.—Tu.—<i>St. Francis Assisi.</i> p.†. Poverty of Spirit. 19,323 Special.</p> <p>5.—W.—<i>St. Placidus, M.</i> Avoid Sadness. 1248 Communities.</p> <p>6.—Th.—<i>St. Bruno, F.</i> h†. Recollection. 9,359 First Communions.</p> <p>7.—F.—<i>St. Mark, P.</i> a.†, g†. Fervent H. Communion, 22,052 Departed.</p> <p>8.—S.—<i>St. Bridget, W.</i> C.†. Say the Daily Decade. 7,960 Employment.</p> <p>9.—S.—<i>MATERNITY, B.V.M.</i> Trust in Our Mother's Love. 2,575 Clergy.</p> <p>10.—M.—<i>St. Francis Borgia, S. J. C.</i> Love of the Holy Eucharist. 37,378 Children.</p> <p>11.—Tu.—<i>St. Germanus, Bp.</i> M. Mortify self-will. 16,134 Families.</p> <p>12.—W.—<i>St. Maximilian.</i> Care in daily duties. 51,958 Perseverance.</p> <p>13.—Th.—<i>St. Edward, King,</i> h†. Purity of Heart. 4,421 Reconciliations.</p> <p>14.—F.—<i>St. Callistus, P. M.</i> Fidelity. 12,979 Spiritual Favors.</p> <p>15.—S.—<i>St. Teresa V.</i> p†. Invoke St. Joseph. 9,622 Temporal Favors.</p> <p>16.—S.—<i>PURITY B.V.M.</i> Cherish Holy Purity. 16,327 Conversions to Faith.</p> | <p>17.—M.—<i>St. Hedwige, W.</i> Horror of Sin. 11,104 Youth.</p> <p>18.—Tu.—<i>St. Luke, Evan.</i> Seek God's will. 2,492 Schools.</p> <p>19.—W.—<i>St. Peter Alcantara.</i> Spirit of Penance. 8,808 Sick.</p> <p>20.—Th.—<i>St. John Cantins.</i> h†. Love of Prayer. 72 Retreats.</p> <p>21.—F.—<i>Sts. Ursula and Companions.</i> Christian Activity. 81 Works, Guilds.</p> <p>22.—S.—<i>St. Mary Salome.</i> Charitableness. 1,680 Parishes.</p> <p>23.—S.—<i>MOST HOLY REDEEMER.</i> Gratitude for Priceless Gifts. 20,088 Sinners.</p> <p>24.—M.—<i>St. Raphael, Arch.</i> Take good advice. 13,921 Parents.</p> <p>25.—Tu.—<i>BL. MARGARET MARY.</i> Pray for her canonization. 6,833 Religious.</p> <p>26.—W.—<i>St. Evarist, P.M.</i> Reverence holy things. 1,525 Novices, Seminarians.</p> <p>27.—Th.—<i>St. Yves, Lawyer.</i> h.† Think of God's presence. 1,530 Superiors.</p> <p>28.—F.—<i>Sts. Simon and Jude, Ap.</i> G.† Confidence in God. 3,860 Vocations.</p> <p>29.—S.—<i>St. Narcissus, Bp.</i> Seek God's will. 8,597 Promoters.</p> <p>30.—S.—<i>PATRONAGE B.V.M.</i> Avoid self-praise. 23,470 Various.</p> <p>31.—M.—<i>St. Quentin, M.</i> Think of Heaven. The Directors.</p> |
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†=Plenary Indulg.; a=1st Degree; b=2d Degree; g=Guard of Honor and Roman Archconfraternity; h=Holy Hour; m=Bona Mens; p=Promoters; r=Rosary Sodality; s=Sodality B. V.

Associates may gain 100 days Indulgence for each action offered for these Intentions.



THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

In the interests of the League of the Sacred Heart.

VOL. II.

NOVEMBER, 1892.

NO. II.

MESSENGER ITEMS.

THE *spiritual offerings*, which are to be recorded in the memorial *Album* of the Episcopal Jubilee of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, should be handed in, on Christmas, to the Local Directors or Secretaries by the Promoters and Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, otherwise the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, so that they may be transcribed on special blank forms which will be forwarded to the several centres for that purpose.

In making application for these special forms for the Album, Directors or their Secretaries will be kind enough to state the number of Associates who have undertaken to contribute to this *spiritual treasure*, so that the number of blanks required may be sent.

To leave room for no misunderstanding, we would have all know that, to be entitled to a place in the Album, the lists of good works must bear the name *in full* of the contributing Associates. No note will be taken of any-

mous communications. We respectfully beg Directors and their Secretaries to adopt the same rule.

In localities where there is no regular League organization, Promoters and Associates may send in directly to us, during Christmas week, the general summary of their little treasure, that is, the works of each month summed up on a *single treasury form*, or on a sheet of paper of similar dimensions and with similar divisions.

When special forms shall have been sent to Directors or Secretaries, Associates, at their option, may set their autograph signatures to the sheet, on the line reserved to each contributor respectively. It would be gratifying to be able to send to the Holy Father the autographs of all our Associates, and it would be an interesting feature added to the Album.

The special forms which we shall send to Directors will be in duplicate, so as to enable us to preserve in our archives a copy, as a lasting memorial of the devotion of our Canadian Associates to the Holy See.

We are pleased to be able to announce that Associates have taken to heart the success of the Spiritual Offering in the Jubilee Album. Seventy-five thousand blank forms have been ordered thus far from the Sacred Heart offices.

If a compassionate charity towards all who are in any distress, even towards the most flagitious, and those who labor only under temporal miseries and necessities, be a most essential ingredient of a Christian spirit, and that in which the very soul of religion and piety towards God consists, if the least alms given to the poor be highly rewarded by Him, will He not exceedingly recompense our charity to His friends and most beloved children, the Suffering Souls, in their extreme necessity?



GENERAL INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER.

*Named by the Cardinal Protector and blessed by the Pope
for all the Associates.*

THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF IRELAND.

AT this moment the eyes of the Catholic world are turned with a keen and loving interest towards that nation whose home, if not whose dwelling, is the Green Island of Erin. Its home but not its dwelling,—for its children have gone forth by thousands as exiles from their country, and are fast building up new empires and republics beyond the seas. Their hearts are still, and will be forever in the land of their fathers, and their gaze turns back with that intensely wistful longing towards Ireland, which betokens the deep and everlasting love of the poor wanderer for his home.

There is not a true-hearted Irishman among the millions in America, Australia, India and the Cape who does not look with a kind of pious envy upon the comparatively insignificant remnants of his nation still clinging to their holdings, despite want and every hardship, for they have, in his eyes, the unspeakable privilege of treading the soil of the fatherland and of breathing in the air of its mountains.

But if the attention of the faithful of every language and clime be now centred on Ireland, it is owing not so much to the admiration which the pure patriotism of her sons has excited, as to the marvellous religious heroism, outlasting centuries, which prompted this race of stalwart Christians to forego every earthly advantage, to rise above every worldly consideration, to affront death and exile rather than prove recreant to its faith.

To day that interest is more marked than ever, for a rift in the clouds, which hitherto have cast a gloom on Ireland's national life, has allowed a ray of sunshine to beam down upon her—a promise, and, we hope, a harbinger of a more peaceful and prosperous future.

Who better than the great Cardinal, now gone to his rest, could read the past and conjecture what a just Providence held in reserve as a recompense for her fidelity? He was not an Irishman by either birth or blood, but his Catholic heart and sympathies were all for the suffering population of the Sister Isle. He was ever eloquent in her cause; he pronounced her people the most profoundly Christian, the most vigorously Catholic, of any on the face of the earth; he declared that in the past she had undergone trials which the most refined cruelty alone could have devised; that all the evils entailed by a warfare which had run on through centuries, wherein race was arrayed against race and creed against creed, had been her inheritance; but that the day of reparation was nigh at hand: he counted upon seeing its dawn; but for others who would survive him, they would witness its noonday brightness.

In his letter to William O'Brien, Cardinal Manning made it clear what he meant by the breaking of that day for Ireland. She was to be reinstated, within the limits of the possible, in the possession of her soil, and, as far as could be, entrusted with the framing and administration

of her laws, retaining her place meanwhile at the Imperial Legislative Board.

We all feel that if there is a Providence for nations as for individuals, which leads them on mildly but irresistibly to their appointed ends, and that if nations, unlike individuals, are to be rewarded in time and not in eternity, even for their natural virtues, the day of which the Cardinal spoke will as surely come as there is a just God in Heaven.

The Almighty does not allow Himself to be outdone in generosity, and the special object of His complacency here below are those whose work is most efficient in perpetuating the mission of Jesus Christ among men, and in widening the boundaries of His Kingdom upon earth.

Such emphatically has been the sublime calling of the Irish race, so much so, that to no other can we apply with more truth the words of St. Peter :—"You are a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people ; that you may declare His virtues, Who hath called you out of darkness into this marvellous light."

From the time of St. Patrick, when that "marvellous light" of God's truth was first shed upon their isle, must we date back the beginning of their exceptional mission as a nation. The empire of pagan Rome, when its legions were going forth to conquer the world, was being fashioned by the hands of Providence, and was blindly, it is true, but not less effectually, preparing the way for another empire, whose seat was to be in its regenerate capital, the Eternal City. The power of this Christian commonwealth was not to crumble like the palaces of the Caesars, but to witness alike the birth of new nations, and stand by unmoved, when, of the earth earthly, they should go down before the ravages of time and sink into decay.

There was a Providence shaping all things to its ends. The language of the Pagan, after having served as the vehicle of faith that "cometh by hearing," became the liturgical language of the Church and the visible emblem of Christian brotherhood ; the circumscription of Pagan municipalities and provinces marked out the jurisdiction of her sees ; Roman triremes and ships of burden, dotting every sea, bore her apostolic men on their divine errand ; and Roman highways opened up for them impenetrable forests and the fastnesses of mountain regions, until the glad tidings of the gospel had reached the uttermost limits of the earth. Nothing was further from the mind of the perverse Pagan than that he was being made the blind instrument in the hands of Providence for the founding and consolidating of Christ's Kingdom upon earth.

In modern times, we are confronted with a marvel as great since the apostacy of nations, for it would lead us too far to recall the part which Irish saints took in the civilizing and christianizing of Europe. Of all northern nations, Ireland alone clung to the See of Peter, and refused to follow in the wake of the so-called Reformers. How to rob her of the precious inheritance of Faith was the question ever uppermost for three centuries, and ever left without a solution in the minds of her powerful conquerors.

The history of the moral, intellectual and religious persecution she withstood, hideous in its details and wearisome by its very sameness, is familiar to all impartial minds who have, from that very fact, sympathized with her in her sufferings ; its outline is slowly breaking upon the minds of her former persecutors, and they begin to ask themselves if it be possible that they could ever have connived at measures fraught with such desolation and ruin.

But ruin and desolation there have been ; and the exodus of the Irish finds no parallel in the annals of modern Europe. But they went forth from their land as "a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people," and they bore with them their living faith and their priesthood, that the germs of that faith might be scattered broadcast on every continent and island, as an offset to the prevarication of those nations which had broken from the Church ; they went forth that the prophecy of Malachias might be accomplished through them : "For from the rising of the sun even to the going down, my name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is offered in my name a clean oblation, for my name is great among the Gentiles."

They have built up God's altars, through the earnings of poverty, in the remotest corners of the earth, pinching themselves to add to the splendor of His service. Abroad, they have astonished unbelievers by their tenacity to the faith, their trust in Providence and the warmth of their piety. The purity of their lives, their respect for the sanctity of the marriage tie, and the cheerfulness with which they endure the encumbrance of a family, rather than sully their homes with the modern sin of the refined : all these are so many riddles for the worldly-minded economist.

They have to the letter declared His virtues, Who hath called them out of darkness into His marvelous light. And God is giving them to possess the land, for they are gradually crowding out the Puritan from New England, and the Quaker from Philadelphia, as they will in time the western pioneer from the prairie.

They have even brought back the blessing of faith to the doors of their former oppressors, and the early-twilight echoes in London, Manchester and Liverpool are

awakened by the footfalls of the Irish servants and operatives wending their way to the Catholic chapel.

The aim, in their persecution, was the extinction of the faith in Ireland. The faith is as strong there to-day as it was in the days of St. Patrick, while it has gone forth with the exile and added to Peter's spiritual empire the great Churches of Australia, Africa and North America, with their Princes of the Church, their Archbishops, Bishops, Mitred Abbots, their trained Clergy, their Benedictines, Dominicans, Franciscans and Jesuits, their cloistered Nuns and Sisters of Charity, with millions of the Faithful, all sending up to God's throne that prayer in unison "Thy Kingdom come !"

Britain, like Rome of old, has in God's hands helped to further the designs of His Providence, and while thousands driven from home and fatherland wept bitter tears, as they saw dear ones on all sides perish around them of want or contagion, God accepted the sacrifice of those lives, and angels treasured up those tears, as the price of boundless realms to be brought within the pale of Christ's Church, and as an earnest of future peace and happiness for the martyred nation.

Unlike other races, whose Faith is endangered by the loss of their native tongue, this loss proved for it but a blessing in disguise, for while its own Faith remained unshaken, the knowledge of the English language made it possible for it to become a nation of apostles, and in fact contributed powerfully to the spread of Catholicity.

Anglo-Saxon energy with its characteristic enterprise had carried its language and commerce to the confines of the earth, and had built up a vast colonial system of which the great American Republic is but an offshoot. And now the story of Pagan Rome was repeated. Human effort the most powerful, on the one hand,

blindly straining after a perverse end, and on the other, God, apparently passive, but irresistibly bending the same rebellious energies to the working out of His own so widely different purpose.

Happy nation, with all your material weakness, but with your supernatural strength, to be singled out by the Most High as a fitting instrument for the manifesting of His power, and like the Divine Master, purchasing this glory with suffering! We may not be of you, but our hearts are with you, for every child of the Church, to what nationality soever he may belong, owes you a debt of gratitude he can never sufficiently repay. Would that we could hasten the day of your deliverance! But when prosperity at last brightens your homes and your firesides, let it not rob you of that jewel which none could wrest from you by persecution—the Faith of Christ.

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sins and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: in particular that Ireland may be blessed, in her sons and daughters, with peace, happiness and prosperity, and with still greater increase of Faith.

God's tender mercy recommends the Suffering Souls to the charitable succors which we as their fellow-members in Christ have in our power to afford them, and He invites us to appease His anger by interposing by our prayers in order to avert from them the weight of His justice.



THE MONTH OF THE HOLY SOULS.

One of the most consoling devotions of the Church is that which tends to alleviate the sufferings of the Holy Souls. It should find place in the pious practices of our every-day life ; but when the month of November comes round, we should join, if possible, in the public exercises held in the church or chapel, and when not feasible, make these exercises a special feature in our family prayers.

The devotion to the Holy Souls practically reminds us that we can assist our friends beyond the grave, and thus make amends for whatever might have been wanting in our conduct towards them while they were yet with us. It moreover holds out to us the hope that when we have passed into eternity we in turn shall not be forgotten by those whom we have left behind, and shall be helped by the intercession of those then in heaven, whom we may have relieved in their sufferings by our prayers.

The Church teaches us that the souls of the just who have left this world with a debt to Divine Justice, contracted by mortal sin forgiven in life, but not wholly cancelled as to its temporal punishment or satisfaction due, or who have gone forth soiled with the stain of venial sin, remain for a time in a place of expiation, where they suffer such punishment as may be due to their offences. It is a matter of faith that these suffering souls are relieved by the intercession of the Saints in heaven and by the prayers of the faithful upon earth.

To pray for the dead is, then, both an act of charity

and of piety. We read in Holy Scripture : " It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from sins." And when our Lord inspired St. Odilo, Abbot of Cluny, towards the close of the tenth century, to establish in his Order a general commemoration of all the faithful departed, it was soon adopted by the whole Western Church, and has been continued unceasingly to our day.

Let us, then, ever bear in mind the dead and offer up our prayers for them. By showing this mercy to the Suffering Souls in purgatory, we shall be particularly entitled to be treated with mercy at our departure from this world, and to share more abundantly in the general suffrages of the Church, continually offered up for all who have slept in Christ.

All works of mercy draw down God's most abundant graces, and will be richly repaid by Him who at the last day will adjudge the immortal crowns of His glory to this virtue. But except the leading of others to Him by our instructions and prayers, what charity, what mercy can we exercise equal to that of succoring the souls in Purgatory?

Did we but behold Purgatory opened before us, or had we a view of the torments which the Suffering Souls endure, how would this spectacle affect us? How would their pains alone speak to us more pathetically than any words? How would our eyes stream with tears and our hearts be moved to behold innumerable holy and illustrious servants of God, and our brethren in Christ, suffering "by wonderful but real ways," more than our imagination can represent to itself?



OUR CANADIAN MARTYRS.

What follows is the substance of several letters at hand recording favors received through the intercession of our Canadian martyrs. Want of space alone prevents our publishing them in full.

QUEBEC, August 20, 1892.

Will you be kind enough to allow me, through the MESSENGER, to thank the Sacred Heart for a signal favor obtained through the intercession of Fathers de Brebeuf and Lalemant?

In straightened circumstances, I resolved on an undertaking, and in it were centred the hopes of the family. But obstacles and disappointments were plentiful, and, as a result, I was disheartened. Sunday evening I was sadder than usual, for things looked desperate. I chanced to open the August number of the MESSENGER, when I was struck with what was there said of the blessed martyrs.

I took heart at once, and promised to make it known if, through them, I was extricated from my difficulty. On Monday morning, I saw my undertaking crowned with success.

To tell all, my family was in want, and I had opened a school. It met with but little encouragement until I had recourse to the Canadian martyrs. On the morrow a

large number of pupils presented themselves, and I am now in a position to earn bread for my family. I should be more than grateful if you would send me the relics of my benefactors.

A. G.

PENETANGUISHENE.

A lady wishes to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for her recovery from an illness which all feared would prove fatal. To obtain this favor she had invoked the Sacred Heart through the martyrs de Brebeuf and Lalemant and had worn their relics.

MONTREAL.

An Associate thanks the Sacred Heart, for having granted, through the intercession of the martyrs of Canada, the cure of a person whose sickness had already lasted two years.

ORILLIA, September 29, 1892.

On the 10th inst., I received a relic of our Canadian martyrs, Fathers de Brebeuf and Lalemant, which you so kindly sent at my request for a relative who was dangerously ill—so dangerously, that it was thought that nothing short of a miracle could lead to her recovery. From the first moment that the relic was applied—it was done daily, and a novena made—the disease and pain gradually passed away, so that the doctor was astonished at the speedy recovery.

The lady is now able to be up and about every day. She and her family, as well as myself, wish to return thanks to our dear Lord for this great favor granted through the intercession of his martyrs.



DEVOTION TO THE HEART OF JESUS.

BY THE LATE REV. J. FARRELL, OF MONASTERVAN.

A "CATHOLIC DEVOTION," sanctioned by the Church, is no mere outcome of sentimental piety. It is no mere expression of devotional enthusiasm. It is something very real, something very solid. If it be a blossom with brilliant hue, and fragrant perfume, it is a blossom of a noble tree that rears its branches as high as Heaven, and has its roots as deep as the faith that is the life of the Church. A Catholic devotion is always, in its ultimate analysis, the expression of a Catholic dogma; and many a theological conclusion which, to untrained intellects, might appear obscure in its technical wording, makes itself a home amongst the humblest of the faithful, when it expresses itself in one of those practical devotions, which, under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, take, as if by storm, the hearts of a people.

So it is with the devotion to the Sacred Heart. It is a devotion which cannot be understood without an accurate knowledge of the mystery of the Incarnation, cannot be practised without securing for those who cultivate it an ever-growing love for our Incarnate Lord. When this has been said, when it has been asserted that the two results of this devotion are wider knowledge and deeper love of our Blessed Lord, we feel that enough has been said to convey to Christian hearts a due sense of its importance.

It is desirable to understand precisely what the Church means by that devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to which she has given her warmest approbation and her most solemn sanction.

By a *devotion* is ordinarily meant a certain honor or worship paid to some particular sacred person, or sacred thing, for some special reason. Hence, to explain fully the nature of the special devotion to the Sacred Heart we must lay down three things: First, the *object* of this devotion; second, the *motive*, or, in other words, the reason which induces us to pay this special honor to this special object; third, the *nature* or character of this special honor.

The object of this devotion is the Sacred Heart of Jesus, that is, the material Heart of flesh that beats within His breast; the Heart that was formed at the moment of the Incarnation from the most pure blood of His Immaculate Mother; the Heart that was pierced on Calvary, and that is now enthroned as part of the Sacred Humanity, at the right hand of His Father in Heaven; the Heart that from the first moment in which "the Word was made Flesh," was the Heart of the Second Person of the Most Holy Trinity.

The motive of the devotion, or the special reason for selecting the Sacred Heart as the object of a special devotion, is, first, that this Sacred Heart was set forth by Christ Himself, as the peculiar seat of those virtues in which He specially desired that men should imitate Him. "Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart."* Secondly, because, by the consent of mankind, expressed in the received usage of every language, the heart has always been selected as the symbol of love. Hence the Heart of Jesus is the symbol of that unbounded love

* St. Matt. xi. 29.

which caused Him to do and to suffer so many things for the Redemption of men ; led Him to die on Calvary, and to leave us Himself in that ineffable Sacrament, that has been called the Sacrament of Love. Thirdly, because this Sacred Symbol is in itself eminently calculated to cultivate and keep alive the memory of His Sacred Passion and to prompt us to make a return of love and gratitude to that Divine Lord, Who, for love of us, humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross.

Hence, taking these two together—the object and the motive—the honor we pay to the Sacred Heart in this devotion, is paid to the Sacred Heart, both considered *in Itself*, and, at the same time, considered as a symbol of the love of Jesus.

The nature of this honor. This honor, or, as it is theologically termed, this *cultus*, is the supreme and absolute adoration due to God alone, and which, in this devotion, is paid to the Sacred Heart inasmuch as it is the Sacred Heart of a Divine Person, from which Person It neither is nor can ever be separated.

From all this it will be seen, that special devotion to the Sacred Heart has been, as it were, inaugurated by our Lord Himself in that sublime sentence, which contains in itself the whole philosophy of Christian life : “ Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart.” It will be seen that it is based on the dogmatic teaching of the Church, on the mystery of the Incarnation ; that it is a devotion eminently calculated to bring home to the hearts of the faithful the abstruse conclusions of theology on the subject of the Hypostatic Union ; and, finally, that it is a devotion admirably adapted to lead men to the love of Jesus, by the avenue of those natural feelings that God has planted in the human heart, and has intended to be the foundation on which grace may erect the edifice

of that supernatural life, which the Church of God is the divinely appointed instrument in conferring, in preserving, and in crowning with everlasting happiness.

When a devotion has once made itself a home in the Church, when it has been consecrated by the approbation of Supreme Pontiffs, and been crowned by the spontaneous affection of the faithful, Catholics may safely, nay, must necessarily, conclude, that in the Providence of God it has a special mission to fulfill, a particular work to do, in the age in which it is manifested.

If one evil more than another is manifested in the world of our unhappy time, it is, not so much, as in other days, speculative errors, which might be called heresies of the intellect, but rather the result of long courses of intellectual error, developing into their natural consequence—corruption of the will.

Love has grown cold. The world has become indifferent to dogma and corrupt in morals.

What two lessons, consequently, have more need to be impressed upon those who, amidst this indifference and corruption, strive to live the supernatural life of Christianity, than the lesson of Humility and the lesson of Meekness? Of humility—that real self-knowledge that teaches a man his true place in the order of creation, and teaches, consequently, the reasonableness and the necessity of submitting his intellect to God's teaching, and of conforming his will to God's commandments. Of meekness—that is, so to speak, the natural bearing of one who, profoundly convinced of the supreme dominion of God over the warring elements of evil, can afford to leave the final issues of all earthly things in His Omnipotent Hand; that can, in the degree that is permitted to a creature, partake of His infinite patience, and can so present to the "Gentiles who rage, and the peoples who devise vain things," the spectacle of a man, uncomplaining, indeed,

but "just and steadfast in his purpose ;" such man as even the pagan poet could deem sublime, but who is a thousand-fold more worthy of admiration, when the justice which he loves is the justice of God, and the purposes to which he clings have the basis of the infallible teaching of the Church of Christ.

And these lessons are, of all others, the special lessons of the Sacred Heart.

OPERARII PAUCI.

Lord of the harvest !
On Thee we call !
O send us laborers !
See ! 'tis the Fall :
The harvest is ripening,
The weighted ears bend ;
Unto the harvest, Lord !
Laborers send.

MARY MULLALY.

Perhaps in Purgatory we have a parent, a brother, a bosom friend and companion. For if we may be permitted to dive into the secrets of the divine judgments we shall be persuaded that the number is very small of those that departing this life pass immediately to glory without having some satisfaction to make, some debt to cancel. How rare is the grace for a soul to leave this infected region without the least spot ! If then we have lost any dear friends in Christ, whilst we confide in His mercy, and rejoice in their passage from the region of death to that of life, light and eternal joy, we have reason to fear some lesser stains may retard their bliss. In this uncertainty why do we not earnestly recommend them to the divine clemency ?

THE WIDOW'S ONLY SON.

A. T. S.

WE must be very near the place now," said Mr. Wallace to his wife and a friend who accompanied them; "it was a few miles from the town of B—— which we passed some time ago."

"We are both very curious to see this wonderful spot," observed the wife, smiling, "for it made such an impression on you, Henry. Let me see, it must be fully twenty years since you were here."

"Add five to that and you will be nearer the truth," said Mr. Wallace. "The house with its pretty garden was so quaint; its mistress so cheerful and obliging, and she had such a fine little boy. Do you know, Mrs. Layton, I had serious thoughts, from time to time, of adopting that lad."

"What did you say to that, Mary?" said Mrs. Layton, addressing her friend.

"I negatived the proposal," said Mrs. Wallace, half laughing, half serious. "In the first place, we might not have made him so happy as he was in the idyllic home which Mr. Wallace describes, and then, the care, the responsibility, the anxiety."

"There was a huge apple-tree before the door," soliloquized Mr. Wallace, "and....Why, there it is, laden with fruit as I saw it more than twenty golden years ago. Driver, stop, stop, this is the place."

The carriage stopped and the party alighted. Mr. Wallace looked around him with that half melancholy air with which one returns to a spot hallowed by past association. He looked half wistfully at the great tree, its wide-spreading branches falling over the fence of the

pretty garden, full even now of late flowers, marigolds, poppies, pansies and golden-rod. He smelled, again, the familiar scent of honey, mingled with the odor of boiling maple sugar, so characteristic of Canadian country districts. He looked unconsciously for the figure of a little lad, rosy-cheeked, with brown curls protruding from a torn straw hat. He listened for the merry laugh.

"I spent a very pleasant summer here," he said to his wife, repeating the oft-told tale with emphasis.

"I do not wonder," said both the ladies together, as they looked around them admiringly.

"And I was actually looking about for the little chap," said Mr. Wallace, pulling himself together, and laughing; "he must be a great, sturdy man now, if he is alive."

At this moment the door opened and a woman appeared curtsying to them, but regarding Mr. Wallace, like the rest, with a blank smile of non-recognition.

"Alas! for the flight of time," sighed Mr. Wallace. "Why, Mrs. Lalor, have you altogether forgotten me?"

"It seems to me, sir," said the woman, hesitatingly, "that I have seen you before, and heard your voice, too; but——"

"Twenty-five years have done their work, I suppose," said the gentleman, cheerily, "and you have had time to forget the summer of —— and the lodger who had the end room overlooking the garden."

Mrs. Lalor's face brightened into more than recognition, into positive pleasure.

"Is it you, then, Mr. Wallace?" she said, heartily; "then it's myself that's proud and glad to see you again," and with a quick glance at the two ladies, she added, singling out Mrs. Wallace, "and this beautiful young lady is your wife."

Both husband and wife felt a curious gratification at the homely compliment, while they were surprised at the readiness with which she had hit upon the truth.

"Come in, sir, come in, and the ladies too, God bless them," said Mrs. Lalor, warmly, and in they went, to the self-same little parlor which Mr. Wallace had so often and so glowingly described. There was the smell of lavender and sweet-scented dried plants, mingling with the fragrant odors from without; there was the apple tree, nodding in at the window, and in its shadow were the gravelled, garden paths; and there was the home-made rag-carpet, with its stripes of yellow and red, grown somewhat faded now, and the stiff-backed, wooden chairs, and the odds and ends of curious crockery or glass, and the religious pictures. Over the mantel, as Mr. Wallace presently noted, was a new picture of the Sacred Heart, an engraving differing much in quality from the other rude prints with which he had been familiar.

"There, from that window," said Mr. Wallace to the ladies, "is the view of which I have so often spoken."

It was, indeed, an exquisite view, pine-clad mountains overtopping each other, their monotony varied by clusters of fiery-red maples, and the trickling of a limpid, mountain stream.

"How lovely!" whispered Mrs. Layton, "quiet and still and beautiful as a poet's dream!"

And whilst they admired the views and even strolled out, passing the limits of the garden, and wandering a little among the wooded slopes above, Mrs. Lalor busied herself with hospitable cares. Upon their return, despite all protestations, they were forced to sit down at table, where awaiting them was a veritable rustic feast. There was a delicious cup of coffee, with home-made bread and cake, butter of Mrs. Lalor's making, and thick cream, with the inevitable accompaniment of grated maple sugar.

"And what about the little lad?" said Mr. Wallace, when they were all seated to enjoy the good things. "Do you

know, Mrs. Lalor, I have never tired entertaining my friends with his pranks, his queer sayings and his bright promise."

"Oh, he's not a very little lad now, sir," said Mrs. Lalor, with her genial laugh; "but before I tell you all, sir, I'm going back, by your leave, to a conversation we had about him when you were here. You mind, sir, that his poor father was still living, that time."

"I do; and I never heard of his death," said Mr. Wallace, with some emotion, for he, too, had been part of the picture of that by-gone summer, a strong, stirring typical farmer, strong of frame, bronzed of face, and with a hearty if somewhat coarse manner. "When and of what did he die?"

"It was five years after you left, sir. He got pneumonia, and it carried him off inside the week. Lord be merciful to him, but it was a sudden call. He was in his full strength on the Sunday, and that day week he was buried."

"Poor fellow," said Mr. Wallace, "poor fellow."

"Well, sir," went on Mrs. Lalor, "do you recall a conversation we had together, yourself, the poor man that's gone, and myself? It was about them public schools. You warned us against them, and you begged of us whatever came or went that we would send our Johnny to a Catholic school. For a time we did our best, there was a little village school taught by a Catholic, and kept him there till, at last, some men from town got around Michael and myself, for the matter of that. They said we were wronging so bright a boy to keep him at such a school, and that he could easily take the train every morning and go into B——, where, a stone's throw from the station, was the public school. They flattered our foolish pride by telling us he'd be pushed on there, and

that there was no telling what high station might be in store for him."

Here Mrs. Lalor broke off in her discourse, to replenish her visitors' cups with coffee, and otherwise busy herself with their comfort. At length, at her visitors' request, she continued.

"To make a long story short, we did send him to the public school."

"*You* with your staunch, old Irish faith," cried Mr. Wallace; "if anyone else had told me I wouldn't have believed it."

"You may well say that, sir," sighed Mrs. Lalor; "it was a poor day when any of my stock, or of Michael's either, was brought to do such a thing. Well, all went well for a time. Johnny was forward in his studies and he got fine prizes, and he seemed to grow smarter like every day. But the first thing that opened my eyes to what we were doing was, when I heard him call dear old Father William, *Mister*, and he kept his hat on talking to him, and it was all one, as if it was a Protestant minister or any other man for the matter of that. Then I spoke to Michael, and I told him I was afraid the boy would lose his faith. At first he made light of it, but it wasn't long till *his* eyes were opened, too. But, mebbe, I'm wearying the ladies with the long story."

"Not a bit of it," cried Mr. Wallace, while the two ladies begged that they might hear every detail of it.

"We both began to notice the difference in his behavior to us, and a way he got into of talking of religious matters and his conduct in the church. And in a history he had, he showed me how everything was turned wrong, as it seemed, about the church. I'm not much of a scholar myself, but I knew enough to know all wasn't right in *that* book. At last the boy began to stay in town of an evening, not very late, but late enough

to frighten us. One night, as God would have it, his father was kept late in the town, where he had gone to buy grain, and in the railway station he saw Johnny with seven or eight other lads."

The woman paused as if the recollection were painful to her, and rested her head on her hand a moment, while only the ticking of the old clock in the corner broke the silence.

"Michael saw at a glance the boy had been drinking," she presently resumed, "beer or mebbe something stronger, and he was talking of his father, the poor man that was so fond and proud of him, as 'the stingy old governor,' and he was boasting—God forgive him, it was the ignorance of a child,—that he supposed he was a Catholic, but he'd take good care not to go to confession to a man like himself, and that one religion was as good as another. I won't weary you with all that followed," added Mrs. Lalor, wiping away her tears, "but the next day the boy went off a boarder to the nearest Catholic college. We made sore sacrifices to keep him there; at one time we feared the old house would have to go, but he stayed there, and, thank God, it was not too late. In course of time, he became the same dutiful, affectionate son he had been before, and as pious and good as he was quick with his lessons."

"And where is he now?" cried Mr. Wallace.

"Is he with you still?" said Mrs. Wallace.

"What have you put him at?" asked Mrs. Layton.

The woman smiled at all her questioners, in turn, as she answered their questions.

"He is in ———, he is not with me, and I had a letter from him this morning. If I may make so bold I'll read you a bit of it."

She unfolded a letter, while her visitors bent forward in speechless interest.

"My dearest Mother,

"I am as busy as ever with my parish duties. Even the curate of so large a parish has his hands full, and lately I have had a great but a happy addition to my work. I have been made director of the League of the Sacred Heart. As you are an associate, I need not tell you what that means. But, oh, my beloved mother, I am never tired of reflecting upon what I owe you and my poor father. I need not say that I remember his soul every day in my mass. What might have become of me had I not left that godless school in time? It was at a great sacrifice you sent me to the College and left me there, but surely the result has repaid you."

"A priest," cried Mr. Wallace, "glorious, my fine curly headed philosopher, a priest. Give me your hand, Mrs. Lalor. I shall go to see him if I have to travel five hundred miles."

"I think I have already seen him," said Mrs. Layton. "Is he not stationed at —— Church?"

"He is, dear lady, he is."

"And are not his initials, J. F.?"

"They are, indeed."

"Then, to him I owe the happiness of being received into the Church; and let me tell you, Mrs. Layton, mine is not an isolated case. Many, many more have been brought to the truth through his indefatigable labors. His name is a synonym for zeal. His charity to the poor, the great good he does amongst them, the edifying example of his own life, and his great solicitude for Christian education, are common talk in —— . He is a real apostle."

The tears were streaming down the mother's face. She was thinking of the long years, after her husband's death had left the whole burden to her, during which she had

sold the poultry and the eggs, the butter and the cream, the apples and the honey, adding always to the little store set apart for her son's education. She was thinking of the constant privations, how she had deprived herself of all but the barest necessities for his sake. But well was she repaid, even in a material sense. For her son, as she told her guests, out of his small salary, and also by means of some literary work which he did, contrived to send her every year a sum sufficient to keep her in comfort at the old home.

"I must show you my Promoter's cross," said Mrs. Layton smiling, "which I got only last June from Father Lalor's own hands."

The mother looked at it as if it were a relic.

"He is so devoted to the Sacred Heart," said Mrs. Layton, "many people say that that is the secret of his success."

But time was flying, the sun was beginning to dip behind the mountain, and to shed a golden-colored haze over the wooded slopes. So the little party again got into the carriage and drove away, waving salutations to Mrs. Lalor at her door until a turn of the road hid her from their view.

"What a charming history is now associated with your favorite spot," said Mrs. Layton to Mr. Wallace.

"Say with *our* favorite spot," broke in Mrs. Wallace; "henceforth we all have a share in it, garden, orchard, apple tree, dainty little house and warm-hearted mistress."

"But to think of my curly-haired philosopher," cried Mr. Wallace, "my prattling guide, companion and friend become a priest. It is too good altogether. Who knows, had I adopted him, all might have gone wrong, and the widow's only son might never have become the Apostle of the Sacred Heart."

AN OBJECT LESSON.

The English *Messenger* relates the following edifying incident in connection with the Columbian celebration at Genoa. May the example be of benefit to the weak ones among our Italian Catholics.

Sailors from our English ironclads have been giving example to the Genoese on Sunday. The King and Queen are here to take part in the solemn festivities in commemoration of Columbus ; and the second division of the Mediterranean Squadron is present in honor of the occasion.

At the request of the Archbishop, Father Lonergan, O.S.B., arranged for a special Mass for the sailors in the Basilica at ten o'clock. The Father met with the greatest kindness and courtesy from the commanding officer of the flagship, who expressed his pleasure at the arrangements proposed ; and accordingly, at the time appointed, H. M. S. "Sanspareil," "Australia" and "Phaeton" marched their men to the Basilica.

There were close upon two hundred of them, and they certainly assisted most reverently at Mass, which was said by a Canon of the Cathedral. Meanwhile, however, the people had heard of what was going on, and began to flock in to see this wonder, until the great church was thronged with them.

At the end of Mass, Father Lonergan read the Epistle and Gospel, and then gave them a very effective and fervent little sermon on the text, *Jesus, Master, have mercy on us.*

But when, at the end of the sermon, he called upon Jack to answer the English prayers, the loud grave tones of the united voices had a perfectly electrical effect upon the witnesses, who looked at one another in amazement as they said : *And these devout Catholics are the sailors of the Queen of England !*



AN APOSTLE OF THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

(Continued.)

IT gives but a slight idea of Father Labrosse's stupendous labors to say that he administered the sacraments, tended the sick, buried the dead, instructed neophytes, educated children, for he himself taught reading and writing to the Algonquins, who transmitted these arts from generation to generation, long after his death, and preached everywhere and always the Gospel of Christ. And besides his indefatigable care for those who were within the actual scope of his pastoral duty, he constantly wrote to those at a distance letters of advice, encouragement and instruction. The following letter, which has been preserved,* is touching, because of the interest which it shows in the merest details of family life on the part of one so overburdened with varied occupations. It is written to a lady residing in Rimouski :

MY DEAR CHILD,

The two chances upon which I counted of having my first letter delivered to you have failed, and I have been obliged to await the old man Luineau's convenience. I had even come to the determination of going down with him, and you can imagine that I would have been much pleased to see you were it but for a brief moment, especially if I could contribute to your recovery or your solace. But the difficulty of securing a conveyance, and

* In the archives of St. Mary's College, Montreal.

the fear lest, on account of the busy season, I should not find a chance of coming up here again, deterred me.

It is about the 15th of next month that the agent of The Seven Islands is to send for me, provided the wintering at Point Des Monts actually takes place. It is true that Mr. Stuart has informed me that very few families have showed a willingness so far. Be that as it may, I am still bound by my promise as long as there is a possibility of my being called upon to go.

Mr. Stuart tells me also in his letter that Mr. Lepage assured him that I was to winter at Rimouski, and relying on that announcement he seems to fear that next spring I shall *again* arrive too late.

But there is nothing to fear on that score, for I have made no promise in the matter, not even to you to whom I could refuse nothing. You know indeed how much inconvenience and embarrassment would be occasioned by another hibernation like the last, and what reliance can be placed on the promises of a set of men who have no scruple in breaking them.

It is true that on account of Baptiste, your son, it would be preferable not to winter any great distance from you, but I do not think that Mr. Lepage has his Lordship the Bishop's consent for this choice of our wintering quarters, for if it were the case, he would have spoken to me, or at least have written concerning the affair; because if I were destined to pass the winter at Rimouski, seeing that I could not take up my quarters at the residence belonging to the King's Domain, I should have to exercise much caution in securing some other house at a distance from the rest.

As for your son Baptiste, if he still be animated with the same sentiments, and be still very desirous of serving God, of working for his own salvation and that of others, as there is little prospect of my going down to Point Des

Monts and of taking him as I pass, he would do well to come here as soon as he can. I have had a Latin grammar sent me, and I count upon his making good use of it.

It would be better not to make a start than to give all up afterwards, for it would be a loss of time, displeasing to God while it would render him ridiculous in the eyes of others.

One of the reasons which might induce me to go down even now, would be to suggest these and other considerations to him in your presence; but after all, he is no longer a child, and must exercise the reason he has in choosing a state of life, since there is question of his happiness in this life, and, what is of far more importance, of his happiness in the next.

If, however, there be any prospect of my wintering at Rimouski, then, if he were any use to you, he might remain; but what is clear for me is that the safest alternative would be to have him come up as soon as possible.

I beg you to remember me kindly to your family, Julian included, and not forgetting poor Teresa, whom I would request not to bear me in mind, but her course of reading and the recommendations so often insisted upon even in your presence.

I am persuaded that if everything depended upon you and her I should soon be provided with all things necessary to pass the winter near you.

I beseech God to bless you with health and happily to preserve you in its enjoyment.

I am, with deep gratitude and affection,

My dear child,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

J. B. DE LA BROSSÉ,

Missionary of the Society of Jesus.

ISLE VERTE, September 23, 1776.

I pray you present my respects to your brother, his wife and to all his family.

These labors, it must be remembered, were performed in the face of hardships and difficulties, which it is almost impossible at this distance of time adequately to realize. The journeys from place to place by canoe or on foot, by treacherous rivers, through forests, over mountains, with guides, often perfidious, in the depths of Canadian winters, encountering perils of every sort, and enduring hardships which can best be expressed by referring to the journal of another celebrated Jesuit, also residing for a time at Tadousac, Father Crespieul.

"The life of a Montagnais missionary," he writes, "is a long and slow martyrdom, an almost continual exercise of patience and of mortification, a truly penitential and humiliating life, especially in the wigwams and on journeys with the savages."

He describes the wigwam built of bark or of branches, snow-covered, wherein the missionary had no room to stand, but must kneel or sit or lie in a cramped position, exposed to smoke, so painful to the eyes, that often when morning came the eyes would scarcely open. He had to sleep upon the frozen ground or upon some branches, his head often protruding from the wigwam, so that severe headache or toothache was caused by the cold, while frequently his clothing, which he had to keep on night and day, was scorched or burned from being too close to the fire. Usually on awaking he found himself surrounded by five or six dogs. He had to eat half cooked meat, served on platters licked by dogs, and accompanied by details too disgusting to our modern sensibilities to permit mention. And he had to eat and drink from the same cup and plate as the savages, even when they were suffering from small-pox or other revolting diseases. He frequently had, for his only beverage, muddy water or melted snow, while even that sometimes failed upon long journeys. He was persecuted with the

unwelcome attentions and the continual crying of filthy children, and had to sleep side by side with savages, the odor of whom, he observes, was intolerable.

These are but a few of the miseries amidst which the life of a missionary was passed. He was never permitted under any circumstances to show disgust, or weariness, or aversion. He must of necessity be patient, gentle and, hardest of all, invariably cheerful.

It is no small proof, therefore, of the splendid courage and sublime self-devotion of Father La Brosse that constant reference is made by his biographers to his peculiar light-heartedness and overflowing gaiety. When he is seen as the father of the poor and afflicted, ready with the tender and consoling word for the various forms of human misery by which he was daily surrounded, it is not so amazing as to read of his witty sayings, his genial laugh, his ready repartee. Assuredly whilst he thus realized that ideal of the poet,

"Walking his round of duty
Serenely day by day,
With the strong man's hand of labor,
And childhood's heart of play,"

he rose to the most exalted heights of saintly perfection.

It would be impossible, in these limits, to attempt anything like a detailed account of the work he accomplished. He had mastered many of the Indian dialects, and left various works, particularly in the Algonquin language. Catechisms, primers, translations of many portions of Holy Scripture and a dictionary at which he labored for eight years, remained as monuments of his zeal. He was regarded as a saint by the people amongst whom his lot was cast. Tradition asserts that he converted the tribe of Nepakis by the working of a miracle. It is told in this wise: A pious Algonquin convert, deploring the

obstinacy with which these savages clung to their errors, suggested to the missionary a remedy :

“The Nepakis,” he said, “have no ears, but they have eyes,” and intimated that he must perform for their benefit a prodigy. Father La Brosse, very naturally, disclaimed all supernatural power, but the savage became so urgent and so wrought upon his own desire to convert the obdurate tribe, that he consented to shew them the power of prayer.

It was in the vicinity of Lake St. John, and forest fires were at that time raging. The savages, Algonquins and Nepakis alike, were preparing to depart, for the circle of fire was closing swiftly about them. Father La Brosse commanded them to await the event, and, accompanied by a few Christian Algonquins, advanced to a point at a sufficient distance from the wigwams. There he traced upon the ground a line, commanding the flames in the name of God to pause there, and sitting down, Indian fashion, observed the result. The flames advanced as far as the line of demarcation, paused, writhed, divided, and finally fell back. And thus were the Nepakis brought to believe in the true God.

(To be continued.)

BROKEN CHORDS.

DREAMINGLY playing old pieces,
My fingers caressing the keys,
The music was strangely mingled
With the drowsy hum of the bees.
The lullaby, sweet and tender
And soft as an angel's sigh,
When he kneels at the feet of Jesus,
Rose and fell as it floated by.

My thought with the melody mingled
Till my hand struck a broken key,
And a sound, like the shriek of a demon,
Came quivering back to me.
Oh, wonderful cry whose wailing
Banished my golden dream,
And drew my thoughts to the real
From the fairy things that seem.

Was the chord I struck a token
Of the many I touch to-day?
Of the heart-strings rudely broken
And silently laid away?
Alas ! that the sweetest music
May die in a broken key,
Or a heart-string, snapped asunder,
Rob a life of its melody.

Then, let us think of each other
And touch with a gentle hand
The heart whose want of music
We ne'er may understand ;
For the keys perhaps are broken
And their echoes harsh and cold—
We only hear with a mortal ear,
So the music will not unfold.

Ah ! the chords that here are broken
May be sweet in our Home above,
And hearts now sad and silent
May teach our own to love.

S. M. C.

ORATIO AD SS. COR JESU.

Cor Jesu purissimum, O ara Sanctitatis !
Cor meum purga sordidum, infectum tot peccatis.
Qui movit Tibi vomitum, auferto hinc teporem :
Infunde novum spiritum, et spiritus fervorem.
Cor mite, Cor humillimum, Cor plenum bonitatis,
Cordi Tuo da simillimum, da ignem charitatis !
Sed quid ? Si vel seraphico amore cor flagraret,
Non tamen hoc incendio, non satis Te amaret !
Ut ergo Te diligere, Cor Jesu, possim satis :
Immensum da, quo amas me, ardorem charitatis.
Hoc, hoc amoris jaculo cor meum accendatur,
Et hujus ab incendio in cineres solvatur.
O mors exoptatissima ! sic mori vi amoris,
Amoris sit cor victima pro Corde Redemptoris !
Amore Tui moriar, Cor Jesu, Amor meus,
Ut novo corde ordiar amare Te, O Deus !

ANON.

Do not amuse yourself in always devising new means of perfection. Remember that yours consists entirely, in one word, in conformity of life and actions to the holy maxims of the Heart of Jesus, especially to His gentleness, humility and charity.

(Maxims of B. Margaret Mary.)

The principal means by which we obtain relief for the Suffering Souls in Purgatory are sacrifice, prayer and almsdeeds.



UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS.

RELATING TO CATHOLIC CANADIAN HISTORY.
THE AULNEAU LETTERS.

1734-1745.

No. 4.

(Translation.)

FATHER LUKE FRANCIS NAU TO FATHER BONIN, S. J.

Reverend Father,—Pax Christi—

IF I longed to see the “Ruby” safely arrive at Quebec, my longing was scarcely less intense to see her set sail again, that she might bear to you the expression of my kind regards and news from one of whom, I flatter myself, you sometimes think, and who often allows his thoughts to turn with an affectionate remembrance to you.

Here I am at last in a country for a long time the object of my yearnings. Here I am specially singled out to labor for God's greater glory. My happiness must needs remind me that I have to render thanks beyond measure to a God of all goodness for having inspired me with the resolution to cross the seas, but neither can I thank you yourself too much for all your care and atten-

tion for me, you the first father, in a spiritual sense, of my soul, since without that special care I never would have had, or at least I never would have followed, that vocation from our Lord.

After God, therefore, it is to you I owe the happiness of having entered the religious state, and of having come to Canada. But what were the dangers I encountered on the way? I give you them here in detail.*

Quebec, October 20, 1734.

No. 5.

(*Translation.*)

FATHER AULNEAU TO HIS MOTHER.

(Address:—"A Monsieur Chaterere, Procureur et Notaire Royal à Luçon, pour faire tenir à Madame de la Touche Aulneau,—aux Moutiers—à Luçon—Bas Poitou.)
My Dearest Mother,

I again with joy and eagerness take advantage of the sailing of a vessel for La Rochelle to renew the expression of that respect and affection which I shall bear for you throughout life. I wrote to you already the full account of my voyage on the King's vessel, and you have no doubt received my letter. I hope that it found you in perfect health; my own is now as robust as it ever was. I wrote also, by the same vessel, to my uncle and sisters.

It is now over a month since winter set in here, and at the present writing, the ground is covered with snow. It is as cold as it was in France in 1729. This severity of temperature will increase, and we shall not catch a glimpse of the ground until next May.

This need not alarm your affectionate heart on my account, for we have every means of protecting ourselves

* The particulars which follow are the same as in the preceding letter.

against the rigor of the climate and the season. And after all, were it not so, I would not be a subject of commiseration, since I would have more frequent occasion to suffer something for the love of a God who has suffered so much for us.

Persevere, my dear Mother, in beseeching Him to render me worthy by His grace to achieve something for His glory and His service.

Father Nau is on the point of leaving for Montreal or for Sault St. Louis, some seventy or seventy-two leagues from here. I have not yet learned if his appointment be for good. As for myself, I shall start only in the spring; and I do not know for what place Providence destines me; but wherever it be I shall find the God of goodness there as everywhere, and I am confident that He will bear me up and not abandon me.

I am writing to Father Faye, who is to make some purchases. In case he is able to execute the commission, be kind enough to send him the money you destine for me. As what I am asking him for is not for myself, the sum will be refunded at Quebec. But if, on the contrary, he should not be able to undertake it, be good enough to send the money to Father Deceron, at La Rochelle, who will make use of it to purchase some books I shall need.

You see, my dear Mother, I do not reject all your loving offers of assistance; and were they less generous than they are, that would never prevent me from cherishing for you the same sentiments of respect and love. I have often said Mass for you, and I have no greater pleasure than thinking of you. This I do often, and always with feelings of the deepest gratitude.

I am, my dear Mother, with profound respect,
Your most humble and obedient servant and son,

J. P. AULNEAU,

Jesuit Missionary in Canada.

QUEBEC, October 29, 1734.

Please present my respects to my dear uncle and to Mr. Pennot.

IN THANKSGIVING.

ALEXANDRIA.—For favors obtained after promise to publish in the MESSENGER. A promoter returns thanks for a spiritual favor received.

BROMPTON.—Thanks from a member of the Sacred Heart Union, for a very great temporal favor received after promise to publish.

DUNDAS.—Members of St. Augustine's School return thanks for two special favors received.

EGANVILLE.—In accordance to promise, thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a very great favor granted, together with several others of lesser importance.

GALT.—A member returns thanks for a great spiritual favor obtained by invoking the Sacred Heart.

GLEN NEVIS.—A Promoter wishes to return sincere thanks for a great temporal favor received, after making a novena to the Sacred Heart and promising to acknowledge through MESSENGER.

HAMILTON.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for success at a recent examination, after promise to publish.

HASTINGS.—A grateful soul wishes, through the MESSENGER, to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a spiritual favor obtained through a novena and a promise to report in the MESSENGER.

INGERSOLL.—Please return thanks to the Sacred Heart for two temporal favors received during the summer.

MONTREAL.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for a favor obtained after a novena with a promise to have it acknowledged in the MESSENGER.—Sincere thanks are tendered to the Sacred Heart for obtaining for an Associate a good

position.—According to promise, heartfelt thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the conversion of a husband addicted to drink, who had been some years away from the Sacraments. After being recommended to the League for two or three months, and being given the water of St. Ignatius, he ceased drinking, and made a fervent confession and communion.—A family returns thanks for one special temporal and one special spiritual favor and other blessings received.—An Associate thanks the Sacred Heart for past favors.—An Associate wishes to thank the Sacred Heart through the MESSENGER for four safe journeys and the recovery of a sister's health.

ORANGE, MASS.—In fulfilment of a promise, a person wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the peaceful and happy settlement of a false claim on property, with a promise to publish in the MESSENGER and with a Mass of Thanksgiving.

OTTAWA.—According to promise to publish, thanks are returned for a favor received through the bounty of the Sacred Heart.

PETERBOROUGH.—A child of Mary thanks the Sacred Heart for three temporal favors obtained.

PRINCE ALBERT.—Thanksgiving for the return to the practice of their religious duties of three members of a family, also for a spiritual favor received through the prayers of the League.

QUEBEC.—Thanks for a favor obtained from the Sacred Heart of Jesus by a gentleman promoter.—A lady returns thanks for the recovery of her sister who was dangerously ill. A promise was made to publish in the MESSENGER.

ST. CATHARINES.—Thanks are returned by nine Pro-

moters for a favor obtained by making a novena to the Sacred Heart, and a promise to acknowledge in the MESSENGER if granted.

TORONTO.—An Associate thanks the Sacred Heart through the MESSENGER for the deliverance of a family from a serious misfortune. A promise was made to have it published in the MESSENGER. The prayer was granted the same day.

WINDSOR MILLS.—In fulfilment of a promise, thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a great temporal favor received.

Urgent requests for favors, both spiritual and temporal, have been received from Almonte, Calgary, Chatham Ursuline Convent, Kingston, Moncton, Ottawa, Parkdale, Prince Albert, Quebec, Toronto Monastery of Our Lady of Charity, and Wyoming.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

LONDON, O.—Ursuline Convent, Chatham, Ont.

TORONTO.—St. John's Grove, Toronto, Ont.

RUSTICO, P.E.I.

The Reverend Father Ronald B. Macdonald writes, under date of Sept. 27th : The League is working wonders in this parish. The attendance at Mass is better, and the communions five times what they used to be.

God answers the moans of the Suffering Souls, that His justice must be satisfied to the last farthing, and that their "night is come in which no man can work" But they address themselves to us, and we can deliver them by our prayers and good works.

THE LEAGUE IN TORONTO.

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION TO MONSIGNOR ROONEY.

On Monday evening, the 3rd October, the Promoters and Associates of the Sacred Heart League in St. Mary's Parish, Toronto, met to congratulate their beloved parish priest, Vicar General Rooney, upon his recent elevation, by the Holy Father, to the dignity of Domestic Prelate.

The following address was read by the President, Mrs. Devine :—

To Monsignor F. P. Rooney, V. G.

Right Reverend and Dear Father.

The members of the League of the Sacred Heart in your Parish have heard with the greatest joy the welcome news of the honor which the Holy Father has been pleased to bestow upon you, our Father, Pastor and Friend. We do not forget that, according to the constitutions of our League, the Pastor of the Parish is always the true director and guide of the Council, Promoters and Associates, though he may delegate to another a portion of his labors, still retaining the general supervision of the Society.

You, then, Right Rev. and dear Father, are the Director of the League of St. Mary's Parish, and to you we owe many precious blessings, amongst which stands pre-eminent, the glorious privilege of the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament on the first Friday of each month. You, as Vicar General of the Diocese, granted us this greatest of favors, for which we can never be sufficiently thankful. Through your kindness also, those of us who cannot be present at the late Mass on the First Friday have a Mass said at half-past five.

Your kindly advice often given to us through our local Director has ever been appreciated at its true value,

knowing as we do that it comes from a heart full of love for us and totally free from human respect. Accept then, Right Rev. Father, our warmest congratulations on the high honor you have received. We hope and pray that you will be spared many years to guide and watch us with the faithful interest you have ever displayed ; and that when at length our Lord will call you to rest on His Sacred Heart forever, you will not forget your devoted Parishioners, the members of the League of St. Mary's.

As a souvenir of our friendship, we request your acceptance of this Baptismal Font ; and that you may live long enough to cleanse from original sin thousands of the generation to come is the fervent prayer of your loving children in Christ.

MRS. DEVINE, *President.* MRS. LYSAGHT, *Treas.*

MISS BEGLEY, *Secretary.* MRS. COLLINS.

Monsignor replied briefly, thanking the Leaguers for their kind expressions and for their gift. He said that though others might surpass him in what they had accomplished, yet he would yield to no parish priest in the love which he had ever borne to his flock. So it had been with him in the various parishes in which he had been placed. He had always tenderly loved his people, and constantly sought their welfare by every means in his power. He concluded by giving his blessing to the assembled Promoters and Associates.

Perhaps the souls of some of our dear friends may be suffering in Purgatory on our account ; perhaps for their fondness for us, or for sins of which we were the occasion by scandal, provocation or otherwise : in which cases motives not only of charity, but also of justice, call upon us to endeavor to procure them all the relief in our power.

INTENTIONS FOR NOVEMBER

RECOMMENDED TO THE PRAYERS OF THE HOLY LEAGUE
BY CANADIAN ASSOCIATES.

- 1.—**Tu.**—**ALL SAINTS.** †a, †b, †g, †m, †r. Desire to share their glory. 21,015 thanksgivings.
- 2.—**W.**—**ALL SOULS.** g †. Pray for the dead. 11,980 in affliction.
- 3.—**Th.**—**St. Malachy, Bp.** h †. Trust in prayer. 5,864 Dead Associates.
- 4.—**F.**—**St. Chs. Borromeo,** a †. Love the Church. 6,688 Special.
- 5.—**S.**—**St. Emeric,** C. Help the Negro Missions. 1,332 Communities.
- 6.—**S.**—**St. Leonard,** C. †a, †g, †r. Watch and Pray. 13,921 1st Communions.
- 7.—**M.**—**St. Engelbert,** B. C. Hate sin. 25,801 Departed.
- 8.—**Tu.**—**The Four Brothers,** M. M. Union and Charity. 4,248 Situations.
- 9.—**W.**—**Our Saviour's Basilica,** Reverence God's house. 3,979 Clergy.
- 10.—**Th.**—**St. Andrew Avellino.** h, †. Kindness at home. 60,025 Children.
- 11.—**F.**—**St. Martin, Bp. C.** p, †. Trust in God's mercy. 10,588 Families.
- 12.—**S.**—**St. Martin,** P. M. Patience in sufferings. 17,355 Perseverance.
- 13.—**S.**—**St. Stanislaus, Koszka,** Love of our Lady. 9,209 Reconciliations.
- 14.—**M.**—**St. Lawrence O'Toole,** Pray for God's blessing on Ireland. 18,497 Spiritual favors.
- 15.—**Tu.**—**St. Gertrude,** V. Seek to know our Lord. 10,055 Temporal favors.
- 16.—**W.**—**St. Josaphat, Bp.** M. Be earnest in zeal. 9,899 Conversions to Faith.
- 17.—**Th.**—**St. Gregory,** wonder-worker, h, †. The spirit of sacrifice. 9,543 Youth.
- 18.—**F.**—**Basilica of St. Peter & St. Paul.** Devotion to the Apostles. 1,937 Schools.
- 19.—**S.**—**St. Elizabeth of Hungary,** p, †. Mercy to God's poor. 8,604 Sick.
- 20.—**S.**—**St. Felix Valois,** C. Contempt of worldliness. 41 Retreats.
- 21.—**M.**—**PRESENTATION B.V.M.** r, †. Offer yourself to the Sacred Heart. 108 Works, guilds.
- 22.—**Tu.**—**St. Cecilia,** V. M. Purity of Heart. 1,295 Parishes.
- 23.—**W.**—**St. Clement,** P. M. Generosity. 68,924 Sinners.
- 24.—**Th.**—**St. John of the Cross.** h, †. Patience under calumny. 23,583 Parents.
- 25.—**F.**—**St. Catharine,** V. M. Desire true wisdom. 4,522 Religious.
- 26.—**S.**—**St. Sylvester, Ab.** Zeal for God's glory. 1,209 Novices.
- 27.—**S.**—**Bl. Margaret of Savoy.** Begin Advent well. 1,250 Superiors.
- 28.—**M.**—**Sts. Irenaeus and Comp.** Esteem heavenly things. 3,831 Vocations.
- 29.—**Tu.**—**St. Saturninus Bp. M.** Reparation of Sin. 5,386 Promoters.
- 30.—**W.**—**St. Andrew, Ap.** Devoted love of Christ's Cross. 10,181 Various.

†=Plenary Indulg.; a=1st Degree; b=2d Degree; g=Guard of Honor and Roman Archconfraternity; h=Holy Hour; m=Bona Mors; p=Promoters; r=Rosary Sodality; s=Sodality B. V.

Associates may gain 100 days Indulgence for each action offered for these Intentions.



THE CANADIAN MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

In the interests of the League of the Sacred Heart.

VOL. II.

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No. 12.

MESSENGER ITEMS.

BEFORE the issue of our next number, the old year will have drawn to a close and the New Year will have been ushered in. God knows how earnest is our wish that the coming twelve-month be one of real happiness for all the members of the League, and how we fervently pray that Christmas bring to their family circles the joys which the Sacred Heart of the Child Jesus reserves for His loved ones.

* *

We beg all in turn to think of the Directors in their prayers. They have all many difficulties to contend with, and they need all the grace that the Sacred Heart may vouchsafe to give them through the prayers of the League.

* *

As the month of the Sacred Heart is the auspicious time for the renewal of our devotion to that fountain of all blessings, so should the opening month of the New

Year be an occasion for Reverend Local Directors, Secretaries, Promoters and Associates to strengthen and perfect in every way the material organization of their respective branches.

* *

It is on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, or during the octave, that Promoters, who have given proof of earnestness and persevering effort, should receive their Promoters' Crosses and Diplomas, and make their consecration. It is becoming that the conferring of their Crosses and Diplomas be accompanied with as much outward solemnity as circumstances of time and place permit.

* *

These well deserving functionaries should not have to wait more than six months for their Diplomas and Crosses, save when very exceptional and serious difficulties prevent their receiving them sooner.

* *

In view of the coming receptions, we beg Reverend Local Directors to make application in season for what they require, and to do so personally or through their Secretaries. The names of the intended recipients should accompany in every instance such application.

* *

Isolated Promoters, who reside in places where the League is not established, may apply directly to the Head Director. In no other case are Crosses sent at the request of individual Promoters.

* *

New Promoters are expected to defray the expense of their Crosses, and to remit to the Local Treasurer or Secretary-Treasurer the price of the kind they select. This is the general rule where the resources of local organizations do not admit of the gratuitous presentation of this badge of their office.

Those who have already been invested as Promoters should be present at the conferring of Crosses, and renew their consecration to the Sacred Heart. This renewal should take place even when no new Promoters are received.

* *

Naturally we desire to see the work so dear to the Heart of our Lord expand more and more; while our Associates, as well as ourselves, have, no doubt, at heart the interest of their official organ, the **CANADIAN MESSENGER**. After the efforts of zealous missionaries, it is through it especially that the work becomes known. Should they succeed in doubling its circulation, which is nigh on to eight thousand, they will contribute very materially to the general success of the work of the League.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.



IN this day, so dear to every Catholic heart. we celebrate, in the first place, the moment in which Almighty God showed Mary, through the distance of ages, to our first parents as the Virgin, Mother of the Divine Redeemer, the woman destined to crush the head of the serpent.

And as by eternal decree she was miraculously exempt from all stain of original sin, and endowed with the richest treasures of grace and sanctity, it is meet that we should honor her glorious prerogatives by this special feast of the Immaculate Conception.

We should join in spirit with the blessed in heaven, and rejoice with our dear Mother, not only for her own sake, but for ours, her children, who are partakers of her glory and happiness.

Secondly, we are called upon to celebrate that ever-memorable day, the 8th of December, 1854, which raised the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Lady from a pious belief to the dignity of a dogma of the Infallible Church, causing universal joy amongst the faithful.

Let us repeat frequently these words applied by the Church to the Blessed Virgin :—

“Thou art all fair, O Mary! and there is not a spot in thee.”—Cant. 4, 7.



OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

Sweet Mother, Mistress of the Sacred Spring
Whence flow abundant grace and every blessing,
To thee our empty hearts we humbly bring,
Their parching lips, their burning thirst confessing.
First favored, Thou didst sip the generous flow
That issued down the side of Calvary's mountain
When Pilate's soldier dealt the inhuman blow,
Which loosed the flood-gates of that Sacred Fountain.
To thee, whilst standing, weeping, loving, there,
The Keys of this unfailing Source were given ;
The dying Master made this Fount Thy care ;
Thou art its Guardian still, as Queen of Heaven.
Dispenser of the riches of that Heart
Whose life is love, whose only aspiration
Is one of bounty, let us not depart
Without, at least, one drop of consolation.

—*Sacred Heart Review*, Boston.



GENERAL INTENTION FOR DECEMBER.

CATHOLIC POLAND.

IN his *Dawn*, Krasinski, the poet of Poland, thus dwells on the sufferings of his unfortunate country :

“ God willed nations to be : and in Thy grace are they begotten, O Jesus ! Deep in the bosom of each, an idea, emanating from Thee, takes life. 'Tis the warp whereon are interwoven their destinies.

“ Amongst them, some are appointed to defend the cause of heavenly truth and beauty ; ransoming a world's wickedness, set as a Gospel-like example, bearing along blood-drenched paths their mighty cross, through weary years, until they have inspired mankind, at the sight of their heroic struggle, with thoughts more God-like, with a charity more holy and with a wider-reaching brotherhood, as counter-change for the sword buried in their breast. Such is Thy Poland, O Christ ! ”

The history of Poland has been, in fact, for two centuries, a heart-rending but glorious martyrology. If the Catholic Poles are humanely treated by Austria, if, since Bismarck's downfall, their persecutors have relented in the Prussian Empire, they are still tormented and crushed with pitiless pertinacity in Russia.

Not a week passes but we hear of the civil authorities in Russian Poland issuing decrees in open violation of

the rights of the Church. Thus the governor of Kieff confiscates the temporalities of whole Catholic parishes just as it suits him, closes churches or turns them over to the Greek schismatics without the slightest consideration for the jurisdiction of Bishops or for ecclesiastical immunities. Nor does a day go by without the announcement of some Catholic priest or layman being banished to Siberia.

The other day, the *Croix*, a French Catholic paper, informed us that a subject which most painfully engrosses the attention of France is the fact that Russia, her ally, persists, on the one hand, in boldly endeavoring to deceive the Holy See, and on the other, in cruelly persecuting the Church in Catholic Poland.

To find a parallel to this truly hateful and atrocious persecution, we must go back to the time when Cromwell's soldiers held their revel of carnage in Ireland, or to the days when, in Japan, the last vestige of Christianity was wiped out amid streams of blood and the wailings of thousands. But since Ireland now breathes more freely, and missionaries are again at work successfully in Japan, should not these two instances inspire us with renewed confidence?

Yes; provided that on all sides we fervently and perseveringly besiege the Sacred Heart with our supplications for poor down-trodden Poland. The same Divine Heart which that dismembered kingdom ever held in veneration will surely open for it the flood-gates of Its mercy.

Let us conclude with the stirring words of Mgr. Pie: "A nation which a persecution of two centuries has not mastered, a nation whose faith is as proof against extermination as is its patriotism; is not such a nation manifestly fortified and sustained by a power from above? Nation of heroes and martyrs, ever racked and ever pre-

served, thou art embalmed, we might say, in thy own blood, and thy wounds exhale a sweet odor of vitality, the pledge of triumph."

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sins and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer : in particular for Catholic Poland. Amen.

"AGED ONE HOUR."

A tiny bark from a hidden shore—
No chart, no helm, no sail, no oar—
Drifting out on the unknown main,
Only to sink from sight again.

A little life, so pure, so brief ;
One moan, and then a sweet relief ;
A shadow thrown on some hearth stone ;
A whispered prayer, "Thy will be done."

GERTRUDE S. BOWEN.

* *

The first condition in the spiritual embellishing of a soul is perfect purity, or cleanness from whatever can be a blot or stain in it. A skillful statuary is careful, in the first place, that there be no irregularity or deformity in the piece which he is going to carve ; and, if a house is to be put in order and adorned, to receive some guest of great distinction, the first thing is to remove all filth and whatever is offensive. Almighty God therefore was pleased to preserve His Virgin Mother from contracting any stain of sin, whether original or actual.



CHRISTMAS FLOWERS.

THE Earth is so bleak and deserted,
So cold the winds blow,
That no bud or no blossom will venture
To peep from below :
But, longing for spring time, they nestle
Deep under the snow.

O, in May how we honored Our Lady,
Her own month of flowers !
How happy we were with our garlands
Through all the spring hours !
All her shrines, in the church or the wayside,
Were made into bowers.

And in August—her glorious Assumption ;
What feast was so bright !
What clusters of virginal lilies,
So pure and so white !
Why, the incense could scarce overpower
Their perfume that night.

And through her dear feasts of October
The roses bloomed still ;
Our baskets were laden with flowers,
Her vases to fill :
Oleanders, geraniums, and myrtles
We chose to our will.

And we know when the Purification,
Her first feast, comes round,
The early spring flowers, to greet it,
Just opening are found ;
And pure, white, and spotless, the snowdrop
Will pierce the dark ground.

And now, in this dreary December,
Our glad hearts are fain
To see if Earth comes not to help us ;
We seek all in vain :
Not the tiniest blossom is coming
Till spring breathes again.

And the bright feast of Christmas is dawning,
And Mary is blest ;
For now she will give us her Jesus,
Our dearest, our best,
And see where she stands, the Maid Mother,
Her Babe on her breast !

And not one poor garland to give her,
And yet now, behold, [incense
How the Kings bring their gifts—myrrh and
And bars of pure gold :
And the Shepherds have brought for the Baby
Some lambs from their fold.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

He stretches His tiny hands towards us,
He brings us all grace ;
And look at His Mother who holds Him,—
The smile on her face
Says they welcome the humblest gifts
In the manger we place.

[not :
Where love takes, let love give ; and so doubt
Love counts but the will,
And the heart has its flowers of devotion
No winter can chill ; [Christmas
They who cared for "good will " the first
Will care for it still.

In the Chaplet of Jesus and Mary,
From our hearts let us call,
At each *Ave Maria* we whisper,
A rosebud shall fall,
And at each *Gloria Patri* a lily,
The crown of them all !

ADELAIDE PROCTER.



DEVOTION TO THE HEART OF JESUS.



HE devotion to the Heart of Jesus has for its object not alone the visible representations of this Heart, nor simply the material Heart of the Saviour, but His Heart living and loving and experiencing in our behalf feelings and desires and repulsions. It is clear that the practice of the devotion must also not limit itself to a few exterior signs of homage, but it must lead us to enter into the feelings of the Heart of Jesus, to share in Its sympathies and antipathies, and to give our help to the triumph of Its interests by the means always in our power—the union of our prayers with Its prayers.

The triumph of the interests of the Sacred Heart would be fully realized at the “coming of His Kingdom,” and for this every true lover of the Heart of Jesus must ever long and pray.

But his individual efforts would seem out of all proportion to the stupendous result he would bring about—the conversion of the world to its Saviour. What could he alone effect, isolated and lost among the millions who are intent on all else save the one thing necessary?

Hence to render his prayer efficacious, according to the teaching of our Lord Himself, he must seek out other souls as resolutely bent on perpetuating Christ’s mission upon earth.

With them he forms a Holy Crusade, the Apostleship of Prayer, a League of the Heart of Jesus. Prayer then finds a power which the fervor of each individual Christian taken alone could never give it. This power comes from *association*. "I say to you, that if two of you shall consent upon earth, concerning anything whatsoever they shall ask, it shall be done to them by my Father who is in heaven."

But such an association must have a bond of union. This league of prayer must have a leader. Who is capable of being the leader in a crusade undertaken for the salvation of the world? What is capable of being the bond of union among hearts united together in order to bring down grace by their prayers? Only the *Heart of Jesus*, Who without ceasing prays in the holy tabernacle that divine grace may come down to us from heaven.

Thus, *prayer*, as a universal means of action; *association* as a sovereign condition of the power of prayer; *union with the Heart of Jesus*, as the fountain-head of life in association: these are the elements to which such an apostleship must owe its strength.

The work of the Apostleship itself is nothing else than the putting in practice of the words of the Apostle:

"I desire therefore first of all that supplications, prayers, intercessions and thanksgivings be made for all men;

"For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour;

"Who will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth:

"For there is one God, and one Mediator of God and men, the Man Christ Jesus;

"Who gave Himself a redemption for all."—*I Tim. ii. 1-6.*

What is this St. Paul asks so urgently from the first faithful, and in their person from all future Christians? Prayers for the salvation of all men. And does he ask that such prayers shall be offered up to God by individuals separately? No, they are to be the prayers offered by all in common, prayers sent forth from the hearts of all, uttered by the lips of all, and mounting up to heaven like those vapors which rise together from every point of ocean, to shower down fertility on the dried-up fields of earth.

But again, is the prayer of all in common to be merely human prayer? No, it is to be prayer offered through the only Mediator of God and men, it is to become divine by passing through His Heart. These are the desires of the Apostle. The Apostleship of Prayer is but the realizing of these desires.

JUBILEE ALBUM.

We invite Reverend Directors and Secretaries to bear in mind what the *Messenger Items* of last month contained with reference to the *Jubilee Album*. The special forms will be mailed about the 15th December to those who ask for them. With them will be sent envelopes of a proper size, so that, when returned, they may not be creased by folding.

The prayers of the Associates are requested for the repose of the soul of the late Mrs. John Whelan, of Montreal.



THE O'BRIENS' CHRISTMAS.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

ABOUT half a mile from the race-course on the Epsom Downs, in a little hollow at the foot of the hill, are two neat-looking, well-built, red-brick cottages. They are the property of a wealthy farmer named Dobson, and are tenanted by laborers who work upon his farm.

In the first of these houses lives a man called Tim O'Brien, with his young wife and six small children—Patsy, Maura, Bridget, Ebba, Kevin, and the baby aged four months, who have all faces as purely Irish in feature and expression as if they had been born in Kerry instead of in the county of Surrey.

Their father and mother are hardworking and industrious; but the wages of a laborer are not high, and to keep six little bodies warmly clad and six little mouths well filled on nineteen shillings a week is a difficult task enough. But Mrs. O'Brien has a cheerful heart; and after the very hard times she had been accustomed to during her own childhood in Ireland, she considered herself fortunate in being able to keep her children so free from want and discomfort.

"For sure," she would say to her next-door neighbor, "it's little ye know about poverty over here. Why, the

poorest of ye is rich compared to the creatures 'over in Kerry beyant, who are contint and happy if they can pay the bit of rint an' stick to their patch of land. Sure, they're used to being hungry over there, God help them."

Still, when Patsy gets a situation as helper in the garden at York Park, and receives six shillings a week, which he runs to place at his mother's disposal, the good woman is vastly pleased, and thinks gladly of all the little luxuries this will provide for the family.

The following winter a great trouble fell upon the O'Briens. Their father, after a long day's work in a steady downpour of rain, caught cold, and for several weeks lay upon his bed, very ill indeed. For two long weary months he was confined to the house, and the loss of his wages and the expense of his illness brought the little family to the verge of starvation.

"We're not so bad as many in Ireland yet," Mrs. O'Brien would say with a brave attempt at a smile, "for, sure, we have had no rint to pay all this time. And, plaze God, Tim'll be at work after Christmas."

And the good woman was right. On Christmas Eve Tim said he felt as strong as ever, and that Dobson would allow him to return to his work the following week.

"It's been a hard time for you, Nora darlin'," he said sadly, "hard for you and the children; an' I'm grieved to think they'll have nothin' a bit nice for dinner to-morrow—an' it Christmas Day."

"They won't complain, Tim, nor will I. Sure, to see you well and able to work is better nor fifty good dinners. Glory be to God, sure there's nothin' so valuable as health."

"True for ye, alanna. But what's come to the children? Look at them runnin' down the road. They're terrible excited."

Mrs. O'Brien went to the door, and in a moment the five little ones, with Patsy at their head, tumbled pell-mell up the garden path, their cheeks glowing, their eyes sparkling.

"Steady, Bridget, Maura, you'll let Kevin fall. Patsy, asthore, take care of Ebba," cried the mother. "Sure, it's well the baby's safe in her cradle. But what's the matter, me darlins?"

We've got such a treat for you and father, and all," laughed Patsy laying a parcel he was carrying down upon the kitchen table. "See, mammy, isn't it fine?" And pulling away a sheet of newspaper, he uncovered a large succulent leg of mutton.

Mrs. O'Brien, her husband, and children crowded round and looked at it in astonishment.

"Ha, ha, mammy, isn't master good? He got two whole sheep and cut them up, and gave a piece to every man and boy about the place."

"God bless him," she answered, with tears in her eyes. "God bless him and his, and keep them prosperous."

Next morning the O'Briens were early astir, and as soon as breakfast was over the father and mother took Patsy and Bridget by the hand, and set out to walk across the Downs to the chapel, which was some three miles away.

Maura was left behind to look after the baby and the other little ones. They could not all leave the house at once, so they took it in turns to go to Mass and stay at home.

At last the little party is seen returning, and as they enter, Maura dances joyfully up and down the room. "There is such a good fire, mammy," she cries. "And see, here are five eggs that my dear old hen has laid. I've saved them all for to-day. And here is flour and milk

that we bought yesterday with money Patsy got for holdin' a gentleman's horse at the Park."

"Flour and eggs and milk," said Mrs. O'Brien, laughing; "what a feast! I'll make some pancakes, asthore. An' when our leg of mutton is cooked, we'll have the best Christmas dinner we've had formany a year."

"There's nothin' better than hot pancakes," cried Patsy. "But don't be long, mother, for the walk across the Downs has given us all an appetite. Eh, father?"

So the cloth was laid, and as soon as the leg of mutton was thoroughly done, Mrs. O'Brien placed it on the table, and the little family sat down to enjoy it with thankful hearts.

"I declare, mammy, it's snowin' hard an' fast," cried Patsy, as, having finished his dinner, he went over to the window. "Isn't it lucky we got in to Mass and back before that came on?"

"Indeed it is. For sure that wind is cold and cuttin'. God help anyone that's out in such a snowstorm."

"It's cold," said Ebba, decidedly. "I don't like snow, it makes me shiver," and she nestled closer to her mother, who sat nursing baby by the fire.

"It'll be a splendid day to make pancakes," cried Maura, as she helped her mother to put away the dinner things. "I'm longing to be at them, mammy. When shall we begin?"

In a couple of hours, darlin'. But sure it'll be a long time afore you're hungry again, after such a dinner. Why, I declare, there's scarcely a bit of mutton left. Look, Tim, didn't we eat with a will?"

"Seven hungry people will soon make a leg of mutton look silly," he answered, laughing. "But be quick, Nora, and sit down, for Patsy's going to read us a bit out of a little book he got from Father Tom, beyant, telling the story of our Lord's birth and life."

"I'm comin', Tim. An' sure that same'll be a rare treat," she replied, and in a few moments tidied up the kitchen. She and Maura took their seats beside the fire.

The boy opened the book and began to read.

The twilight came on, and very soon the winter's day drew to a close, and when Patsy's sharp eyes could no longer distinguish the words upon the page, Maura stole her hand into her mother's, whispering :

"Now, mammy, let's make the pancakes."

"Yes, darlin'," she answered, her eyes fixed dreamily upon the fire. "Yes, presently. How beautiful that is, Tim. But how sad to think of our Blessed Lord an' His Holy Mother out in the cold—may be in cold like it is to-night on the Downs. What a shame none of those people would take them in."

"They were Jews!" exclaimed Patsy, contemptuously ;
"hard, cruel Jews."

"Well," said Tim, sadly, "it's a story that's bein' repeated often in our own times by Christians. An' there's many an excuse to be offered—for, sure, who would take in wanderin' people they didn't know? An' remember, no one knew the Blessed Virgin nor St. Joseph."

"No matter," cried the kind-hearted woman, warmly, "they ought to have let them in. I'd never refuse the poorest creature a bed on such a night, if I'd one to spare."

"Well, well, it's hard to say what we'd have done. But now, what about those pancakes? The children'll soon be wantin' their tea."

"Not to mention the father," she replied, laughing.
"Oh, Tim, Tim, ye always had a sweet tooth."

"So I have. An' sure there's nothin' I like better nor a pancake. So now, *cushla machree*, set to work if ye plaze."

"I'll not be long." And springing to her feet, Mrs. O'Brien tied a large apron over her Sunday gown, and

gathering flour, milk, sugar, eggs and butter around her, was about to begin her work, when a loud knock at the outer door startled her, and she dropped upon the floor the spoon she held.

"God save us, what's that? Patsy, go and see who's there."

Patsy opened the door, and the wind rushed into the house, carrying with it a quantity of snow, and blowing everything about in wild disorder.

"Be quick, Patsy. Shut the door at once," cried his father. "If it's anyone with a message, let him stand inside."

Patsy came into the kitchen, a look of annoyance on his face.

"Well, what is it?"

"Mammy, it's some tramps—a poor old man, a young woman and a baby."

His mother started. The color left her cheek.

"Where are they? You did not shut them out, I hope?"

"No. They are there."

"Bring them in. The fire is warm."

Patsy looked at her appealingly. Why should these strangers come in? Why should they occupy the family seats around the fire?

His mother saw what was passing in his mind.

"Remember the Jews," she whispered. "You would not act like them?"

"No," he sighed, "but I wish they had stayed away;" and going to the door, he told the poor wanderers to come in and warm themselves.

Shaking their snow-covered garments, and rubbing their feet upon the floor, the strangers followed the boy into the room.

"God bless you for your kindness," said the man, who was old and feeble. "It's a terrible night, and if you had not taken us in we'd surely have died on the road. We'd never have reached Epsom alive. Peggy and the child are nearly exhausted. She from grief, poor soul, as well as cold and hunger, for her husband's dead only three weeks to-day."

"God be merciful to him," said Mrs. O'Brien reverently. "An' sure it's no wonder you'd be both cold and hungry. It's dreadful weather to be out on the tramp. She's faint, poor creature. Tim, put on the milk there an' warm it. That will be the best thing for mother and child." And taking the baby from the mother's arms, she removed its wet clothes, and dressed it in garments belonging to her own little one.

As their father took the milk and poured it into the saucepan, according to his wife's directions, the five small O'Briens grew very red; their eyes filled with tears, and gazing at him they cried in tones of anguish:

"Pancakes without milk! O father, what shall we do?"

"Ask your mother," he said. "But remember, you must be good and do what she tells you."

"It's horrible," cried Patsy. "I was just longing for a pancake."

"It's too bad," muttered Maura, and she stamped her little foot. "They have no right to our milk."

"It's too, too unkind," sobbed Kevin and Ebba and Bridget in a chorus. "We wish they had stayed away."

"And now you must eat an egg and some bread," they heard their mother say, as the half-starved creatures revived under the influence of the hot milk. "There's nothing like a fresh egg; an' sure it's real lucky we have these in the house, for——" Then catching sight of the

five unhappy, disappointed faces, she paused, and sitting down upon a chair at the far end of the kitchen, she drew the children round her knee.

"Darlins," she whispered in a voice full of tender compassion, "you are sorry, I see, an' even a bit angry at losin' yer pancakes."

The children bowed their heads, and their tears began to flow.

"But supposin' it was our holy Mother, St. Joseph and our dear Lord Himself that came into us this evenin', hungry and cold, what would you do for them?"

"Give them all we had," said Patsy and Maura in a breath.

"Well, then, let us do the same for these poor people whom our Lord loves. For His sake, for the love of Him, let us give them what we can. We are not hungry—they are. An' sure what's a pancake after all? But still, the eggs are yours. What will you do?"

For a moment no one answered; then suddenly Maura flung her arms round her mother's neck. "Give the eggs an' all to the poor old man and his daughter, mammy."

"Yes," said Patsy slowly, "they want them badly—we don't."

"So they do—so they do," lisped the three little ones. "Pancakes would be nice; but the poor woman looks very hungry. We don't mind."

"God bless you." Mrs. O'Brien drew each curly head upon her breast, kissing the tear-stained faces tenderly. "This is a happy Christmas for us all, for it has shown me how good are your little hearts, and has taught you to make acts of self-denial."

After this the children hovered round their visitors, pressing them to eat their eggs and drink their milk.

Maura nursed the baby ; and at night gladly squeezed in with Bridget and Ebba in order that the tired strangers might sleep in her bed. The old man had a shake down by the kitchen fire, Patsy and Kevin giving up one of their blankets to keep him warm.

The next morning the strangers partook of the O'Briens' frugal breakfast, and when Patsy went off to his work, they bade them all an affectionate farewell, and trudged away down the road to Epsom.

* * *

Five years have passed over in quick succession, and during that time everything has gone well with our friends in the little red-brick cottage. Tim has kept strong, and is one of the best and most regular laborers upon the farm. Patsy is still in the service of the master of York Park, and has great hopes of one day being gardener in the beautiful old grounds where he works. And Maura has grown tall, but has not yet left her mother's side, and helps to wash the baby, and keeps the cottage neat. Her ambition is to become a dress-maker, and her mother is anxious to help her if she can. But money is not plentiful, and to send her to London to learn her trade would cost more than she can ever hope to be able to gather together

On Christmas Eve, Mrs. O'Brien sat by the fire, mending her husband's socks, whilst Maura, Bridget, Kevin and Ebba dusted the kitchen and stuck branches of holly and mistletoe behind the prints upon the walls and on the chimney-piece.

"It's going to be a cold winter, mammy," said Kevin, holding out a piece of holly ; "I never saw such a year for berries."

"May be so, dear ; but I never remember a winter so bad nor so cold as that one five years ago, when those poor people came in the snow and we gave them shelter."

"No," replied Maura. "I wonder what became of them?"

"God knows. Maybe they died of want, or maybe they're still beggin' through the streets of London. But see, there's the postman. Kevin, asthore, run out and see what he's got."

Kevin dashed down to the garden gate, and came back leaping and shouting, and holding a large blue envelope high above his head.

"A letter for Mrs. O'Brien. An' I declare, it hasn't got the Queen's head on the stamp, but a man's, mammy. What does that mean?"

"It's from America," she answered, turning it over cautiously. "Now, who can it be from?"

"Open it," said Kevin, laughing. "Staring at the envelope will never tell you what's inside."

"True for you. But it has me fairly puzzled."

Then, with trembling fingers, she broke the seal, and surrounded by five wondering children she began to read. Her eyes filled with tears as they fell upon the signature, and, suddenly dropping the paper, she clasped Maura to her breast.

"Darlin'," she cried, "let's thank God from the bottom of our hearts, for here's money that'll help us, an' sure you can go to London an' learn to be a fine dress-maker when ye plaze. O it's splendid! The likes was never heard of before."

"Money," Maura gasped. "O, mammy, has a fairy godmother made us rich?"

"No, darlin'; but that poor soul we helped—the creature you gave up your pancakes for. She has a grateful heart. The old man and that wee baby are dead, but she is doing well. So she sends us a two hundred dollar bill to buy Christmas boxes for us all."

So when Tim and Patsy returned from their work, they found the little household wild with excitement and delight. Such a sum of money was a fortune to them ; and they felt as though they could never be poor any more.

And from that day they prospered. Maura got on well as a dressmaker ; Bridget as a housemaid ; and Patsy got his heart's desire, and became a gardener ; whilst the little ones did well in their turns, growing up to be good and industrious, a credit to their father and mother.

Let those who are well-off and comfortable, though they may not be able to copy in every detail the good example of the O'Briens, remember the poor, and stretch out a helping hand to those who may be as cold and hungry as the old man and his half-starved daughter, when they craved admission at the red-brick cottage. Let them help them for the love of Jesus, and their reward will be great.

C.T.S. Publication.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—St. Augustine's, Rustico, P.E.I.

OTTAWA.—St. Paul's, Plantagenet, Ont.

OTTAWA.—Visitation, Gracefield.

RIMOUSKI.—St. Patrick's, Douglastown, P.Q.



A DESIRE.

O, to have dwelt in Bethlehem
 When the star of the Lord shone bright !
To have sheltered the holy wanderers
 On that blessed Christmas night ;
To have kissed the tender wayworn feet
 Of the Mother undefiled,
And with reverent wonder and deep delight,
 To have tended the Holy Child !

Hush ! such a glory was not for thee ;
 But that care may still be thine ;
For are there not little ones still to aid
 For the sake of the Child divine ?
Are there no wandering Pilgrims now,
 To thy heart and thy home to take ?
And are there no mothers whose weary hearts
 You can comfort for Mary's sake ?

ADELAIDE PROCTER.



AN APOSTLE OF THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

(Concluded.)



HE same round of exhausting toil in the Master's vineyard continued year after year, nor was the sameness often broken or results hastened by supernatural intervention, as was the case with the conversion of the Nepak is.

Father Labrosse's merits were being treasured up, and they were fast increasing with his laborious years, until his measure was full, and God called him to his reward.

On the 11th April, 1782, death came to release this noble and gentle spirit. Father La Brosse was buried, as latest research has shown, under the altar of the church at Tadousac, at which, during those long years, he had so frequently ministered. It is said that the pavement over the place of sepulture was marked by a cross, and that thither came the savages in numbers to pray. It is touchingly related that, landing in their canoes upon the shore, they threw themselves, face downwards, upon the spot where he lay who had been in life their truest friend. There they poured out their griefs and their miseries, and then bending their ear to the ground, they listened silently and patiently. They fancied that those ears, never deaf to their complaints on earth, would hear them now, would communicate them to the Great Spirit, and, perchance, out of the silence of the tomb, would answer them. A portion of the cedar coffin, in which Father

La Brosse was buried, found beneath the altar, is to be seen in the ancient church, with many other interesting relics, which the kind and courteous curé of Tadousac, Rev. M. Lemieux, is ever ready to exhibit to visitors. There is also a fragment of the missionary's scalp, a precious but mournful relic of him who once dominated by his energy and singleness of purpose the whole extent of these countries.

A beautiful legend exists concerning the time and manner of his death. If the simple record of fact, the burial certificate, announcing that he died at half past five in the afternoon fortified by the Sacraments of holy Church, contradicts the legendary account, it is, nevertheless, worthy of note.

The voice of tradition asserts that he died in the silence of midnight, at the hour foretold by himself, and that his death was announced in all the parishes where he had ever labored, by the tolling of the church bells. The legend tells that, having spent the evening with some of the officials of the post, more gay and light-hearted even than his wont, he arose at nine o'clock, and assuming a grave tone, declared that he desired to bid them farewell until eternity, for that at midnight he should be no more. He conjured them, despite wind or weather, guaranteeing the safety of any craft that should set out, to proceed to Ile aux Coudres, and bring thence the curé, M. Compain, to perform the funeral rites. His friends, while affecting to believe him in jest, were profoundly impressed by his tone. They watched until midnight, when they heard the sound of the bell. Going into the chapel, they found the gallant soldier of Christ upon the altar-steps, in an attitude of prayer, and, as he had predicted, lifeless.

Meantime the bells had borne the solemn message far unto the wilds of Chicoutimi and the shores of Lake

St. John, to distant Labrador, to the various parishes of the south shore, and to Ile aux Coudres, where M. Compain sat in his solitary presbytery. He heard, of a sudden, the sound of the bell tolling a funeral knell. And at the instant a voice sounded, at it were, in his ears, telling him that Father La Brosse was dead, and that on the morrow he must be in readiness, for that a canoe would come from Tadousac in which he must embark to give Christian burial to the venerated remains.

The legend adds that wherever the bell was heard the people exclaimed, "Our good Father La Brosse is dead," for that he had promised to make known to them the time of his death.

There is something impressive in the silence and simplicity which actually accompanied that departure from earth, which these imaginative children of nature had striven to render so dramatic. In their eyes the accompaniments of mystery, of supernatural manifestations, of a prophetic spirit on the part of the dying man, were requisite to their full conception of a character which had been to them so grand and lofty, so sublimely heroic,—above all, so saint like.

Intuitively aware of the close and constant communion between this true servant of the Sacred Heart and his Master, they held it but natural that he should have had the power to foretell events, to communicate with the world upon which his thoughts were fixed, and to give by supernatural interposition a last proof of his devoted love for his scattered flock.

Whether, in truth, there was anything miraculous in the presence of M. Compain at the death-bed of his fellow-missionary, or whether any bells tolled in the quiet of the April afternoon, as the savages declared them to have done at midnight, must be left to conjecture. Assuredly the tradition, especially that which touches

the tolling of the bells, is very widespread, and has been handed down in various parts of the district of the Lower St. Lawrence from father to son.

Whilst the fame of his holy life has lingered in all the windings of this lovely and romantic region of which he was the devoted apostle, a new testimony to his exalted perfection was rendered, when, a few years ago, the clergy of the Archdiocese of Quebec caused a marble tablet to be placed in the old church at Tadousac. There it shall remain forever, the fitting sequel to his life-history. The following is a translation of the inscription there-upon :—

D. O. M.
TO THE MEMORY

of the
REV. F. J. B. LA BROSSE,
Last Jesuit Missionary at Tadousac,
who died in odor of sanctity
at the age of 58 years,
and was buried in the chapel at Tadousac.

APRIL 12th, 1782.

Quam speciosi pedes evangelizantium pacem.

Rom. 10, 15.

So the purple shadows of those lofty hills, which guard the Saguenay, fall about the ancient and now disused chapel of the Missionary of Holy Cross, where it stands, but a few yards from the shore, and the sea-mists enshroud it, and the dead lie buried beside it, resting solemnly in the peace of the little grave-yard, while it remains, more than aught else, a shrine, preserving the memory of the illustrious and saintly Jesuit, whose footsteps, upon the mountain tops, were beautiful, bringing good tidings.

A. T. SADLER.



UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS.

RELATING TO CATHOLIC CANADIAN HISTORY. THE AULNEAU LETTERS.

1734-1745.

No. 6.

FATHER AULNEAU TO FATHER FAYE, AT BORDEAUX.

(There is nothing of special interest in this letter. It is dated from Quebec, Oct. 29, 1734, and bears the following address :—

“ Au Révérend Père E. N. S.—Le Révérend Père Faye de la Compagnie de Jésus à la maison professe à Bordeaux.”)

No. 7.

(*Translation.*)

FATHER LUKE FRANCIS NAU TO MADAME AULNEAU.

(Address:—A Mademoiselle. Mademoiselle de La Touche Aulneau—Aux Moutiers sur Le Hay.)

Mademoiselle,

Father Aulneau writes to you by the King's vessel homeward bound, and I have the honor of writing to you

by a merchantman, so that if news does not reach you by one way you may receive it by another. I have no doubt but that you are very anxious to have some news of a son whom you love so tenderly and with so much reason, so I look upon myself as favored to be able to gratify your wishes in this respect.

I promised to let you know, every year, all that I could learn, comforting or otherwise, about dear Father Aulneau. And to show you with what fidelity and sincerity I intend to acquit myself of my promise, I shall not conceal from you that the health of your dear son was a cause for us of great alarm from the moment we reached Quebec.

Our passage across was one of the longest and most calamitous that was ever made between France and Canada. A contagious sickness broke out on our ship and carried off twenty of our men. Nearly all went through the ordeal.

The great number of sick we had at once to care for afforded but too fine a field for Father Aulneau's zeal to allow of his caring for himself. He set no limit to his charity. He was forever at the bedside of the sick and dying, in the midst of vermin and infection, performing for them the most menial and loathsome services. God preserved his health during the voyage for the consolation of those on board. As soon as he landed he hurried off to visit the sick at the hospital. Fearing that by coming so often in contact with the sick he would himself contract the disease, Reverend Father Superior forbade him positively to set foot in the hospital.

But this prohibition came too late. He had given splendid proofs of his zeal, he must needs now give the same of his patience. He fell sick, and in less than a week he was on the verge of the grave. God, heeding our prayers, restored him ; but our joy was but short-lived, for a

few days after he had a relapse which was as dangerous as the first attack, and made us tremble for his life. Thank God, our apprehension is over, and you could not tell now, even, that he had been sick.

He no longer sighs but for the toils of some painful mission. He will, however, pass the winter at Quebec, and will go among the Indians only after Easter.

As for me, who have not been sick, I shall set out at the first opportunity for a mission of twelve hundred Indians sixty-four leagues distant. As my virtue is not so robust, I am assigned to the easiest of all the missions. Father Aulneau, who is of sterner stuff, will not, to all appearances, fare as well. News from him, however, will always reach me wherever he goes, and you may rely on me to keep you informed.

Fear nothing for him, God watches over him. We are in perfect security when we are sustained by so powerful a Master.

It is becoming bitingly cold, and I can scarcely hold my pen.

I recommend myself earnestly to your prayers, and I am with profound respect,

Mademoiselle, my very dear Mother,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

F. NAU,

Of the Society of Jesus.

QUEBEC, October 29, 1734.

I present my respects to Monsieur Paynot, and I beg him to remember me at the Holy Sacrifice.

No. 8.

FATHER H. FAYE, TO MADAME AULNEAU.

(A short note transmitting a letter from F. Nau to Reverend Father Provincial, dated Bordeaux, Jan. 11, 1735, and bearing the following address :—

A Madame—Madame la Veuve Aulneau—Aux Moutiers—Recommandé à M. le Directeur de la poste de Luçon—à Luçon, Bas Poitou.)

No. 9.

(Translation.)

Extract from a letter of:—

FATHER AULNEAU TO FATHER H. FAYE.

QUEBEC, April 25, 1735.

Reverend Father,—

The Peace of our Lord Jesus Christ—

I am happy to take advantage of the last moments I am to pass at Quebec to send you one more token of my respect and attachment, and to thank you beforehand for all the letters, news and whatever else I asked you to send me over from France. I suppose that my mother sent you the 100 francs, and that you were able, without putting yourself out too much, to make the purchase I had taken the liberty to trouble you with in my second letter. Should you not have been able to do so, I am not the less sensible of your kindness.

I am about to add twelve hundred leagues to the distance which already separates us. Reverend Father De Lauzon sends me off to discover other Indians whom not one of us has yet set eyes on, of whom we have heard only through the "Assiniboels" and "Cristinaux," and who dwell three hundred leagues beyond the two latter nations.

It will be among the last mentioned, however, that I shall pass the winter, nine hundred leagues from Quebec, as it will be impossible before then to push further into the heart of the country.

To the tribe which is to be the ultimate object of my mission, they have given the name of "Ouant Chipou-

anes"—that is, *those who dwell in holes*; until now, they have remained unknown to the rest of men. Thus, if our good God so wills it, and preserves my life, I shall be the first to bear to them the tidings of the Gospel.

You can easily imagine that I shall not be in a position to undertake with any hope of success, at the outset their instruction. I must first set about learning their language, and I have nothing which can be of any assistance to me in that study. It will only be by dint of frequent converse with them that I shall, with our Lord's help, manage little by little to compile grammars which may be of use to the missionaries who will come after me.

I have been commissioned to do the same for the language of the *Cristinaux* and *Assiniboels*, among whom the French have been but a short time, and who have scarcely ever heard mention made of Jesus Christ, for they have come in contact with but a few of the French, and these few have picked up here and there but a word or so of their language.

I am directed not to remain permanently with these tribes, because they rove about and have no fixed dwelling place. On the contrary, the *Ouant Chipouanes*, if what is said of them be true, have permanent establishments, and consequently there is a better promise of doing good among them.

Such, Reverend Father, is the undertaking confided to my care. It is certainly beyond my strength and would call for a degree of virtue far higher than what I possess; for there I will be for at least three or four years without the least spiritual succor, and removed several hundred leagues from any other priest. You will not find it difficult to comprehend that it is the severest trial I could meet with in life. I confess that I can only look upon my destination with fear and trembling for my eternity.

What reassures me is that it is not through any choice of mine that I find myself thus exposed to so many dangers. I even did what I could to have another missionary appointed to accompany me. I succeeded to the extent of having one promised me, if they send one over from France, and some are expected this year.

Seven or eight of our missions had lately to be suppressed for want of evangelical laborers, and there are others where there is but one missionary, and one is not enough to work with fruit. When an occasion presents itself, plead hard, Reverend Father, in behalf of our missions, for though missionaries here do not find as much comfort and consolation as in many other countries, these are not wholly wanting, while they will find here more numerous occasions than elsewhere of suffering and of becoming more like their model, Jesus Christ crucified.

So true is this, Reverend Father, that the most of those of whom Providence makes use for the conversion of the poor savages are men in whom we see reproduced all that virtue and saintliness which the Society admires in the most holy of her children. I have met with them nearly all this winter, and the striking example they have given me of zeal, recollectedness, self-denial and interior union with God has, through our Lord's mercy, awakened in my heart a true and sincere desire to make every effort I can to imitate them.

Would that it were possible for me to make known to you all that has edified me in the lives of some of them, for I am sure you would be moved even to tears. I know one among others to whom I opened my heart and who honored me also with his confidence. I had occasion to admire all that I had heard and read of in the lives of the most eminent in sanctity in the Society.

We lost during the winter Father Guénier, of the Province of France. We still deplore his loss, and if the sanctity of his life did not inspire us with the utmost confidence that he is now engaged praying for us in heaven, we should give a freer vent to our tears.

He was a man of unwearied zeal and of great mortification and prayer. He had a most tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and it might be said that it was in some sort his very devotedness to the Mother of God which was the cause of his death. Worn out with fatigue and labors, persuasion was used to induce him to take some rest and to intrust to another the duty of preaching on the feast of the Assumption of Our Lady. But he gave for reason of his persisting desire to preach that he believed that it would be the last sermon of his life, and that he would be happy before dying to give once more some further proof to the Blessed Virgin of his devotion and love.

I had the happiness of listening to him, two days after we landed, and it was one of the best delivered, beautiful and impressive sermons that I ever heard. It was indeed the last he preached, and during the short time he passed on earth after it, he set us the example of every kind of virtue.

It was my privilege to watch at his bedside for two nights during his last illness, and consequently to be witness of the admirable sentiments to which he gave expression. They were such, Reverend Father, that we read of in the lives of Saint Aloysius and Saint Stanislaus.

The whole country round mourned for him as for an apostle. During an entire day that he lay exposed after death, there was no one who did not come to bedew the coffin with his tears, or to beg him to be an intercessor in his behalf before God. Had a watch not been set, his clothes would have been cut up for relics. As it was, and

in spite of every precaution, this could not altogether be prevented, and he was shorn of nearly all his hair. We were obliged, willingly or not, to take everything he had ever made use of and distribute it among the people.

Pray God, Reverend Father, to grant me a death as precious in His sight as we have reason to believe was that of this saintly religious. I shall be exposed to many perils; raise your hands sometimes to Heaven to obtain for me all necessary grace to undergo the hardships which Providence may hold in reserve for me for my sanctification.

I remain, Reverend Father, with profound respect and in union with you at the Holy Sacrifice,

Your very humble and very obedient servant,

J. P. AULNEAU,

of the Society of Jesus.

“All seem to be working very hard. I find a great improvement in the conduct of the pupils since they have commenced to work in earnest for the League.”—*From the Ursuline Convent, Chatham, O.*

THE LEAGUE IN BRANTFORD.

We received last month too late for publication the following communication from the Secretary of the Men's Branch :—

The various branches of the Holy League of the Sacred Heart in Brantford are working earnestly, and there seems to be an ever-increasing interest manifested in whatever concerns the Association.

At the men's meeting on the 1st of May, Reverend Father Feeny, Director, announced that the total membership in the parish was nine hundred and eighty, and since that time a large number of new members have been enrolled.

This year, the Men's Branch held meetings on March 23rd, May 18th, June 29th, and will hold another at an early date. The attendance is from seventy-five to one hundred members, and is evidently on the increase.

After prayers and routine business, the Spiritual Director gives a short instruction ; then there are recitations, essays, and the "good of the League" engages for a time the attention of the members. Announcements follow, and the meeting finally closes with prayer. Part of the time of the last two meetings was taken up with the reading of an interesting paper, by a member, on the shrines of St. Ann, for which he received the thanks of the assembly. The election of officers took place at the last meeting.

The Holy League has proved a subject of great edification to the people of Brantford. Never before did such large numbers of men approach Holy Communion as were seen at the last Communions of reparation. The example set has inspired many to enroll themselves in this Association, which they feel sure will prove a source of lasting blessing to the parish.

THE LEAGUE IN GUELPH.

On Friday evening, the 4th of November, at the Church of Our Lady, Guelph, a very pleasing ceremony was held, when eighteen new Promoters received the Cross and Diploma of the Holy League.

Before conferring the crosses upon the new Promoters, the Reverend Director preached a very instructive sermon on the League, dwelling particularly on the promises made to the Blessed Margaret Mary and the blessings to be derived by those promoting the devotion to His Sacred Heart.

After the sermon, those to be received went forward and knelt at the Altar railing, and recited aloud the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart.

The Crosses were then blessed and presented.

The ceremony was closed with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, after which the usual monthly meeting was held in the basement.

IN THANKSGIVING.

ALEXANDRIA.—A Promoter returns thanks for two temporal favors received. An Associate thanks the Sacred Heart for a very great favor. An Associate offers thanks for a special favor granted. Another desires to publish, with thanks, the reception of a remarkable favor obtained for a friend in great affliction.

ASHLAND, Wis.—An Associate returns thanks through the MESSENGER for a favor received from the Sacred Heart.

BOBCAYGEON.—Special thanksgiving returned to the Sacred Heart for one very great spiritual favor and for a temporal favor. Promise was made to publish.

CORNWALL.—A member of the League wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for a special favor obtained after promise to publish.

DARTMOUTH, N.S.—A lady wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for several temporal favors. There was a promise to publish if granted.

GALT.—A member of the League thanks the Sacred Heart for a petition granted last spring. A person for whom prayers were requested last month is progressing favorably. The operation was successful, and he is now out of danger.

GLENNEVIS.—An Associate returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a brother, and asks for a mention of it in the MESSENGER.

HAMILTON.—Thanks are given to the Sacred Heart of our Lord for a recovery from illness and a position obtained by a promise to publish.

KENTVILLE.—According to promise, an Associate begs to gratefully acknowledge a temporal favor received after recommending it to the prayers of the League several times.

KINGSTON.—Thanksgiving for a man who had neglected his duties for several years. Thanks are returned for employment obtained for a brother, before a formal commendation was sent, a few days only after the intention was made.

MONTREAL.—One thanks the Sacred Heart for a favor obtained in securing work. A Promoter tenders her sincere thanks to our dear Lord for having brought about peace between brothers who were at variance for years; also for a safe journey for four persons.

OAKVILLE.—Thanks are returned for one favor partially granted and for another obtained by a promise to publish in the MESSENGER.

OTTAWA.—In fulfillment of a promise, a member records a favor received, and feels that she cannot be too thankful to the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor, the second granted within a month.

QUEBEC.—A Promoter thanks the Sacred Heart for the cure of a friend whose recovery was doubtful. Please return thanks for a temporal favor received after promise to publish.

RENFREW.—A lady wishes publicly to thank the Sacred Heart for the averting of impending misery and separation from her family. She had promised to make it known if she were favorably heard.

ST. CATHARINES.—An Associate wishes to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a great spiritual favor received.

ST. JEAN BAPTISTE.—A member of the League thanks the Sacred Heart. During a third novena the desired favor was granted when least expected and when on the verge of despondency. A promise was made to publish in the English and French MESSENGER.

SWANTON, Vt.—Thanks for particular favors, spiritual and temporal, granted to a member of St. Ann's School.

TRENTON.—A member of the League wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor obtained by a promise to publish.

URGENT REQUESTS for favors both spiritual and temporal have been received from Alexandria, Almonte, Chatham, Diamond Harbor, Hamilton, Kingston, Moncton, Montreal, Oakville, Ottawa, Quebec, Renfrew, St. Catharines, Toronto and Woodslee.



FROM THE PLENARY COUNCIL PASTORAL.

IET us beg, Christian parents, your earnest consideration of this important truth, that upon you, singly and individually, must practically depend the solution of the question, whether or not the Catholic press is to accomplish the great work which Providence and the Church expect of it at this time. So frequently and so forcibly has the providential mission of the press been dwelt upon by popes and prelates and distinguished Catholic writers, and so assiduously have their utterances been quoted and re-quoted everywhere, that no one certainly stands in need of arguments to be convinced of this truth. But all this will be only words in the air, unless it can be brought home to each parent and made practical in each household. If the head of each Catholic family will recognize it as his privilege and his duty to contribute towards supporting the Catholic press by subscribing for one or more Catholic periodicals, and keeping himself well acquainted with the information they impart, then the Catholic press will be sure to attain to its rightful development and to accomplish its destined mission. But choose a journal that is thoroughly Catholic, instructive and edifying; not one that would be, while Catholic in name or pretense, un-Catholic in tone and spirit, disrespectful to constituted authority, or biting and uncharitable to Catholic brethren.

Beloved brethren, a great social revolution is sweeping over the world. Its purpose, hidden or avowed, is to dethrone Christ and religion. The ripples of the movement have been observed in our country; God grant its tidal wave may not break over us. Upon you, Christian parents, it mainly depends whether it shall or not; for such as our homes are, such shall our people be.

THE STATUE AT OWEN SOUND.

The ceremony of unveiling and blessing of the beautiful new statue of the Sacred Heart took place on Sunday, November 6th, at the eight o'clock Mass. Reverend Father Kelley conducted the ceremony, assisted by Father Grannotier. The members of the League are especially grateful to the generous donor, and if their prayers do not draw down on him God's blessings in this world, the Sacred Heart will be his exceeding recompense in the next.

The statue, it is needless to say, excites general admiration, and will inspire all the faithful of the parish with an increase of devotion to the Heart of our Divine Lord.

INTENTIONS FOR DECEMBER

RECOMMENDED TO THE PRAYERS OF THE HOLY LEAGUE
BY CANADIAN ASSOCIATES.

1.—**Th.**—*Bl. Edmund Campion, S. J.*, ht. Prayer for souls. 2,357 Thanksgivings.

2.—**F.**—*St. Bibiana, V.M.*, at. tg. Make a Communion of Reparation. 14,118 In affliction.

3.—**S.**—*St. Francis Xavier, S. J.* Zeal for souls. 10,228 Deceased Associates.

4.—**S.**—*St. Barbara, V.M.* at. gt. rt. Ask the grace of a happy death 14,316 Special.

5.—**M.**—*St. Peter Chrysologus, Bp. D.* Pray for the dying. 2,840 Communities.

6.—**Tu.**—*St. Nicholas, Bp. C.* Charity for the poor. 12,672 1st Communions.

7.—**W.**—*St. Ambrose, Bp. D.* Spirit of gratitude. 35,058 Departed.

8.—**Th.**—**IMMAC. CONCEPTION**, at. bt. gt. ht. mt. rt. st. Love our Lady. 10,486 Employment.

9.—**F.**—*Bl. Peter Furrier, P.P.* Confidence in prayer. 2,864 Clergy.

10.—**S.**—*Holy House of Loretto* Imitate the Holy Family. 76,493 Children.

11.—**S.**—*St. Damasus, P.* Devotion to the Saints. 19,555 Families.

12.—**M.**—*St. Adelaide, Emp.* Seek Mary's Help. 24,828 Perseverance.

13.—**Tu.**—*St. Lucy, V.M.* pt. Cleanness of heart. 8,441 Reconciliations.

14.—**W.**—*St. Spiridion, Bp.* Respect God's priests. 25,169 Spiritual favors.

15.—**Th.**—*St. Christina, V.* ht. Good example. 19,870 Temporal favors.

16.—**F.**—*St. Eusebius, Bp. M.* Patience. 18,592 Conversions to Faith

17.—**S.**—*St. Lazarus, Bp.* Sincere contrition. 17,023 Youth.

18.—**S.**—*St. Gatian.* Persevering zeal. 5,839 Schools.

19.—**M.**—**EXPECTATION**, B. V. M. Trust in our Lady. 13,241 Sick.

20.—**Tu.**—*St. Dominic, Bp.* Shun singularity. 88 Missions.

21.—**W.**—*St. Thomas, Ap.*, bt. mt. rt. st. Fervent love of our Lord. 174 Works, guilds.

22.—**Th.**—*St. Flavian, M.*, ht. The morning offering. 1,637 Parishes.

23.—**F.**—*St. Victoria, V.M.* Show mercy. 27,101 Sinners.

24.—**S.**—*St. Delphinus, B.* Humility of heart. 20,810 Parents.

25.—**S.**—**CHRISTMAS**, at. bt. gt. mt. rt. st. Love the Infant Jesus. 6,028 Religious.

26.—**M.**—*St. Stephen, 1st. M.* Forgive enemies. 1,501 Novices.

27.—**Tu.**—*St. John, Ap.* bt. mt. pt. Personal love of our Lord. 2,286 Superiors.

28.—**W.**—*Holy Innocents, M.M.* Purity of heart. 21,700 Vocations.

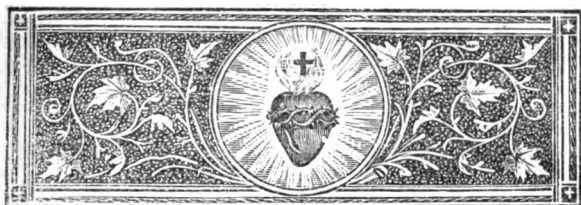
29.—**Th.**—*St. Thomas Becket, M.* ht. Defend God's cause. 7,602 Promoters.

30.—**F.**—*St. Sabinus, M.* Devoted love of the Sacred Heart. 22,271 Various.

31.—**S.**—*St. Sylvester, P. C.* Sorrow for sins, gratitude for graces. The Directors.

†=Plenary Indulg.; a=1st Degree; b=2d Degree; g=Guard of Honor and Roman Archconfraternity; h=Holy Hour; m=Bona Mors; p=Promoters; r=Rosary Sodality; s=Sodality B. V.

Associates may gain 100 days Indulgence for each action offered for these Intentions.



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